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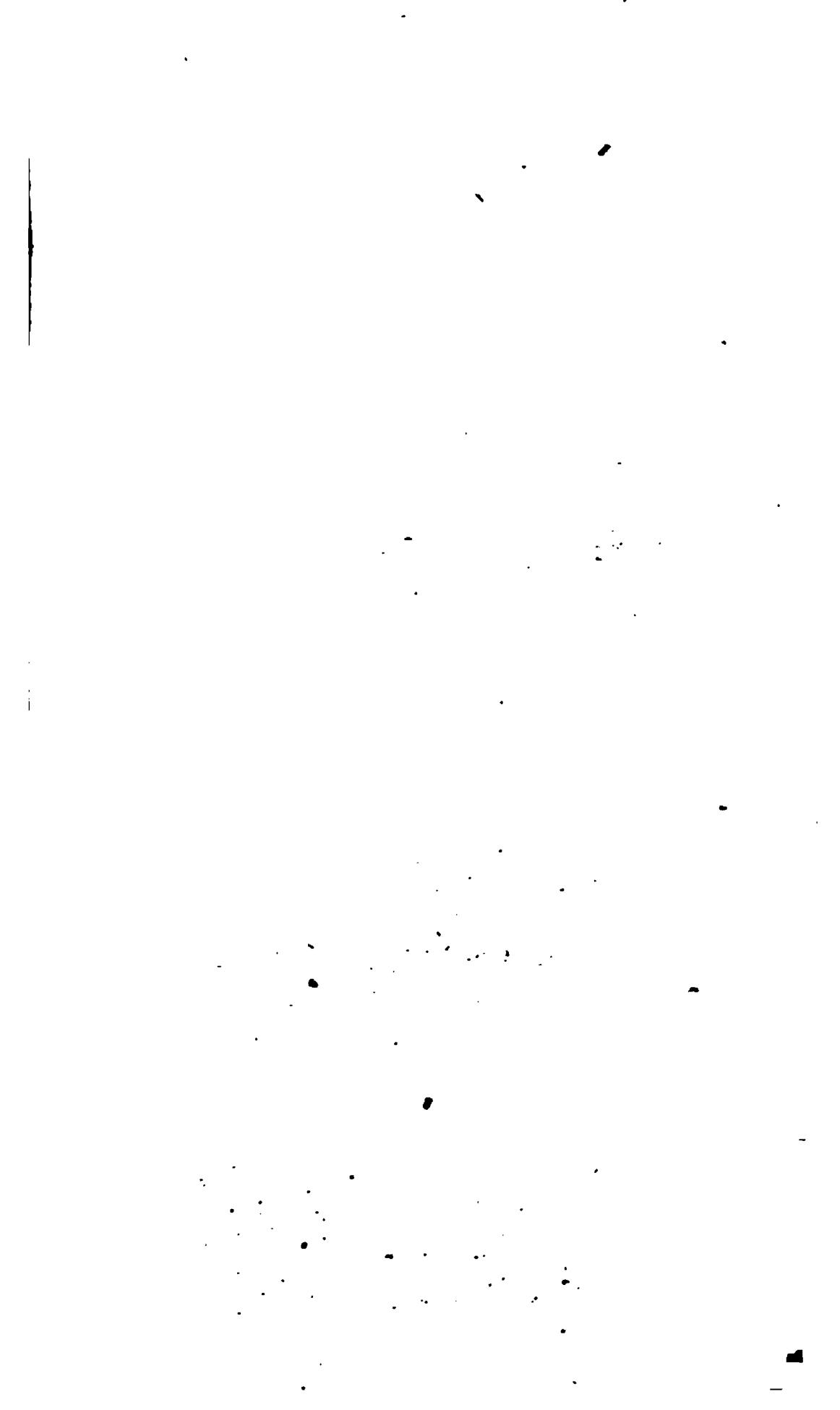


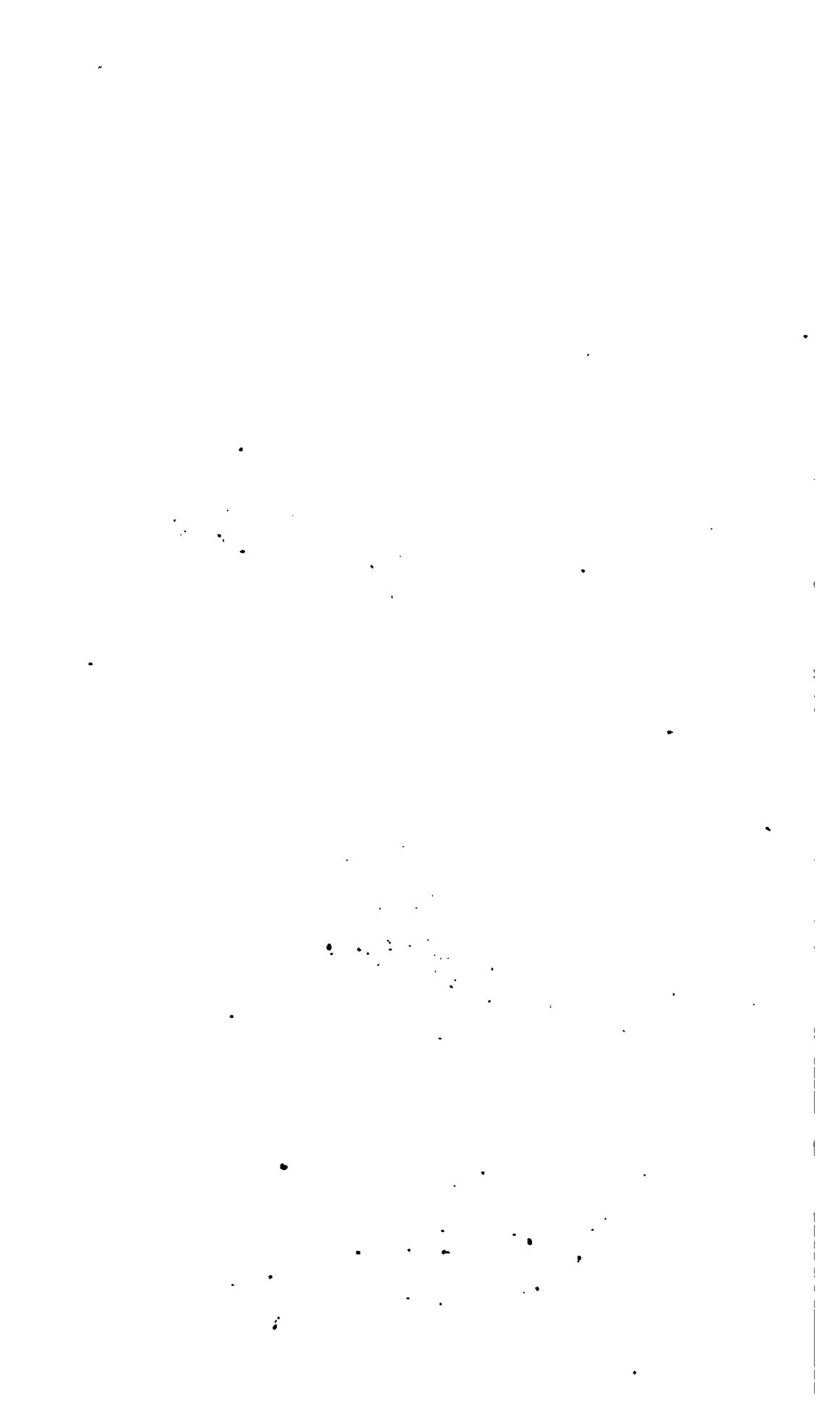
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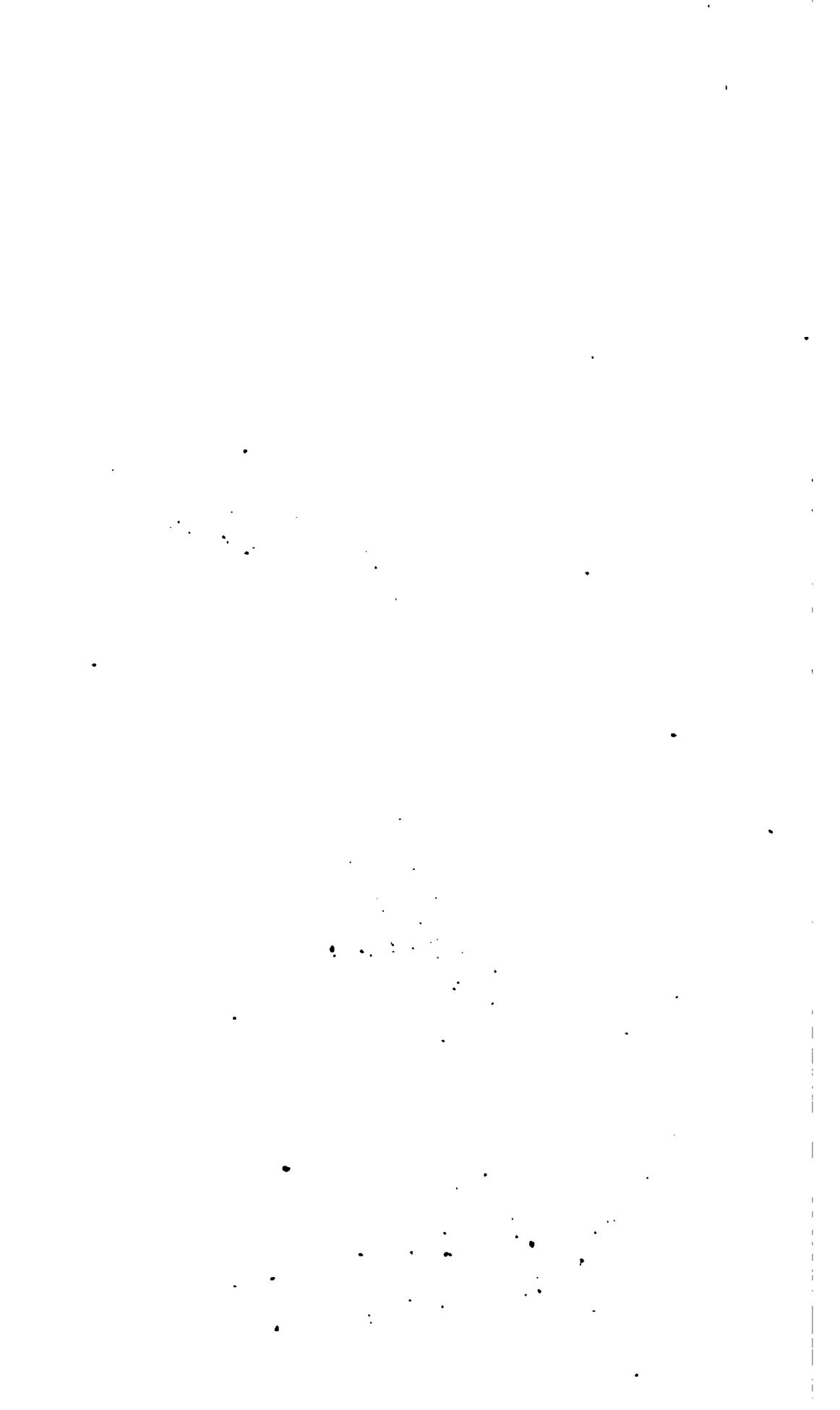


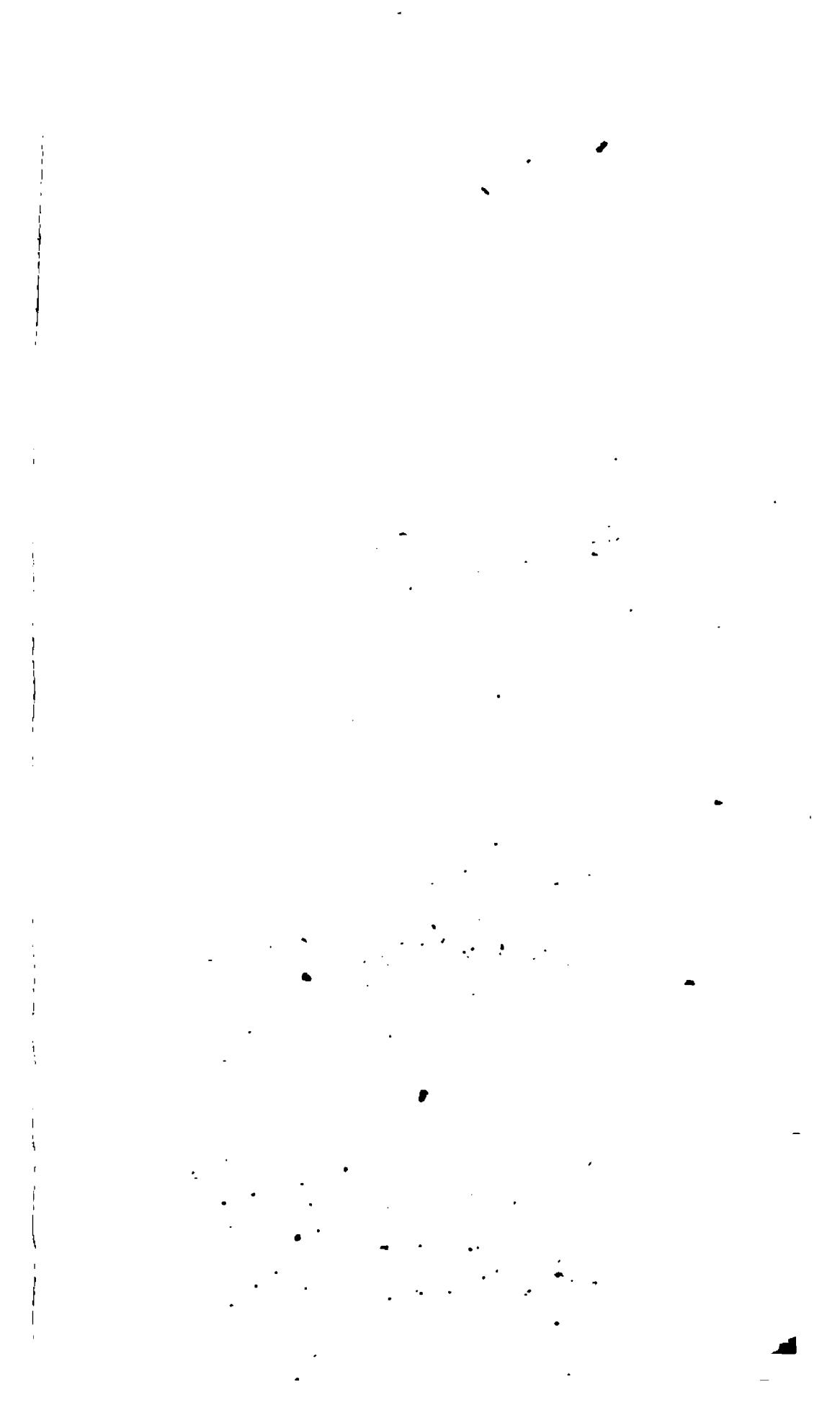




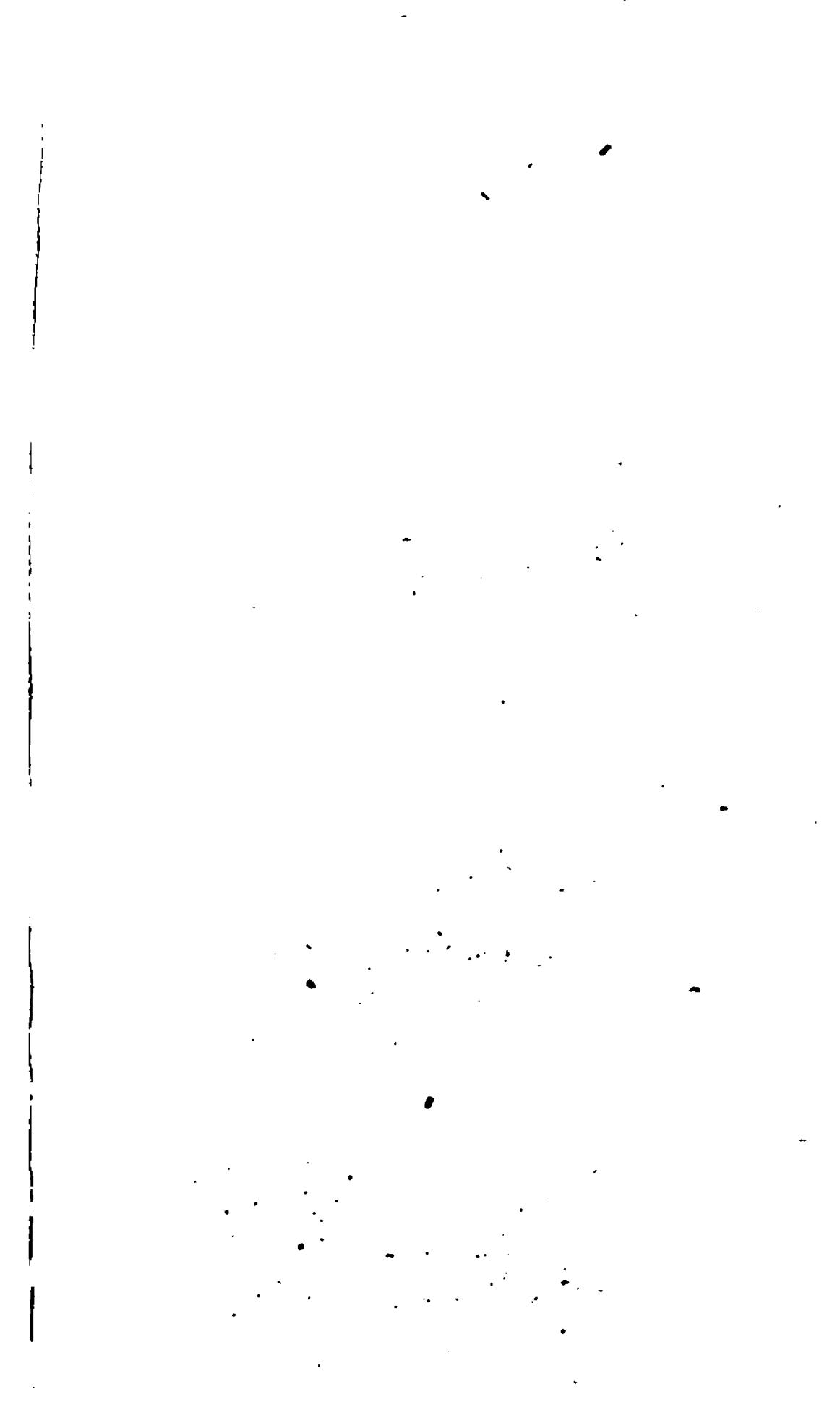


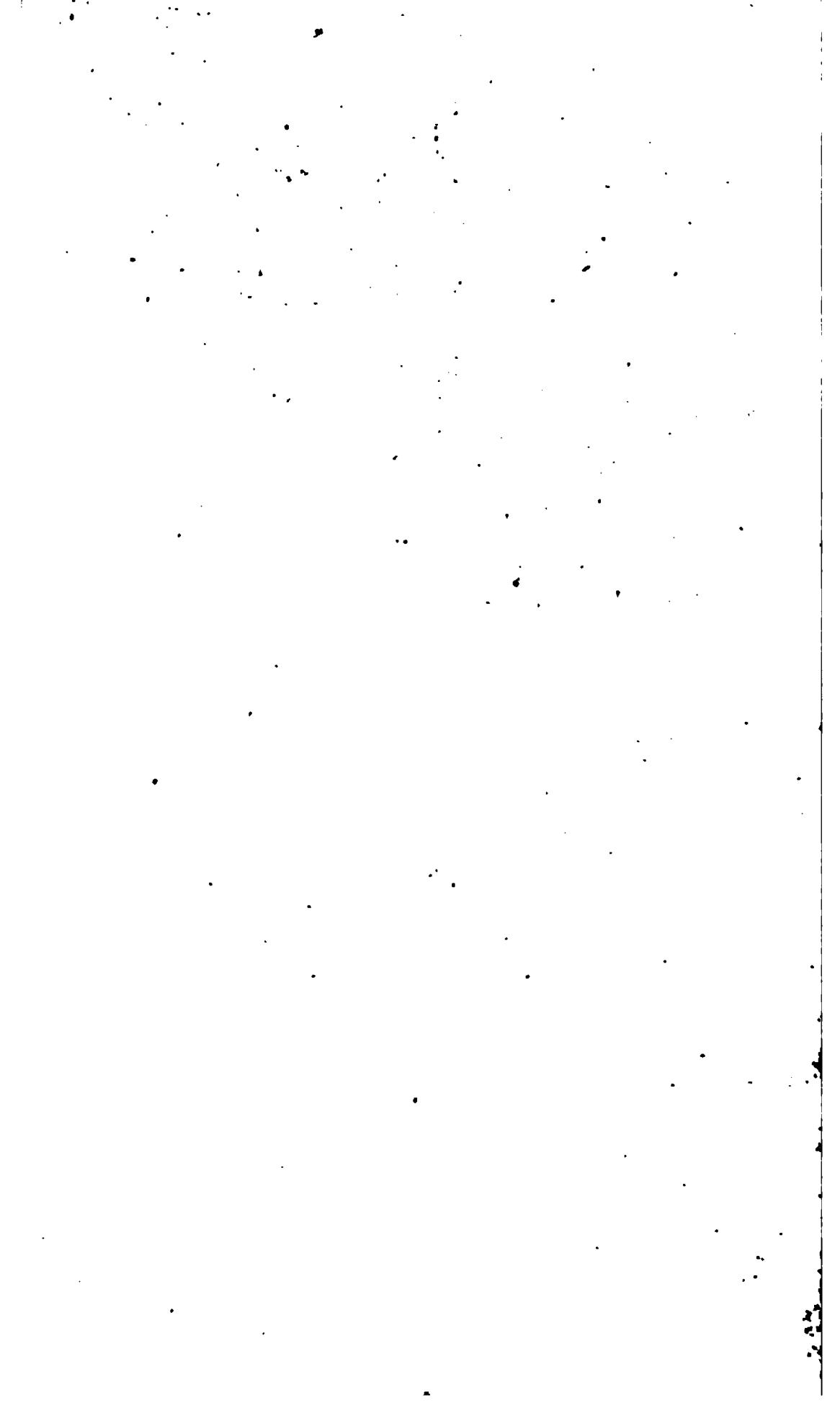












A

COLLECTION  
OF  
PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FROM  
VARIOUS AUTHORS;

DESIGNED FOR  
PUBLIC, FAMILY, AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

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Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual  
songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.  
—EPHESIANS v. 19.

---

THIRD EDITION.

HEREFORD:  
THOMAS N. WEBB,  
AND  
JOHN GARDNER.

1840.



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**PRINTED BY THOMAS N. WEBB.**

## P R E F A C E.

THE singing of Psalms and Hymns has ever formed a delightful part of the worship of God. The injunctions of Scripture upon the subject are very express. "*Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.*" EPH. v. 19. "*Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*" COL. iii. 16. "*Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms.*" JAS. v. 13; and the singing the praises of the Lamb is represented as the blessed employment in which his redeemed people will be engaged through all eternity. See REV. iv. 8; v. 6; xiv. 3.

We are led to suppose that our Lord himself was accustomed to sing hymns with his disciples: "*And when they had sung an hymn they went out into the mount of Olives.*" MAT. xxvi. 30. It was by uniting together at midnight, in prayer, and in singing praises to God, that Paul and Silas, in the prison at Philippi, testified their "*peace and joy in believing;*" and sought for support and consolation amidst all the sufferings which they were enduring for Christ's

sake. In the succeeding ages, when the disciples of Jesus were persecuted by the Roman Emperors, one of the charges then brought against them was, "that they met to sing hymns to Christ as to God." *Pliny's Letters to Trajan*, xcvii.

This sacred custom has continued through every period of Christianity; and the following is one of Queen Elizabeth's injunctions to the Clergy, 1559:—"It has been further permitted, that there may be sung a hymn or such-like song to the praise of Almighty God, in the best method and music that may be conveniently devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived." *Sparrow's Collect. Art. Con.* 1684.

That all who use the following Collection may, through the grace of God, be enabled to "*sing with the spirit and the understanding*" (1 COR, xiv. 15.), and be of the blessed number who shall in heaven "*sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb*" (REV. xv. 3.), is the sincere prayer of

THE EDITOR.

N.B. The stanzas included in the brackets may be omitted in singing, as some of the hymns may otherwise be too long.

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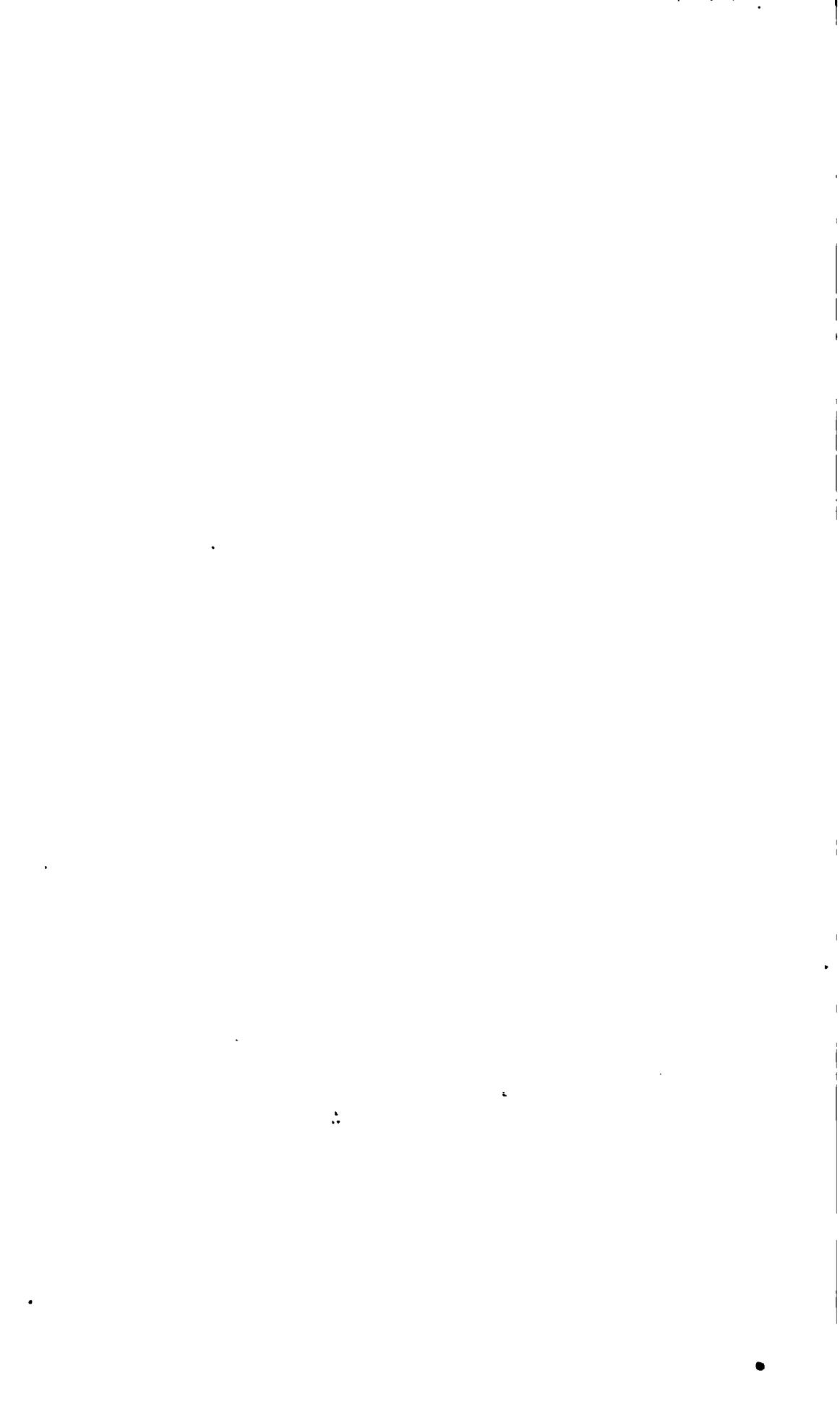
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# PSALMS AND HYMNS.

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## 1. *God the Creator of the World.* L.M.

### PSALM C.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move !

2. *God the Father of his People.* c.m.

Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer ; thy name is from everlasting.—Isa. lxiii. 16.

- 1 THE God, who reigns above, we call  
Our Father and our Friend :  
And, blessed thought ! his children all  
Shall see him in the end.
- 2 Tho' now dispersed, the day will come,  
When he who made them his,  
Will take them hence, and bear them home,  
To "see him as he is."
- 3 Tho' now unknown, they soon shall be  
'The sons of God confess'd :  
Those who despise them now, shall see  
That they alone are blest.
- 4 But let his children, while on earth,  
With foes and strangers mix'd,  
Be mindful of their heav'nly birth ;  
Their thoughts on glory fix'd.
- 5 That they should glorify him here,  
Their Father's purpose is ;  
And when at last he shall appear,  
He will confess them his.

3. *God the Father of his People.* c.m.

But now, O LORD, thou art our Father.—Isa. lxiv. 8.

- 1 OUR Father sits on yonder throne,  
Amidst the hosts above ;  
He reigns throughout the world alone,  
He reigns, the God of love.

2 He knew us, when we knew him not ;  
 Was with us, though unseen :  
 His favour came to us unsought ;  
 His love has wondrous been.

3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,  
 Whatever foe assails,  
 With vigilance that never sleeps ;  
 With pow'r that never fails.

4 He gives us hope that we shall be,  
 Ere long with him above ;  
 The fulness of his glory see,  
 And celebrate his love.

5 Then let us, while we dwell below ,  
 Obey our Father's voice ;  
 To all his dispensations bow ,  
 And in his name rejoice.

6 How sweet to hear him say at last ,  
 " Ye blessed children come !  
 The days of banishment are past ,  
 Your Father calls you home ! "

4. *God the Father of his People.* c.m.

Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed ;  
 for I am thy God ; &c.—ISA. xli. 10.

1 AND art thou with me, gracious Lord ,  
 To dissipate my fear ?  
 Dost thou proclaim thyself my God ,  
 My God for ever near ?

2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel  
 For all thy humble saints ?  
 And in such tender accents speak  
 To soothe their sad complaints ?

3 On this support my soul shall lean,  
 And banish every care ;  
 The gloomy vale of death must smile,  
 If God be with me there.

4 While I thy gracious succour prove,  
 'Midst all my various ways,  
 The darkest vales thro' which I pass,  
 Shall echo with thy praise.

*5. The everlasting power of God. c.m.*

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou  
 hadst formed the earth and the world, even from  
 everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.—Ps. xc. 2.

1 O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home !

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,  
 Still may we dwell secure ;  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth receiv'd its frame ;  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
 Our lives soon vanish, as the night  
 Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for time to come,  
 Preserve us still while life shall last,  
 And bring us safely home.

6. *The greatness and mercy of God.* s.m.

PSALM XCIX.

1 The God Jehovah reigns :  
 Let all the nations fear,  
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
 And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns :  
 Let earth adore her Lord !  
 Bright angels his attendants stand,  
 Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne  
 With majesty divine :  
 His church shall make his wonders known,  
 For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name !  
 How awful is his praise !  
 Justice, and truth, and judgment join  
 In all his works of grace.

5 Exalt the Lord our God,  
 And worship at his feet ;  
 Behold ! his glorious holiness  
 Shines from a Mercy-seat !

*7. The Love of God. c.m.*

God is love—In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

1 JOHN iv. 8, 9.

1 COME ye that know and fear the Lord,  
 And lift your souls above ;  
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord  
 To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,  
 And all his mercies prove ;  
 Jesus, the Gift of Gifts, appears  
 To show that God is love.

[3 Behold, his patience lengthen'd out,  
 To those who from him rove :  
 And calls effectual reach their hearts  
 To teach them God is love.]

4 The work begun is carried on  
 By power from heav'n above ;  
 And every step, from first to last,  
 Proclaims that God is love.]

5 Why then, ye careless sinners, thus  
 Will ye from Jesus rove ;  
 'Tis time from sinful ways to turn,  
 And taste that God is love.

6 Ye doubting souls who (full of fears)  
 The ways of God approve ;  
 Dismiss your guilty fears, and come ;  
 Believe that God is love.

7 O may we all, while here below,  
 This best of blessings prove ;  
 Till "perfect made" in brighter worlds  
 We shout that God is love !

8. *The Long-suffering of God.* 8—8—6.

He knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.—PSALM ciii. 14.

1 My Father knows my feeble frame ;  
 He knows how poor a worm I am ;  
 He knows, he knows it all.  
 The least temptation serves to draw  
 My footsteps from my Father's law,  
 And make me slide and fall.

2 Of this I give him daily proof,  
 And yet he does not cast me off ;  
 But owns me still as his.  
 He spares, he pities, he forgives,  
 The most rebellious child that lives :  
 So great his goodness is.

3 And shall I thence a pretext draw,  
 Again to violate his law ?  
 My soul revolts at this :  
 I'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
 And beg that I may sin no more,  
 Against such love as his.

## PART SECOND.

4 O love divine ! Eternal source  
 Of good to man I mark thy course,  
 I mark it with delight :  
 To Bethlehem I follow thee,  
 And there the wond'rous babe I see ;  
 A cheering glorious sight.

5 I trace thee then to Calvary,  
 And there the man of sorrows see,  
 His body bath'd in blood :  
 The stream I followed from its source,  
 Now pours with a resistless force  
 A rapid swelling flood.

6 Its waters health and healing bring :  
 They make the waste rejoice and sing ;  
 Their progress thus we trace ;  
 They pour their virtues thro' the earth ;  
 They fill the world with sacred mirth ;  
 And gladden ev'ry place.

9. *The Omnipresence of God. L.M.*

## PSALM CXXXIX.

1 THOU Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising up and lying down :  
My secret thoughts are known to thee  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts and private ways ;  
Surrounded by thy power I stand,  
On every side I find thy hand.

3 Such knowledge is for me too high ;  
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !  
Where then can I thy Spirit shun ?  
Or, whither from thy presence run ?

4 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
Or down to hell's infernal plains,  
There thy Almighty vengeance reigns.

5 Or, should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the sable wings of night ;  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.

6 I'll praise thee, from whose hand I came,  
A work of such a curious frame :  
The wonders thou in me hast shown,  
My soul with grateful joy shall own.

10. *God the Redeemer of his People.* 7s.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—ROMANS xii. 1.

1 GOD of all redeeming grace,  
By thy pardoning love compell'd,  
Up to thee our souls we raise.  
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable through thy Son ;  
While to thee alone we live,  
While we die to thee alone.

3 Just it is, and good, and right,  
That we should be wholly thine ;  
Only in thy will delight,  
In thy blessed service join.

4 Oh ! that every thought and word  
Might proclaim how good thou art ;  
“ Holiness unto the Lord,”  
Still be written on our heart !

11. *The wisdom and mercy of God.* c.m.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known. PSALM lxxvii. 19.—Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.—Ib. xcvi. 2.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind Unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

*12. The Wisdom of God. L.M.*

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God : how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out !—ROMANS xi. 33.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;  
Tumultuous passions all be still ;  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;  
His ways are just, his councils wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
 Performs his work, the cause conceals,  
 But, tho' his methods are unknown,  
 Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
 He executes his firm decrees ;  
 And by his saints, it stands confess'd,  
 That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait  
 Prostrate before his awful seat ;  
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

5 He never said to Jacob's seed,  
 "It is in vain to seek my face ;"  
 Th' engraving stands for every need,  
 "Jehovah Jireh"—sovereign grace.

13. *The Wisdom of God.* L.M.

And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah Jireh (*that is the Lord will see or provide*), as it is said to this day, In the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen, *or rather* In the Mount the Lord will appear.—  
 GEN. xxii. 14.

1 'Tis in the mount the Lord is seen,  
 And all his saints shall surely find,  
 Though clouds and darkness intervene,  
 He still is gracious, still is kind.

2 Yes, in the mount, when human aid  
 Or disappoints, or disappears,  
 He sweetly says, "Be not afraid,"  
 And with his smile the suppliant cheers.

3 Yes, in the mount, the Lord makes bare  
 His mighty, his delivering power;  
 Displays a Father's tender care,  
 In the most trying, darkest hour.

4 Yes, in the mount, I too have found,  
 The lord hath lent a gracious ear;  
 Hath placed my faith on solid ground,  
 And dissipated ev'ry fear.

14. *The God of Abraham.* 6—8—4.

Thy name shall be called Abraham: for a father of many nations have I made thee; and I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee.—GEN. xvii. 5, 7.—See ROM. iv. 11, 12; GAL. iii. 7, 9.

1 The God of Abr'm praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd above;  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love!  
 Jehovah, great I AM!  
 By earth and heav'n confess'd,  
 I bow and bless the sacred name,  
 For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abr'm praise,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At his right hand.

I'd all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,  
 And him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days,  
 In all his ways :  
 He calls a worm his friend,  
 He calls himself my God !  
 And he shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesu's blood.

15. PART THE SECOND. 6—8—4.

But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.—HEB. xi. 16.

1 Though nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way  
 At God's command :  
 The wat'ry deep I pass  
 With Jesus in my view,  
 And thro' the howling wilderness  
 My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see  
 With peace and plenty blest ;  
 The land of sacred liberty  
 And endless rest :

There milk and honey flow,  
 And oil and wine abound ;  
 And trees of life for ever grow,  
 With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our king,  
 The Lord our righteousness !  
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
 The Prince of Peace ;  
 On Sion's sacred height  
 His kingdom still maintains ;  
 And glorious with his saints in light,  
 For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,  
 He guards them by his side,  
 Arrays in garments white and pure  
 His spotless Bride :  
 With streams of sacred bliss,  
 (The joys, the bliss of Paradise,)  
 His love supplies.

16. PART THE THIRD. 6—8—4.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—REV. v. 13.

1 BEFORE the great Three-One  
 The saints exulting stand ;  
 And tell the wonders he hath done,  
 Through all their land.

The list'ning hosts attend,  
 And swell the growing fame ;  
 And sing in songs which never end,  
 The wond'rous name !

2 The God who reigns on high,  
 The great archangels sing :  
 And, " Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
 Almighty King !  
 Who was, and is, the same,  
 And evermore shall be ;  
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM !  
 We worship thee !

3 Before the Saviour's face  
 The ransom'd nations bow,  
 O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,  
 For ever new :  
 His wounds, those prints of love—  
 They view, and bless his name !  
 And sound thro' all the worlds above  
 The slaughter'd Lamb !

4 The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high ;  
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 They ever cry :  
 Hail, Abraham's God, and mine !  
 I join the heavenly lays :  
 All might and majesty be thine,  
 And endless praise !

17 *For his forgiveness.* L.M.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—1 COR. x. 13.

- 1 Now let the feeble all be strong  
And make Jehovah's arm their song :  
His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint,  
And, thus supported, who shall faint ?
- 2 What tho' the hosts of hell engage  
With mingled cruelty and rage ?  
A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word He will display  
A strength proportion'd to our day :  
And, when united trials meet,  
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,  
Which Jesus ratifi'd with blood :  
Still he is gracious, wise, and just,  
And still in him let Isr'el trust.

18. *For his Goodness.* L.M.

Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless his holy name ! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—PSALM. ciii. 1, 2.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;  
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad :  
Let all the powers, within me, join  
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
 His favours claim thy highest praise ;  
 Why should the wonders, he hath wrought,  
 Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

3 Twas he, my soul, that sent his Son  
 To die for sins, which thou hast done ;  
 He owns the ransom, and forgives  
 The hourly follies of our lives.

4 High as his mighty power has spread  
 The starry heavens above our head,  
 So does his love exceed our praise,—  
 Exceed the highest hopes we raise.

5 Far as his Providence has plac'd  
 The rising morning from the west,  
 So far his pard'ning grace removes  
 The many sins of those, he loves.

6 All then in heaven his pow'r confess,  
 And all on earth adore his grace ;  
 Thou too, my soul, his love proclaim,  
 And crown with ceaseless praise his name.

19. *For his Goodness and Grace.* C.M.

The eyes of all wait upon thee ; and thou givest them  
 their meat in due season. Thou openest thine  
 hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living  
 thing.—PSALM cxlv. 15, 16.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly King ;  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies ;  
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
 And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
 On thee for daily food ;  
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat  
 And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
 How slow thine anger moves !  
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
 To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;  
 But saints, that taste thy richer grace,  
 Delight to bless thy name.

20. *For his Grace.* 7s.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.—  
 PSALM cxlvi. 1.

1 MEET and right it is to sing  
 Glory to our God and King ;  
 Meet, in every time and place,  
 To rehearse his solemn praise.

2 Join, ye saints, the song around,  
 Angels ! help the solemn sound !  
 Publish thro' the world abroad  
 Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praises here to thee we give,  
 Gracious thou our thanks receive ;  
 Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,  
 Every where be thou ador'd !

4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,  
 Sing we still in Jesu's name ;  
 Saviour, thee we ever bless,  
 Thee, our Lord and God confess.

21. *For his Mercy.* S.M.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. Like as a Father pitieith his children, so the Lord pitieith them that fear him.—PSALM ciii. 8, 13.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great ;  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
 Above the ground we tread,  
 So far the riches of his grace  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord  
 To those that fear his name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel ;  
 He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,  
 Or like the morning flower ;  
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
 It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,  
 To endless years endure ;  
 And children's children ever find  
 The word of promise sure.

6 My soul, repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great ;  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate.

22. *For his Mercy.* L.M.

O praise the LORD, all ye nations.—Ps. cxvii. 1.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise :  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

23. *For his Mercy.* L.M.

The LORD's mercies are new every morning : great is  
 thy faithfulness.—LAM. iii. 23.

1 My God how endless is thy love !  
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
 Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

*24. For his Providence and Grace. L.M.*

Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens, &c.—PSALM  
xxxvi. 5—9.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,  
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence, how kind and large !  
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 From the provisions of thy house  
Our souls are fed with sweet repast ;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
 Springs from the presence of the Lord ;  
 And in thy light our souls shall see  
 The glories promis'd in thy word !

*25. For Redemption. 7s.*

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good  
 will towards men.—LUKE ii. 14.

1 GLORY be to God on high,  
 God whose glory fills the sky ;  
 Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n,  
 Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 CHRIST our Lord and God we own,  
 CHRIST the Father's only Son :  
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
 Saviour of offending man.

3 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Hear, the world's atonement thou ;  
 Jesus, in thy name we pray,  
 Take, O take our sins away.

4 Pow'rful advocate with God,  
 Justify us by thy blood ;  
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Hear, the world's atonement thou.

*26. Salvation. 104th.*

**PSALM XCIII.**

1 YE servants of God, your master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad his wonderful name ;  
 The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;  
 His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
 And still he is nigh, his presence we have ;  
 With glad exultation his triumph we sing,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son ;  
 Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim ;  
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the  
 Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right ;  
 All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might,  
 All honour and blessing, with angels above ;  
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

27. *Salvation.* c.m.

And my soul shall be joyful in the Lord : it shall rejoice in his salvation.—PSALM xxxv. 9.

1 SALVATION ! O melodious sound  
 To wretched dying men !  
 Salvation that from God proceeds,  
 And leads to God again !

2 But O ! may a degen'rate soul,  
 Sinful and weak as mine,  
 Presume to raise a trembling eye  
 To blessings so divine !

3 The lustre of so bright a bliss  
 My feeble heart o'erbears ;  
 And unbelief almost perverts  
 The promise into tears.

4 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine  
 These dying hopes can raise :  
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
 And turn its tears to praise.

5 My Saviour-God, this broken voice  
 Transported shall proclaim,  
 And call on all th' angelic harps  
 To sound so sweet a name.

*28. Praise to the Trinity. 148th.*

1 We give immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And better hopes above :  
 He sent his own  
 Eternal Son,  
 To die for sins  
 That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who bought us with his blood  
 From everlasting woe :  
 And now he lives,  
 And now he reigns,  
 And sees the fruit  
 Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name  
 Immortal worship give,  
 Whose new-creating pow'r  
 Makes the dead sinner live ;

His work completes  
 The great design,  
 And fills the soul  
 With joy divine.

4 Almighty God ! to Thee  
 Be endless honours done,  
 The undivided Three,  
 And the mysterious One !  
 Where reason fails  
 With all her pow'rs,  
 There faith prevails,  
 And love adores.

29. *Praise to the Trinity.* 8s.

For through him we both have access by one Spirit  
 unto the Father.—EPH. ii. 18.

1 O Father, thou fountain of love,  
 Flowing out to lost sinners below :  
 O Jesus, sent down from above,  
 All blessings on us to bestow ;

2 And, O thou blest Spirit of God,  
 Proceeding from Father and Son,  
 Now fix in our hearts thine abode,  
 Complete the salvation begun.

3 Jehovah ! the great One in Three  
 Our Covenant God we adore ;  
 With joy we'll ascribe unto thee  
 All glory and praise evermore.

30. *For his Word.* C.M.

Thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able  
to make thee wise unto salvation through faith,  
which is in Christ Jesus.—2 TIM. iii. 15.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word  
    What endless glory shines !

For ever be thy name ador'd  
    For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation rise,  
    To cheer the fainting mind :  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
    And sweet refreshment find.

3 When guilt, and terror, pain, and grief,  
    United rend the heart,  
Here sinners meet divine relief,  
    And cool the raging smart.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
    Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
And life, and everlasting joys  
    Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh ! may these heav'nly pages be  
    My ever dear delight !  
And still new beauties may I see,  
    And still increasing light :

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,  
    Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
    And view my Saviour there.

## SECTION II.

## CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

31. *Advocate.* C.M.

Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am ; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me.--JOHN xvii. 24

- 1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude ! and sing  
Th' ascended Saviour's love ;  
Sing how he lives to carry on  
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears, he offered up  
His humble suit below ;  
But with authority he asks,  
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him,  
Salvation he demands ;  
Points to their names upon his breast,  
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice  
Gives sanction to his claim :—  
“ Father, I will that all my saints  
Be with me where I am.”
- 5 Eternal life, at his request,  
To every saint is given ;  
Safety below, and after death,  
The plenitude of heaven.

32. *All in all.* c.m.

Christ is all, and in all.—COL. iii. 11.

- 1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see ;  
The one-thing-needful, gracious Lord,  
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The knowledge of thy dying love  
Into my soul convey :  
Thyself bestow, for thee alone,  
My all in all, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice  
My comfort to restore ;  
More than thyself I cannot crave,  
And thou can'st give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again  
With grateful love I'd burn ;  
Chosen of thee, ere time began,  
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,  
O teach me to resign :  
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,  
If, thou, O God, art mine.

33. *All in all.* 7s.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.—PS. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 JESU ! meek, redeeming lamb,  
Thine and only thine I am ;  
Take my body, spirit, soul,  
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be ;  
 Let me ever cleave to thee,  
 Let me choose the better part,  
 Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,  
 Do not let me turn again ;  
 Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
 Stoop to creature happiness !

4 Whom have I on earth below ?  
 Only thee I'd wish to know ;  
 Whom have I in heav'n but thee ?  
 Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above,  
 All my riches is thy love.  
 Who the worth of love can tell ?  
 Infinite, unsearchable !

34. *All in all.* 113th.

In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion ; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me ; he shall set me upon a rock.—PSALM xxvii. 5.

1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
 Or tremble at the tempest's pow'r ?  
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my tow'r.

2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field,  
 Why must I either flee or yield,  
 Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?

- 3 When creature-comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I ?  
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread,  
For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Though faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,  
My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine ;  
But on my side is pow'r divine ;  
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

### 35. *All in all.* P.M.

Looking unto Jesus.—HEBREWS xii. 2.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross :  
That alone be all our glory ;  
All things else we count but loss.
- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good : .  
Every grace and every favour  
Comes to us through Jesu's blood.

[3 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
 By his Spirit sent from heaven ;  
 He pronounces the sweet sentence,  
 “ Son, thy sins are all forgiven.”

4 Faith he gives us, to believe it ;  
 Grateful hearts, his love to prize ;  
 Want we wisdom ? He must give it,  
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes,

5 Jesus gives us pure affections ;  
 Wills to do what he requires ;  
 Makes us follow his directions ;  
 And what he commands, inspires.]

6 All our prayers and all our praises—  
 Humbly offer'd in his name—  
 He that dictates them is Jesus,  
 He that answers, is the same.

7 When we live on Jesu's merit,  
 Then we worship God aright ;  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;  
 Then we savingly unite.

8 Every grace and every favour,  
 Great or good whate'er we call,  
 Have we only in the Saviour ;—  
 Jesus Christ is “ all in all.”

*36. Desire of Nations. C.M.*

The Desire of all nations shall come : and I will fill  
 this house with glory, saith the **LORD** of Hosts.—  
**HAG. ii. 7.**

1 COME, thou Desire of nations, come,  
 And aid our feeble tongues ;

While we thy worthy praise attempt  
In our unworthy songs.

2 By faith we see, and we adore  
Thy mercy, pow'r, and love ;  
And drawn by grace from sense and sin  
To thee our spirits move.

3 Yes, Jesus, thou art our desire,  
In thee our wishes meet ;  
Nor can the whole creation's round  
Afford a name so sweet.

4 Let carnal minds for pleasure strive  
And after wealth aspire ;  
Our choice is made, our hearts are fix'd,  
For Christ is our desire.

5 Pity the nations, gracious Lord,  
Where thou art yet unknown ;  
Be their desire as well as ours,  
And make the world thine own.

*37. Foundation. C.M.*

Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious : and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded.—1 PET. ii. 6.

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
 And saints adore the name ;  
 They trust their whole salvation here,  
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 Though foolish builders may despise  
 This stone with blind disdain ;  
 Yet thereupon thy Church shall rise,  
 And foes shall rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,  
 Yet must this building rise ;  
 'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,  
 And wondrous in our eyes.

38. *Foundation. P.M.*

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid,  
 which is Jesus Christ.—1 COR. iii. 11.

1 HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
 I'd cleave to Jesus crucify'd,  
 And build on him alone ;  
 For no foundation is there giv'n,  
 On which to place my hopes of heav'n,  
 But Christ the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess ;  
 Strength, wisdom, sanctifying grace,  
 And righteousness complete :  
 Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh,  
 Before the God, who dwells on high,  
 And all his justice meet.

39. *Fountain.* 148th.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.—ZECH. xiii. 1.

1 **HAIL**, everlasting spring !  
 Celestial fountain, hail !  
 Thy streams salvation bring,  
 The waters never fail :  
 Still they endure,  
 And still they flow  
 For all our woe  
 A sov'reign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,  
 And blest his bleeding heart,  
 Who all in anguish died  
 Such favours to impart :  
 His sacred blood  
 Shall make us clean  
 From ev'ry sin,  
 And fit for God.

3 To that blest source of love  
 Our souls this day would come :  
 And thither from above,  
 Lord, call the nations home ;  
 That Jew and Greek  
 With rapt'rous song  
 On all their tongues  
 Thy praise may speak.

40. *Fountain.* C.M.

For as much as ye know that we were redeemed ——  
 with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb, without  
 blemish, and without spot.—1 PET. i. 18, 19.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there would I, as vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its pow'r,  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
 Are sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing thy power to save.
- 6 [Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
 (Unworthy though I be)  
 For me a blood-bought free reward,  
 A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,  
 And form'd by pow'r divine,  
 To sound in God the Father's ears  
 No other name but thine.]

41. *Fountain.* 7s.

How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.—HEB. ix. 14.

- 1 BLESSED fountain, full of grace !  
 Grace for sinners, grace for me ;  
 To this source alone I trace,  
 All I am, and hope to be.
- 2 What *I am* ; as one redeem'd  
 Sav'd and rescued by the Lord ;  
 Hating what I once esteemed ;  
 Loving what I once abhor'd.
- 3 What *I hope to be* ; ere long,  
 When I take my place above ;  
 When I join the heav'nly throng ;  
 When I see the God of love.
- 4 Then, I hope " like him to be,"  
 Who redeem'd his Saints from sin :  
 Whom I now obscurely see,  
 Through a veil that stands between.
- 5 When I " see him as he is,"  
 No corruption can remain :  
 Such their portion who are his :  
 Such the happy state they gain.

## 6 Blessed fountain, full of grace !

Grace for sinners, grace for me :  
 To this source alone I trace,  
 All I am, and hope to be.

42. *Fountain.* 8—7—4.

It shall come to pass that every thing that liveth,  
 which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall  
 come, shall live.—EZEK. xlvi. 9.

## 1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,

Streams of living water flow :

God has open'd there a fountain,

That supplies the world below :

They are blessed,

Who its sov'reign virtues know.

## 2 Thro' ten thousand channels flowing,

Streams of mercy find their way :

Life, and health, and joy bestowing,

Making all around look gay :

O ye nations !

Hail ! the long expected day.

## 3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,

All-enriching as it goes ;

Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,

Buds and blossoms as the rose ;

Ev'ry object

Sings for joy where'er it flows.

## 4 Trees of life the banks adorning,

Yield their fruit to all around :

Those who eat are sav'd from mourning ;  
 Pleasure comes, and hopes abound ;  
 Fair their portion !  
 Endless life with glory crown'd.

**43. *The Friend of his People.* L.M.**

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. i. 15.

- 1 **Poor, weak, and worthless tho' I am,  
 I have a rich Almighty Friend ;  
 Jesus the Saviour is his name :  
 He freely loves, and without end !**
- 2 **He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
 And by his pow'r my foes controul'd ;  
 He found me wand'ring far from God,  
 And brought me to his chosen fold.**
- 3 **He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
 And says that I shall shortly be  
 Enthron'd with him above the skies :  
 O what a friend is Christ to me !**
- 4 **But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,  
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,  
 To think of my perverse returns ;  
 I've been a faithless friend to him !**
- 5 **Often my gracious Friend I grieve,  
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;  
 And often Satan's lies believe,  
 Sooner than all my Lord can say.**

6 [He bids me always freely come,  
And promises whate'er I ask ;  
But I am strait'ned, cold, and dumb,  
And count my privilege a task.]

7 [Before the world that hates his cause,  
My treacherous heart has throbb'd with  
shame :  
Loth to forego the world's applause,  
I hardly dare avow his name.]

8 Sure, were I not most vile and base,  
I could not thus my friend requite ;  
And were not he the God of grace,  
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight !

*44. The Fulness of his People. c.m.*

And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for  
grace.—JOHN i. 16.

1 LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,  
The heights and depths unknown,  
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace ;  
In thy beloved Son.

2 O wondrous gift of love divine,  
Thou source of every good !  
Jesus, in thee what glories shine  
How rich thy flowing blood !

3 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,  
The Saviour's bounty taste ;  
Behold a never-failing store  
For ev'ry willing guest !

4 Here shall your ev'ry want receive  
 A free, a full supply :  
 He has unmeasur'd bliss to give,  
 And joys that never die.

5 Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee,  
 With sweet constraining pow'r ;  
 Thy boundless grace let rebels see,  
 And at thy feet adore.

*45. The Giver of the Holy Spirit. 7—6—8.*

When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.—JOHN xv. 26.

1 Saviour, I thy word believe,  
 My unbelief remove ;  
 Now thy quick'ning Spirit give,  
 The unction from above :  
 Show me, Lord, how good thou art,  
 My soul with all thy fulness fill,  
 Send the witness, in my heart  
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,  
 And live and move in me ;  
 Make my ev'ry deed thine own,  
 In all things led by thee :  
 Bid my sins and fears depart,  
 And with me vouchsafe to dwell :  
 Faithful witness in my heart  
 Thy perfect light reveal.

3 "Whom the world cannot receive,"  
 Lord, manifest in me :  
 Son of God, I cease to live,  
 Unless I live to thee :  
 Make me choose the better part,  
 Display thy love, my pardon seal,  
 Send the witness, in my heart,  
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

46. *The Guide of his People.* 8—7—4.

And he led them on safely.—PSALM lxxviii. 53.

1 SAVIOUR through the desert lead us,  
 Without thee we cannot go ;  
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,  
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low.  
 Let thy presence  
 Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price thy love has bought us ;  
 (Saviour, what a love is thine !)  
 Hitherto thy power has brought us ;  
 Power and love in thee combine.  
 Lord of Glory,  
 Ever on thine Israel shine.

[3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,  
 Though our destin'd journey lie ;  
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,  
 We may ev'ry foe defy.  
 Nought shall move us,  
 While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt (no track discovering)  
 Fearful lest we go astray,  
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,  
 Fire by night and cloud by day,  
 Shall direct us ;  
 Then we shall not miss our way.]

5 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us ;  
 Manna shall our camp surround :  
 Faint and thirsty thou wilt heed us,  
 Streams shall from the rock abound.  
 Happy Israel !  
 What a Saviour thou hast found.

[6 When our foes in arms assemble,  
 Ready to obstruct our way,  
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble ;  
 Thou shalt strike them with dismay :  
 And thy people,  
 Led by thee, shall win the day.]

7 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,  
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band ;  
 Be our guide and our protector,  
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand.  
 Shouts of vict'ry  
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

*47. The Hiding-place of his People. 7—6—8.*

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind,  
 and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water  
 in a dry place ; as the shadow of a great rock in a  
 weary land.—ISA. xxxii. 2.

1 To the haven of thy grace,  
 O Son of man, I fly ;

Be my rest and hiding place  
 Whene'er the storm is high :  
 Save me from the furious blast,  
 A covert from the tempest be ;  
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast  
 The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring  
 To a dry, barren place,  
 O descend on me, and bring  
 Thy sweet refreshing grace !  
 O'er a parch'd and weary land  
 As a great rock extends its shade,  
 Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,  
 And screen my naked head !

3 In the time of my distress  
 Thou hast my succour been ;  
 In my utter helplessness,  
 Restrain me still from sin.  
 First and last in me perform  
 The work thou hast begun ;  
 Be my shelter from the storm,  
 My shadow from the sun.

**48. *The Hiding-place of his People.* L.M.**

Thou art my hiding place ; thou shalt preserve me  
 from trouble, thou shalt compass me about with  
 songs of deliverance.—**PSALM xxxii. 7.**

1 HAIL sov'reign love that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man !  
 Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul a hiding-place !

2 Against the God that rules the sky,  
 I fought with hand uplifted high ;  
 Despis'd his rich abounding grace,  
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Indignant justice stood in view,  
 To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew ;  
 But justice cried with frowning face  
 " This mountain is no hiding-place."

4 Vain every hope, until I heard,  
 The voice of mercy in thy word,  
 Proclaiming free, redeeming grace,  
 And Jesus as my hiding-place.

5 Since then, tho' various tempests roll,  
 And threaten to o'erwhelm my soul ;  
 Still have I found in ev'ry case,  
 That Jesus is my hiding-place.

6 A few more fleeting years at most,  
 Will land me safe on Canaan's coast ;  
 Where I shall see him face to face,  
 Jesus, my glorious hiding-place.

49. *High Priest.* L.M.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins  
 in his own blood, and hath made us Kings and  
 Priests unto God and his father ; to him be glory  
 and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. Behold  
 he cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see  
 him, and they also which pierced him : and all  
 kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.—  
 Rev. i. 5 to 7.

1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know  
 The wonders of his dying love,

Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.

- 2 Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;  
Tis he that makes us Priests and Kings,  
And brings us, rebels, near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our superior King,  
Be everlasting power confess'd,  
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold ! on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move ;  
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,  
He'll then display his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day :  
Come, Lord ! nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

### 50. *Lamb.* C.M.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power,  
and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour,  
and glory, and blessing.—REV. v. 12.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne !  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
   " To be exalted thus ;"  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
   " For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
   Honour and power divine ;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
   Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
   And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
   And speak thine endless praise !

5 Let all creation join in one  
   To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
   And to adore the Lamb !

6 O may I bear some humble part  
   In that immortal song !  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
   And love command my tongue !

51. *Lamb.* S.M.

Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.—HEB. ix. 12.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,  
   On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
   Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree ;  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

52. *Lamb.* L.M.

The love of Christ constraineth us ; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead : and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.—2 Cor. v.14,15

1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood,  
Give us to know thy love, then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
 That thou should'st man to glory bring !  
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
 And give them an immortal crown !

4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,  
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;  
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
 Thy love, immense, unsearchable !

4 First-born of many brethren, thou,  
 To thee both earth and heav'n must bow :  
 Help us to find our all in thee,  
 And thine in life and death to be.

53. *Lamb.* 8—7—7.

In the midst of the throne stood a Lamb.—Rev. 5. 6.

1 HOPE in Christ, our Lord, possessing,  
 Let us raise a cheerful psalm :  
 Glory, honour, pow'r, and blessing,  
 Be for ever to the Lamb !  
 In the midst of yonder throne,  
 Lo he stands, he reigns alone.

2 Praise the Lamb ! his love unbounded  
 Is the theme of praise in heav'n ;  
 On his death our hopes are founded ;  
 For our sins his life was giv'n ;  
 And we trust that by his blood  
 We are reconcil'd to God.

3 Praise the Lamb ! ye saints adore him,  
 You he saves from endless shame :  
 See how angels fall before him,  
 How they triumph in his name :  
 His the sceptre, his the crown,  
 His yon bright eternal throne.

4 Praise the Lamb ! repeat his praises,  
 'Tis a theme, ye saints, for you :  
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,  
 There the subject we'll renew :  
 And in yonder glorious place,  
 We shall see the Saviour's face.

[5 There with all who lived as strangers  
 While on earth we hope to be ;  
 Free from toil, from fear, from dangers,  
 Happy through eternity :  
 There we hope to see the Lamb !  
 And for ever praise his name.]

#### 54. *Lamb.* L.M.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin  
 of the world.—JOHN i. 29.

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,  
 With wonder, gratitude, and love ;  
 To take away our guilt and shame,  
 See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;  
 He meekly bore the mighty load ;  
 Our ransom-price he fully paid  
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, he dies ;  
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !  
 To him lift up your longing eyes,  
 And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace, thro' him abound,  
 He can the richest blessings give ;  
 Salvation in his name is found,  
 He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—  
 Where else can helpless sinners go ?  
 Thy boundless love shall set me free  
 From all my wretchedness and woe.

55. *Lamb.* 7—6—8.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed.—Isa. liii. 5.

1 LAMB of God, for sinners slain,  
 To thee I feebly pray ;  
 Heal me of my grief and pain,  
 O take my sins away.  
 From this bondage, Lord, release,  
 No longer let me be opprest ;  
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast.

2 Hast thou not invited all  
 Who groan beneath their sin ?  
 Weary, I obey the call,  
 And come to be made clean ;

Give my burden'd conscience ease,  
 O grant me now the promis'd rest,  
 Jesus, master, &c.

3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,  
 Who so humbly comes to thee ?  
 No, my God, I cannot doubt  
 Thy mercy is for me ;  
 Let me then obtain thy grace,  
 And be of paradise possest.  
 Jesus, master, &c.

56. *Lamb.* C.M.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.—ISA. liii. 4.

1 THOU Lamb of God, that on the tree,  
 Our bitter burdens bore,  
 And lov'd till death a worm like me,  
 I bow, admire, adore.

2 Thy head the crown of thorns that wears,  
 With brightest radiance glows ;  
 That “visage marr'd” with blood and  
 tears,  
 Transcendent beauty shows.

3 Those wounded hands, stretch'd out so  
 wide,  
 Proclaim the sinner's friend ;  
 And issuing from thy pierced side  
 Life-giving streams descend.

4 By men despis'd, rejected, scorn'd,  
 No beauty they can see ;  
 With grace and glory all adorn'd,  
 The loveliest form to me.

57. *Lamb.* C.M.

Behold the Lamb of God.—JOHN i. 36.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore  
 Thy burdens on the tree ;  
 And paid in blood the dreadful score,  
 The ransom due for thee !

2 Look to him till the sight endears  
 The Saviour to thy heart ;  
 His pierced feet bedew with tears,  
 Nor from his cross depart.

3 Look to him till his dying love  
 Thy ev'ry thought control ;  
 Its vast constraining influence prove  
 O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Look to him, as the race you run,  
 Your never-failing friend ;  
 Finish he will the work begun,  
 And grace in glory end.

58. *Lamb.* 8—7.

All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned  
 every one to his own way ; and the LORD hath laid  
 on him the iniquity of us all.—ISA. liii. 6.

1 HAIL ! thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail thou Galilean king !  
 Thou didst suffer to release us,  
 Thou didst free salvation bring ;

Hail thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame ;  
 By thy merits we find favour,  
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid :  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 'Thou hast full atonement made :  
 All thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,  
 There for ever to abide.  
 All the heav'nly host adore thee,  
 Seated at thy father's side :  
 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 There thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give :  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

59. *The Leader of his People.* S.M.

He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.—PSALM cvii. 7.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb,  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came ;  
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of Gospel-grace,  
Fulfil thy character ;  
To guard and feed thy chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert-way  
Conduct us by thy light ;  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above ;  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love.

60. *The Life.* L.M.

Because I live, ye shall live also.—JOHN xiv. 19,

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires ;  
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires,
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?  
And can my hope, my comfort, die,  
Fix'd on thine everlasting word,  
That Word which built the earth and sky ?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure ;  
His word a firm foundation gives ;  
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,  
Immovable the promise stands ;  
Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;  
If Jesus is for ever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break an union so divine.

61. *The Light of his People. 8—7.*

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.—Isa. ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and by thy love's revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath !  
The new heav'n and earth's creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise,  
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,  
Pouring day-light on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;  
Life and joy thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears and cheering  
Ev'ry poor benighted heart :

Come and manifest the favour  
 God hath for our ransom'd race ;  
 Jesus come, exalted Saviour,  
 Manifest thy Gospel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild pacific prince !  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins.  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release,  
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

62. *Melchisedec.* C.M.

Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even JESUS,  
 made an High Priest for ever, after the order of  
 Melchisedec.—HEB. vi. 20.

1 JESU, Redeemer, dying Lamb !  
 We love to hear of thee ;  
 No sound so charming as thy name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be !

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,  
 In mercy to us speak !  
 And in our Priest shall we rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Jesus shall be our joyful theme,  
 While in this world we stay ;  
 And still we'll sing his glorious name,  
 When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud  
 With all his favour'd throng ;  
 Then will we sing more sweet, and loud,  
 And Jesus be our song.

63. *Physician of Souls.* L.M.

Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no Physician  
 there ?—JER. viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
 In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
 The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever reigns  
 With fatal strength in ev'ry part ;  
 The dire contagion fills the veins.  
 And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?  
 And is no kind Physician nigh  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

4 There is a great Physician near ;  
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live :  
 See, in his boundless grace appear  
 Such ease as nature cannot give !

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;  
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart ;  
 For here a sov'reign cure is found—  
 A cordial for the fainting heart,  
 A balm for every painful wound.

*64. The Portion of his People. C.M.*

The Lord is my portion saith my soul ; therefore will  
 I hope in him.—LAM. iii. 24.

1 From pole to pole, let others roam,  
 And search in vain for bliss ;  
 My soul is satisfied at home,—  
 The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne  
 Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,  
 Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
 And give himself to me.

3 His grace and mercy fix my love,  
 His blood removes my fear ;  
 And, while he pleads for me above,  
 His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,  
 His Spirit is my guide :  
 Thus daily is my strength renew'd,  
 And all my wants supplied.

5 For him, I count as gain each loss,  
 Him, though despis'd, I'll own ;  
 Well may I glory in his cross,  
 While he prepares my crown !

65. *Precious to his People.* C.M.

Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious.—  
1 PETER ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
    'Tis music to my ear ;  
    Fain would I sound it out so loud  
        That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul !  
    My transport and my trust :  
    Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
        And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
    In thee doth richly meet ;  
    Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
        Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
    And shed its fragrance there ;  
    The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
        The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name.  
    With my last lab'ring breath ;  
    And, fearless with thy rod and staff  
        Will pass the vale of death.

66. *Precious to his People.* C.M.

And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness : God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of Angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.—1 TIM. iii. 16.

- 1 Most precious name of all above,  
    My Saviour and my God ;  
    Jesus, who can resist thy love,  
        Or trifle with thy blood ?

2 'Tis thro' thy righteousness and death,  
     The Father smiles again ;  
     'Tis by thine interceding breath,  
     The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
     My thoughts no comfort find ;  
     The holy, just, and sacred Three,  
     Are terrors to my mind.

4 But, if Immanuel's face appear,  
     My hope, my joy begin ;  
     His name forbids my slavish fear,  
     His grace removes my sin.

5 Let others on their works rely,  
     Or of their wisdom boast ;  
     I love th' incarnate mystery,  
     And there I fix my trust.

67. *Precious to his People.* c.m.

Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth.—SONG OF SOLOMON. 3.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
     In a believer's ear !  
     It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
     And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
     And calms the troubled breast ;  
     'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
     And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build ;  
 My shield and hiding-place,  
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defil'd ;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought ;  
 But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

68. *Precious to his People.* 7—6—8.

But GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the cross  
 of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, by whom the world is  
 crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—GAL.  
 vi. 14.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,  
 With all of creature good !  
 Only Jesus I'd pursue,  
 Who bought me with his blood ;  
 All thy pleasures I'd forego,  
 I'd trample on thy wealth and pride ;  
 Only Jesus would I know,  
 And Jesus crucified !

2 Other knowledge is but vain,  
 May Christ my " wisdom " be ;  
 Christ, the Lamb of God was slain,  
 He tasted death for me !  
 Me to save from endless foe,  
 The sin-atoning victim died ;  
 Only Jesus would I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

[3 Here will I set up my rest ;  
 O may my wand'ring heart  
 From the haven of his breast  
 No more henceforth depart ;  
 Whither should a sinner go ?  
 His arms for me are open wide ;  
 Only Jesus would I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.]

4 What though all my nature's sin ?  
 More boundless is his grace ;  
 Jesu's blood will make me clean  
 From all unrighteousness :  
 This shall wash me white as snow,  
 On this for all things I confide ;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

5 Him to know is life and peace,  
 And pleasure without end ;  
 This be all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend ;  
 Daily in his grace to grow,  
 And ever in his love abide ;  
 Only Jesus would I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

69. *The Propitiation for Sin.* 8—8—6.

Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus ; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood.—ROM. iii. 24, 25.

- 1 O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,  
That casts itself on thee ?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done  
And suffer'd once for me !
- 2 Deliver'd in the sinner's stead,  
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,  
And thine atoning blood :  
That righteousness my robe shall be ;  
Thy sacrifice avail for me,  
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then, snatch me from eternal death,  
The Spirit of adoption breathe,  
His consolation send :  
By him some word of life impart,  
And graciously assure my heart,  
“Thy Maker is thy Friend.”
- 4 The king of terrors then would be  
A welcome messenger to me,  
To call my soul away :  
Leaving the world and earthly things,  
I'd mount upon his sable wings  
To everlasting day.

70. *The Purifier of his People.* C.M.

Jesus answered him, if I wash thee not thou hast no part in me.—JOHN xiii. 1.

1 For ever here my rest shall be,  
 Close to thy bleeding side ;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own :  
 Wash me, and mine thou art :  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve ;  
 Till hope shall end in perfect joy,  
 And all my soul be love.

71. *The Refuge of his People.* 7s.

Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.—ISAIAH xxv. 4.

1 Jesu, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 'Till the storm of life is past :  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me !  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing !

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 All in all in thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind !  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound ;  
 Make and keep me pure within !  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart ;  
 Rise to all eternity !

72. *The Refuge of his People.* C.M.

The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.—PSALM ix. 9, 10.

- 1 He who on earth as Man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now seated on th' eternal throne,  
The God of glory reigns.
- 2 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,  
In yonder world above;  
His saints on earth admire his ways,  
And glory in his love.
- 3 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,  
Wrought out for guilty worms,  
Affords a hiding-place and shield  
From enemies and storms.
- 4 This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,  
Is desolate and dry;  
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,  
Their thirst to satisfy.
- 5 When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Beat heavy on their head,  
To this Almighty Rock they run,  
And find refreshing shade.
- 6 How glorious he ! how happy they  
In such a glorious friend !  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them in the end.

*73. The Resurrection and Life. C.M.*

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—JOHN xi. 25.

- 1 “I AM,” saith Christ, our glorious head  
(May we attention give),  
“The resurrection of the dead,  
“The life of all that live.
- 2 “By faith in me, the soul receives  
“New life, though dead before ;  
“And he that in my name believes,  
“Shall live to die no more.”
- 3 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,  
On all assembled here ;  
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,  
And cause the dead to hear.
- 4 Preserve the pow’r of faith alive,  
In those who love thy name ;  
For sin and Satan daily strive  
To quench the sacred flame.
- 5 To thee we look, to thee we bow ;  
To thee for help we call ;  
Our life and resurrection thou,  
Our hope, our joy, our all.

*74. The Righteousness of his People. C.M.*

In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely ; and this is his name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.—JER. xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,  
And in that name we trust ;

Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,  
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,  
And low in dust we lie,  
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm  
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 Then the bright robe which he hath wrought,  
Shall deck us all around ;  
Nor by the piercing eye of God,  
One blemish shall be found.

4 Pardon and peace and lively hope,  
To sinners now are giv'n :  
Soon shall thy faithful people change  
Their wilderness for heav'n.

5 With joy we taste that manna now,  
Thy mercy scatters down ;  
We rest with lively faith on thee,  
And wait the promis'd crown.

*75. The Righteousness of his People. L.M.*

Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.—ISAIAH xliv. 24, 25.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
" Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?  
Fully through thee absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,—  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years :  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice !  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice !  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
*Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.*

**76. *The Rock of Ages.* 7s.**

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord  
JEHOVAH is everlasting strength: or the rocks of  
ages.—ISAIAH xxvi. 4.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy riven side which flow'd,

Be of sin the double cure ;  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r !

[2 Not the labours of my hands  
 Can fulfil the law's demands :  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone :  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.]

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;  
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
 Vile, I to the fountain fly :  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eye-strings break in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown ;  
 See thee on thy judgment throne—  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee !

77. *The Saviour.* 8—7—7.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.  
 PROVERBS xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of friend ;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end :  
 They who once his kindness prove,  
 Find it everlasting love !

2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
 Could or would have shed their blood ?  
 Yet did Jesus die to have us  
 Reconcil'd in him to God !  
 This was boundless love indeed,  
 Jesus is a friend in need !

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
 Friend of Sinners was his name ;  
 Now above all glory raised,  
 Jesu's love is still the same.  
 Still he calls them brethren, friends ;  
 Still to all their wants attends.

4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
 We, alas ! forget too often,  
 What a friend we have above ;  
 But when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love thee as we ought.

78. *The Saviour.* C.M.

Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised  
 again for our justification.—ROM. iv. 25.

1 JESUS ! O word divinely sweet !  
 How charming is the sound !  
 What joyful news ! what heavenly peace  
 In Jesu's name is found !

2 Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,  
 In hopeless fetters lay ;  
 With inbred sin corrupt, defil'd ;  
 To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,  
 A willing victim fell,  
 And on his cross triumphant broke  
 The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,  
 He mighty was to save ;  
 He died, but could not long be held  
 A prisoner in the grave.

5 Jesus, who mighty art to save,  
 Still push thy conquests on ;  
 Extend the triumphs of thy cross,  
 Where'er the sun has shone.

6 O Captain of Salvation, make  
 Thy power and mercy known ;  
 Till crowds of willing converts come  
 And worship at thy throne.

79. *Shepherd. c.m.*

The Lord is my Shepherd, &c.—PSALM xxiii.

1 My Shepherd will supply my need,  
 Jehovah is his name ;  
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed  
 Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
 When I forsake his ways ;  
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
 In paths of truth and grace.

3 Yea, when thro' death's dark vale I pass,  
 Thy presence is my stay ;  
 Thy power and thy supporting grace  
 Drive all my fears away.

4 Thy hand in sight of all my foes  
 Doth still my table spread ;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God,  
 Attend me all my days :  
 O may thy house be mine abode,  
 And all my works be praise !

*80. The Shepherd of his People. L.M.*

I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the LORD God.—EZEK. xxxiv. 15.

1 JEHOVAH is our Shepherd's name,  
 Then what have we, tho' weak, to fear ?  
 Our sin and folly we proclaim,  
 If we despond while he is near.

2 When Satan threatens to devour,  
 When troubles press on ev'ry side ;  
 Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r,  
 He can defend, he will provide.

3 See the rich pastures of his grace,  
 Where, in full streams salvation flows ;  
 There he appoints our resting place,  
 And we may feed, secure from foes.

4 There, 'midst the flock the Shepherd dwells,  
The sheep around in safety lie ;  
The wolf, in vain, with malice swells,  
For he protects them with his eye.

5 Oh Lord ! if I am one of thine,  
From anxious thoughts I would be free ;  
To trust, and love, and praise, is mine,  
The care of all belongs to thee.

*81. The Shepherd of his People. L.M.*

I am the good Shepherd : the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. I know my sheep, and am known of mine.—JOHN x. 11, 14.

1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the Sheep !  
Thy “ little flock ” in safety keep !  
The flock for which thou cam’st from heav’n,  
The flock for which thy life was given !

2 Thou saw’st them wand’ring far from thee,  
Secure as if from danger free :  
Thy love did all their wand’rings trace,  
And brings them to a “ wealthy place.”

3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
And keep them that they never stray ;  
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;  
Let none be feeble in thy fold.

4 Secure them from the scorching beam !  
And lead them to the living stream :  
In verdant pastures let them lie,  
And watch them with a Shepherd’s eye.

5 O may the sheep discern thy voice,  
And in its sacred sound rejoice !

6 From strangers may they ever flee,  
And know no other guide but thee !

6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete :  
Then let thy flock from earth remove,  
And occupy the fold above.

*82. The Shepherd of his People. 7s.*

He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd : he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.—ISAIAH xl. 11.

1 HAPPY soul, that, free from harms,  
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !  
Who his quiet shall molest ?  
Who shall violate his rest ?  
Jesus doth his spirit bear,  
Far removes each anxious care ;  
He who found the wandering sheep,  
Loves, and still delights to keep.

2 Oh ! that I might so believe,  
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave ;  
Only on his love rely,  
Smile at the destroyer nigh :  
Free from sin and servile fear,  
Feel the Saviour always near ;  
All his care rejoice to prove,  
All the blessings of his love ;

3 Shepherd, seek thy wandering sheep,  
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;  
 Take on thee my every care ;  
 Bear me, in thy bosom bear ;  
 Let me know thy gentle voice,  
 More and more in thee rejoice ;  
 From thy fulness grace receive ;  
 Ever in thy spirit live.

4 Live (till all thy life I know),  
 Like my lowly Lord below ;  
 Gladly then from earth remove,  
 Gather'd to the fold above ;  
 O that I at last may stand  
 With the sheep at thy right hand ;  
 Take the crown so freely given ;  
 “Enter in by thee” to heaven !

83. *The Strength and Righteousness of his People.* C.M.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God : I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.—PSALM lxxi. 16.

1 My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,  
 When I begin thy praise,  
 Where will the growing numbers end,  
 That celebrate thy grace ?

2 Lord, thou my trust and refuge art,  
 Thy goodness I adore !  
 Still to my soul thy grace impart,  
 That I may love thee more !

3 My feet shall travel all the length  
 Of the celestial road ;  
 And march with courage in thy strength,  
 To see my Father God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress,  
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and sin,  
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
 And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
 The vict'ries of my King !  
 My soul redeem'd from sin and hell  
 Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;  
 With this delightful song  
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
 Nor think the season long.

84. *The Strong Hold.* 104th.

Turn ye to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope :  
 even to-day do I declare that I will render double  
 to thee.—ZECH. ix. 12.

1 YE pris'ners of hope,  
 O'erwhelmed with grief,  
 To Jesus look up,  
 For certain relief ;  
 There's no condemnation  
 In Jesus the Lord,  
 But strong consolation  
 His grace doth afford.

2 Should justice appear,  
 A merciless foe,  
 Yet be of good cheer,  
 And soon you shall know  
 That sinners, confessing  
 Their wickedness past,  
 A plentiful blessing  
 Of pardon shall taste.

3 Then dry up your tears,  
 Ye children of grief,  
 For Jesus appears  
 To give you relief ;  
 If you are returning  
 To Jesus, your friend,  
 Your sighing and mourning,  
 In singing shall end.

4 "None will I cast out  
 "Who come," saith the Lord,  
 Then why do you doubt ?  
 Lay hold of his word :  
 Ye mourners of Sion,  
 Be bold to believe,  
 For ever rely on  
 Your Saviour and live.

**85. *The Sun of Righteousness.* 8—8—6.**

The Lord God is a Sun and shield : the Lord will give grace and glory ; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—PSALM lxxxiv. 11.

1 **L**IGHT of the world, thy beams I bless ;  
 On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,

My faith has fixt her eye ;  
 Guided by thee, through all I go,  
 Nor fear the ruin spread below,  
 For thou art always nigh.

2 Ten thousand snares my path beset,  
 Yet wilt thou, Lord, in me complete,  
 The work thou hast begun :  
 Superior to the pains I feel,  
 Close by the gates of death and hell  
 The heavenly road I run.

3 Still will I strive, and labour still,  
 With humble zeal to do thy will,  
 And trust in thy defence ;  
 My soul into thy hands I give,  
 And, if he can obtain thy leave,  
 Let Satan pluck me thence.

86. *The Sun of Righteousness.* C.M.

For with thee is the fountain of life : in thy light  
 shall we see light.—PSALM xxxvi. 9.

1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,  
 Display thy beams divine ;  
 And cause the glories of thy face  
 Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light in thy light, O may I see,  
 Thy grace and mercy prove ;  
 Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,  
 The God of pard'ning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
 And let thy happy child  
 Behold, without a cloud between,  
 My Father reconcil'd.

4 Jesus, thy promis'd peace bestow  
 On me, through grace forgiven ;  
 The holy joys of faith below,  
 And then the joys of heav'n.

87. *Various. 148th.*

Being made so much better than the Angels, as he  
 hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name  
 than they.—*Heb. 1. 4.*

1 JOIN all the glorious names  
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
 That mortals ever knew,  
 That angels ever bore :  
 All are too mean to speak his worth,  
 Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 Great *Prophet* of our God,  
 Our tongues would bless thy name !  
 By thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came :  
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,  
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

3 Jesus our great *High Priest*,  
 Offer'd his blood and died ;  
 My guilty soul shall seek  
 No sacrifice beside ;  
 His powerful blood did once atone,  
 And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Almighty gracious Lord,  
 Our *Conqu'ror* and our *King*!  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace we sing ;  
 Thine is the pow'r—O may we sit  
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

## 88. THE SAME. 148th.

1 Array'd in mortal flesh,  
 The *Cov'nant-Angel* stands ;  
 And holds the promises  
 And pardons in his hands :  
 Commission'd from his Father's throne  
 To make his grace to mortals known.

2 Be thou our *Counsellor*,  
 Our Pattern and our Guide ;  
 And through this desert land  
 Still keep us near thy side :  
 O let our feet ne'er run astray,  
 Nor wander from the heavenly way.

3 We'd hear our *Shepherd's* voice,  
 Whose watchful eye doth keep  
 Poor tempted souls among  
 The thousands of his sheep :  
 He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,  
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

4 Our *Advocate* appears,  
 For our defence on high ;  
 In love the Father hears,  
 And lays his thunder by :

Thro' him our prayers acceptance gain,  
Thro' him we hope in heaven to reign.

5 Then let our souls arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
Our *Captain* leads us forth,  
To conquest and a crown :  
March on ! nor fear to win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

89. *Vine.* C.M.

I am the vine, ye are the branches ; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing...JOHN xv.5.

1 JESUS, immutably the same,  
Thou true and living vine :  
Around thy all supporting stem  
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,  
I flourish and bear fruit :  
My life I from thy sap derive,  
My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee,  
My strength is wholly thine :  
Wither'd and barren should I be,  
If sever'd from the vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,  
Refreshing dew shall drop ;  
The plant which thy right hand hath set,  
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,  
 And fenc'd with power divine,  
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear  
 The feeblest branch of thine.

90. *Vine.* 7s.

I am the true vine. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: no more can ye except ye abide in me.  
 —JOHN xv. i. 4.

- 1 Son of God, thy blessing grant,  
 Still supply my every want;  
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,  
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I!  
 Wither without thee, and die;  
 Weak as helpless infancy,—  
 O confirm my soul in thee!
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall,  
 Send the strength for which I call:  
 Weaker than a bruised reed,  
 Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,  
 Love me, save me, to the end:  
 Give me the continuing grace:—  
 Thine the everlasting praise.

91. *The Way, Truth, and Life.* L.M.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.—JOHN xiv. 6.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He, whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The king's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not.  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I could' not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;  
Till Jesus did his grace display,  
Himself revealing as "the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am :  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 And henceforth I'll to sinners round  
Proclaim the Saviour I have found,  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, " Behold the way to God."

**92. *The Way, Truth, and Life.* 8—8—6.**

Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.—  
JOHN v. 40.

- 1 THERE is no path to heavenly bliss,  
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,

But Christ, th' appointed road ;  
 O may we tread the sacred way,  
 By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,  
 Till we sit down with God !

2 The types and shadows of the word,  
 Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,  
 The Saviour, just and true ;  
 O may we all his word believe,  
 And all his promises receive,  
 And all his precepts do.

3 As he above for ever lives,  
 And life to dying sinners gives,  
 Eternal and divine,  
 O may his Spirit in me dwell !  
 Then sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,  
 Eternal life is mine.

93. *Wisdom, &c.* L.M.

But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.—*1 Cor. i. 30.*

1 BURY'D in shadows of the night,  
 We lie till Christ restores the light ;  
*Wisdom* descends to heal the blind,  
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Th' awaken'd soul is fill'd with fears,  
 Till his atoning blood appears ;  
 Then we arise from deep distress,  
 And sing “ The Lord our *Righteousness.*”

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,  
But Jesu's spirit makes us clean ;  
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
To *sanctify* and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness,  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

94. *Various.* 8—7—7.

Turn not away the face of thine anointed.—PSALM  
cxxxi. 10.

1 JESUS is the Lord's anointed ;  
Come, eternal life to bring :  
Lamb of God, to death appointed,  
Israel's Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Object of his people's trust :  
God, and yet allied to dust.

2 This is he whom man despises,  
He with whom the world contends ;  
Till the light of heav'n arises ;  
Then its opposition ends :  
What the sinner scorn'd before,  
Render'd wise, he scorns no more.

3 This is he whom heav'n confesses  
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords ;"  
 They are blessed whom he blesses,  
 Sweet the joys his smile affords ;  
 Jesus is the God of grace,  
 And 'tis heav'n to " see his face."

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95. *His Advent.* c.m.

Behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.—MAL.  
 iii. 1.

1 He comes, the Saviour full of grace !  
 By ancient prophets sung ;  
 The smile of mercy in his face,  
 And truth upon his tongue.

2 In him the world no beauty sees,  
 " No form nor comeliness,"  
 Rejected and despised he is,  
 And plung'd in deep distress.

3 But there's a people taught by grace,  
 To know his matchless worth ;  
 They own him though accounted base,  
 And shew his praises forth.

4 They own him as the Lord of all,  
 Their Saviour and their God ;  
 Before his feet they prostrate fall,  
 The purchase of his blood !

5 To him who bore the sinner's shame,  
 Be endless glory giv'n,  
 Immortal honours crown his name,  
 The Lord of earth and heaven.

96. *His Advent.* 7s.

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold,  
 I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be  
 to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the  
 city of David, a Saviour, which is CHRIST the Lord.  
 —LUKE ii. 10, 11.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows  
 Charm me in Immanuel's name ;  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung  
 “ Glory be to God on high ; ”  
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,  
 Who should louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord a man become  
 That he might the law fulfil,  
 Bleed and suffer in my room ?  
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

4 No, I must my praises bring,  
 Tho' they worthless are, and weak ;  
 For should I refuse to sing,  
 Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
 Ev'ry precious name in one,  
 I will love thee without end.

97. *Incarnation.* C.M.

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth.—JOHN i. 14.

- 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song  
To our incarnate Lord ;  
Let every heart, and every tongue,  
Adore th' eternal "Word."
- 2 'That awful Word, that sovereign power,  
By whom the worlds were made,  
Whom all the heavenly host adore,  
Was once in flesh array'd !
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love,  
In all their glorious forms,  
When Jesus left his throne above  
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 [To dwell with misery below,  
The Saviour left the skies ;  
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,  
That worthless man might rise.]
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs  
To hail the joyful day ;  
With rapture then let mortal tongues  
Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !  
With wonder we adore ;  
But could we sing as angels do,  
Our highest praise were poor.

98. *Birth.* 7s.

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—ISAIAH ix. 6.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconcil'd.  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With the heav'nly host proclaim,  
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
Christ the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb:  
Viel'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleas'd as man, with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life of all he brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings:  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give the second birth.

4 Come, "Desire of Nations," come !  
 Fix in us thy humble home ;  
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head ;  
 Adam's likeness now efface,  
 Stamp thine image in its place ;  
 Second Adam from above,  
 Reinstate us in thy love.

99. *Birth.* 8—7.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel ; for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David.—LUKE i. 68, 69.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free ;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee !

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all thy saints thou art ;  
 Dear Desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver ;  
 Born a child, and yet a King ;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring :

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

100. *Birth.* 7s.

Behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.—MAT. ii. 1, 2.

- 1 HARK! what sounds salute our ears,  
Christ, the Lord, at length appears :  
“ Unto us a Son is giv’n : ”  
Angels bring the news from heav’n.
- 2 Come, ye saints, arise and sing,  
Glory to our God and King !  
“ Unto us a child is born,”  
Zion is no more forlorn,
- 3 Who are these that come from far,  
Led by Jacob’s rising star ?  
Strangers, who their off’rings bring,  
Come to worship Zion’s King.
- 4 Zion now no more shall sigh ;  
God will raise her glory high :  
He will send a large increase,  
He will give her people peace.
- 5 Sons of Zion, sing aloud ;  
See her sky without a cloud :  
God will make her joy complete,  
Zion’s sun shall never set.

101. *Birth.* 8—7—4.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.—LUKE ii. 14.

- 1 “ UNTO us a Son is given : ”  
‘Tis the promis’d Christ is meant :

Bands of Angels come from heav'n  
 To announce the tidings sent,  
 Fill'd with rapture,  
 Celebrate the great event.

2 "Glory in the highest ! glory  
 Be to God and peace on earth."

Now proclaim the joyful story,  
 Of the mighty Saviour's birth ;  
 Let the tidings

Fill the world with sacred mirth.

3 This is "The Desire of Nations,"  
 Promis'd to the Church so long ;  
 Object of its expectations ;  
 Burthen of prophetic song ;  
 Sing, ye people,  
 Join with heaven's angelic throng.

4 Lo, he comes, the Lord from heav'n !  
 Lo, the mighty God appears !

"Unto us a Son is giv'n :  
 This is music to our ears :"  
 Nothing sweeter,  
 Mortal or immortal bears.

### 102. *Humiliation.* L.M.

CHRIST JESUS,—being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with GOD ; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men : and been found in fashion as a man he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—PHIL. ii. 6, 7, 8.

1 THE God of glory dwells on high,  
He rules the armies of the sky :  
Ten thousand thousands round him stand,  
Obedient to their King's command.

2 The God of glory mov'd by love,  
Descends in mercy from above ;  
And he, before whom angels bow,  
Is found, " a man of grief " below.

3 This love exceeds our highest thought ;  
Its " length and breadth " in vain are  
sought :  
No tongue can tell its " depth and height,"  
The love of God is infinite.

4 But tho' his love no measure knows,  
The Saviour to his people shows  
Enough to give them joy when known :  
Enough to make their hearts his own.

5 Constrain'd by this, they walk with him,  
His love, their most delightful theme :  
To glorify him here, their aim :  
Their hope, in heav'n to praise his name.

103. *Sufferings. 8—7.*

Then came JESUS forth, wearing the crown of thorns  
and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them,  
Behold the man!—JOHN xix. 5.

1 WOUNDED head ! back ploughed with  
furrows !  
Visage marr'd ! behold the man !  
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows !  
Sunk with grief, behold the man !

Lamb of God led to the slaughter !  
 Melted, poured out like water ;  
 Should not love my heart inflame ?  
 Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb !

104. *Sufferings.* C.M.

There was darkness over all the earth, until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened.--LUKE xxiii.44.45

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
 And did my Sovereign die ?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for sins that I had done,  
 He groan'd upon the tree ?  
 Amazing pity ! Grace unknown !  
 And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God, the mighty Maker died  
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might confusion veil my face,  
 While Jesu's cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe ;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

105. *Sufferings.* 112th.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.—1 PETER ii. 24.

1 O LOVE divine, what hast thou done ?  
Th' immortal God hath died for me !

The Father's co-eternal Son

Bore all my sins upon the tree !  
Th' immortal God for me hath died !  
Jesus, my Lord, is crucified !

2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace ;  
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like his !  
Oh ! be to us his blood applied :  
Jesus, my Lord, is crucified !

3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring his people back to God ;  
Believe, believe the record true,  
His church is purchas'd with his blood ;  
Pardon and life flow from his side :  
Jesus, my Lord, is crucified !

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream ;  
All things for him " account but dross,"  
And give up all our hearts to him :  
Live unto him for us who died ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

106. *Crucifixion.* 7s.

And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place, called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha ; where they crucified him.— JOHN xix. 17, 18.

- 1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,  
Weep and love my life away !  
While I see him on the tree,  
Weep, and bleed, and die for me !
- 2 Jesu's blood for sinners spilt,  
Shows my sin in all its guilt :  
Ah ! my soul, he bore thy load,  
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Hark ! his dying word " Forgive,"  
Freely Jesu's grace receive :  
All thy sins on him were laid,  
He thy ransom fully paid.
- 4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,  
And obtain a pardon seal'd,  
All my soft affections move,  
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,  
Now I see the bleeding cross ;  
Jesus died to set me free  
From the law, and sin, and thee !
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul ;  
Lord, accept and claim the whole !  
To thy will I all resign,  
Now, no more my own, but thine.

107. *Crucifixion. 8—7.*

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.—ISAIAH liii. 4.

1 “STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,”  
 See him dying on the tree !  
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected !  
 Yes my soul, 'tis he ! 'tis he !  
 'Tis the long expected prophet,  
 David's son, yet David's Lord ;  
 Proofs I see sufficient of it :  
 'Tis a true and faithful word.

[2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,  
 Was there ever grief like his ?  
 Friends thro' fear his cause disowning,  
 Foes insulting his distress ;  
 Many hands were rais'd to wound him,  
 None would interpose to save ;  
 But the awful stroke that found him,  
 Was the stroke God's justice gave.]

3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
 Nor suppose the evil great ;  
 Here may view its nature rightly,  
 Here its guilt may estimate.  
 Mark the sacrifice appointed !  
 See who bears the awful load !  
 'Tis “the Word,” the Lord's Anointed,  
 Son of Man, and Son of God.

4 Here we have a firm foundation ;  
 Here's the refuge of the lost ;  
 Christ's the rock of our salvation ;  
 His the name of which we boast ;  
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded !  
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt !  
 None shall ever be confounded  
 Who on him their hope have built.

108. *Crucifixion.* 8—7—7.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted ; yet he opened not his mouth ; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.—ISAIAH liii. 7.

1 As a lamb led forth to slaughter,  
 Jesus on his way proceeds :  
 See, his foes are fill'd with laughter,  
 While the patient victim bleeds.  
 Jesus dies, by man abhor'd,  
 Jesus, chosen of the Lord.

2 Jesus died in love to others ;  
 Greater love hath none than this :  
 Love of kindred, love of mothers,  
 Feeble is compared to his.  
 Who can tell its breadth and length ?  
 Who its depth, its height, its strength ?

[3 Come, my soul, behold and wonder,  
 Here's a sight to cause surprise ;  
 Well the rocks might cleave asunder ;  
 Well might darkness veil the skies.  
 'Twas the voice of nature then,  
 Nature's voice reproving men.]

4 Nature's voice, again reproving ;  
 Would be heard should I not speak ;  
 None has greater cause for loving  
 Him who came the lost to seek.  
 Yet my love how cold it is ?  
 O how diff'rent mine from his !

5 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st thy servant,  
 Weak, unfaithful, apt to slide ;  
 Make my love more pure and fervent ;  
 Let me at thy feet abide.  
 Thine the tribute of my praise ;  
 Thine the remnant of my days.

109. *Crucifixion.* 8—7—7.

O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.—  
 MAT. xxvi. 39.

1 Jesus drains the cup of sorrows ;  
 See, he lies beneath our load ;  
 Gives his life a ransom for us,  
 And redeems us by his blood :  
 Was then ever love like this ?  
 Was then ever grief like his ?

2 Jesus is “ a Man of Sorrows,”  
 Here he claims pre-eminence ;  
 See him pierc'd by heav'ns own arrows,  
 See him die for our offence.  
 “ We, like sheep, have gone astray :”  
 Jesus takes our sins away.

## 3 Jesus suffers—wondrous victim !

Tis the Son of God that dies :  
 Heav'n and earth, and hell, afflict him,  
 Justice claims the sacrifice :  
 Darkness now exerts its power :  
 Darkness reigns this fearful hour.

## 4 Come, ye saints, behold and wonder :

Come, behold what love could do :  
 Gaze upon the victim yonder :  
 Jesus suffer'd thus for you.  
 Bid adieu to low desire ;  
 Here let earthly love expire.

110. *Crucifixion.* L.M.

We love him, because he first loved us.—1 JOHN iv. 13.

1 WHEN, on the cross my Lord I see,  
 Bleeding to death for wretched me ;  
 Satan and sin no more can move,  
 My soul is then constrained to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my  
 heart,  
 In every groan I bear a part ;  
 I view his wound with streaming eyes :  
 But see—he bows his head, and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
 Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood !  
 Behold his side, and venture near,  
 The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;  
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains :  
 Only the fountain-head above  
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I thus could always feel ;  
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal ;  
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
 The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 Revives my heart and charms my ear ;  
 Affords a balm for every wound,  
 And Satan trembles at the sound.

111. *Crucifixion. 8—7.*

I sat down under his shadow with great delight.—  
 SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 3.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend ;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'd sit for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie :  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Falling from his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heav'n,  
 While upon the Lamb I gaze :  
 Love I much ? I've much forgiv'n ;  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death :

6 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,  
 Fix my heart and eyes on thine,  
 Till I taste thy whole salvation,  
 Where unveil'd thy glories shine.

112. *Crucifixion.* c.m.

Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.—HEB. xii. 2.

1 FOR whom is yonder crown prepar'd,  
 Of workmanship divine ?  
 For Jesus is the bright reward,  
 For him its glories shine.

2 Beneath the earth awhile he lies,  
 A pris'ner with the dead :  
 A victor soon the Lord will rise,  
 And glory wreath his head.

3 He saw the cross, despis'd its shame,  
 And bow'd beneath its weight ;  
 For this he bears the greatest name,  
 And gains the highest seat.

4 To him shall every knee be bow'd ;

His claim shall angels own :

Around the rising victor crowd,

And hail him to his throne.

[5 Methinks I see the glorious King

By hosts angelic crown'd :

They shout, and heaven's high arches ring

With the triumphant sound.]

6 Let saints on earth their tribute bring,

And echo back the sound ;

For he who saves them is the King

By hosts angelic crown'd.

### 113. *Crucifixion.* L.M.

They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first born.—ZEC. xii. 10.

1 EXTENDED on the accursed tree,

Bath'd in his own most precious blood,

See there, the King of Glory see,

Sinks and expires the Son of God !

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done ?

Who could thy sacred body wound ?

No guilt thy spotless soul had known,

No guile had in thy lips been found.

3 Ah, Lord !—'tis I have done the deed !

Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn ;

My sins have caused thee to bleed,

Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn !

## 4 For me the burthen to sustain

Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid :  
 To heal me, thou hast borne my pain ;  
 To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

## 5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,

How pay the mighty debt I owe ?  
 May all I have, and all I am,  
 Ceaseless to all thy glory shew !

## [6 The meek, the patient, lowly mind,

O may I learn from thee, my God ;  
 And love, with pardoning pity join'd,  
 For those that trample on thy blood !]

114. *Death.* 9—8.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished : and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.—JOHN xix. 30.

## 1 SEE his hands and feet extended

Upon the cross in keenest smart ;  
 He bows his head—the conflict's ended,  
 I see a spear transfix his heart !  
 Thus closed he his bitter passion,  
 Expiring on th' accursed tree ;  
 Then horror seiz'd the whole creation,  
 But streams of grace came over me.

## 2 Lord, for thy deep humiliation

I'll thank and laud thee all my days ;  
 Long as I live, without cessation,  
 May ev'ry breath declare thy praise.

O may that hand, whereon engraven  
 Each pardon'd sinner's name doth stand,  
 Support me, till I in thy haven  
 Of endless bliss shall safely land.

115. *Resurrection.* L.M.

If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him : knowing that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more : death hath no more dominion over him.—ROM. vi. 8, 9.

- 1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,  
 Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie ;  
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say,  
 And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim  
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death ;  
 Sweet pledge that all who trust his name  
 Shall rise, and draw immortal breath !
- 3 Our surety freed, declares us free,  
 For whose offences he was seiz'd ;  
 In his release our own we see,  
 And view Jehovah's wrath appeas'd.]
- 4 Jesus once number'd with the dead,  
 Bursts from the tomb to die no more ;  
 And ever lives their cause to plead,  
 For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold !  
 See the rich diadem he wears.  
 Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold  
 To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
 My flesh for ever with the dead,  
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

116. *Resurrection.* C.M.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

—1 PET. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,  
 The Father of our Lord ;  
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
 His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
 And call'd him to the sky,  
 He gave our souls a lively hope  
 That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require  
 Our flesh to see the dust ?  
 Yet as the Lord, the Saviour rose,  
 So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine  
 Reserv'd against that day ;  
 'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,  
 And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept  
 Till their salvation come ;  
 We walk by faith as pilgrims here,  
 Till Christ shall call us home.

117. *Resurrection.* L.M.

The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of  
 sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise  
 again.—LUKE xxiv. 7.

1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies !  
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

[2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.]

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men ;  
 But lo ! what sudden joys I see,  
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
 Up to his Father's courts he flies ;  
 Angelic hosts attend him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the tyrant Death in chains.

6 Say, Live for ever, wondrous King,  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save ;  
 Then ask, O Death, where is thy sting ?  
 And where thy victory, O Grave ?

118. *Resurrection.* 7s.

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law : but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.  
 —1 COR. xv. 55—57.

1 “ CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to day,”  
 Sons of men and angels say ;  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
 Sing, ye heav’ns, and earth reply.

2 Love’s redeeming work is done,  
 Fought the fight, the battle won ;  
 Lo, our Sun’s eclipse is o’er,  
 Lo, he sets in blood no more !

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell :  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 Christ has open’d Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?  
 Jesus died our souls to save,  
 Where’s thy victory, O Grave ?

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heav’n !  
 Praise to thee by both be giv’n ;  
 Thee we greet triumphant now,  
 Hail the resurrection—thou.

6 King of glory ! Lord of bliss !  
 Everlasting life is this—  
 Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,  
 Here and in thy courts above.

119. *Resurrection.* C.M.

But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings.—  
 MAL. iv. 2.

- 1 THE dark eclipse is past, the sun  
 With splendour re-appears ;  
 Again his glorious course to run  
 Amidst the bright'ning spheres. .
- 2 But see from deeper darkness rise  
 The Sun of Righteousness ;  
 With healing in his wings he flies  
 The chosen race to bless.
- 3 Hail, Light of Life, arise and shine,  
 Bid fear and sorrows cease ;  
 Darkness dispel, our feet incline  
 To run the paths of peace.
- 4 Warm'd by thy quick'ning beams of love,  
 Our living souls aspire,  
 As flames ascend, to thee above ;  
 Lord Jesus, raise them higher.
- 5 There on us, with the heavenly host,  
 Thy brighter beams display,  
 Where darkness, death, and night are lost,  
 In everlasting day.

120. *Resurrection.* L.M.

Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more : death hath no more dominion over him.—  
ROM. vi. 9.

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die,  
He lives, the Lord, enthron'd on high ;  
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,  
He lives, eternally to save !
- 2 He lives to still his people's fears,  
He lives, to wipe away their tears ;  
He lives, their mansions to prepare,  
He lives to bring them safely there !
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears,  
And let your hearts with this revive,  
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 4 His saints he loves, and never leaves ;  
The chief of sinners he receives ;  
He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill,  
And all his promises fulfil.
- 5 Abundant grace will he afford,  
Till you are present with the Lord,  
And prove, what you have heard before  
That Jesus lives for evermore.

121. *Resurrection.* 8—7—4.

Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified : he is risen ; he is not here : behold the place where they laid him.—MARK xvi. 6.

- 1 COME, ye saints, behold and wonder,  
See the place where Jesus lay :

He has burst his bands asunder ;  
 He has borne our sins away :  
 Joyful tidings !  
 Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs, sing his praises :  
 'Twas by death he overcame ;  
 Thus the Lord his glory raises,  
 Thus he fills his foes with shame.  
 Sing his praises,  
 Praises to the victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs, countless legions  
 Come from heav'n to meet their King ;  
 Soon, in yonder happy regions,  
 They shall join his praise to sing :  
 Songs eternal  
 Shall through heav'n's high arches ring.

122. *Resurrection.* S.M.

The Lord is risen indeed.—LUKE xxiv. 34.

1   “THE Lord is ris'n indeed ;”  
 And are the tidings true ?  
 Yes ; they beheld the Saviour bleed,  
 And saw him living too.

[2   “The Lord is ris'n indeed ;”  
 Then justice asks no more :  
 Mercy and truth are now agreed,  
 Which stood oppos'd before.]

3    "The Lord is ris'n indeed ;"  
     Then is his work perform'd ;  
     The captive Surety now is freed,  
     And death, our foe, disarm'd.

[4    "The Lord is ris'n indeed ;"  
     Then hell has lost his prey ;  
     With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,  
     To reign in endless day.]

5    "The Lord is ris'n indeed ;"  
     He lives to die no more ;  
     He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,  
     Whose curse and shame he bore.

6    "The Lord is ris'n indeed ;"  
     Attending angels, hear ;  
     Up to the courts of heaven with speed  
     The joyful tidings bear.

7    Then take your golden lyres,  
     And strike each cheerful chord :  
     Join, all the bright celestial choirs,  
     To sing our risen Lord.

123. *Resurrection.* 8—8—6.

Now is CHRIST risen from the dead, and become the  
 first-fruits of them that slept.—1 COR. xv. 20.

1 THE Lord is ris'n, O glorious hour !  
     When Jesus, by almighty pow'r,  
     Reviv'd, and left the grave :  
     In all his works behold him great ;  
     Before almighty to create ;  
     Almighty now to save.

2 "The first-begotten from the dead,"  
 Behold him ris'n, his people's head !  
 To make their life secure ;  
 They too, like him, shall yield their breath,  
 Like him, shall burst the bands of death :  
 Their resurrection sure.

3 Why should his people now be sad ?  
 None have such reason to be glad,  
 As reconcil'd to God.  
 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives :  
 To them eternal life he gives :  
 The purchase of his blood.

4 Why should his people fear the grave ?  
 Since Jesus will their spirits save,  
 And raise their bodies too :  
 What tho' this earthly house shall fail ?  
 Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,  
 And build it up anew.

[5 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,  
 And in your master's work abound,  
 Steadfast, immoveable ;  
 Be sure your labour's not in vain ;  
 Your bodies shall be rais'd again,  
 No more corruptible.]

124. *Ascension. C.M.*

And he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh a name  
 written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.—  
 REV. xix. 16.

1 WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy ?  
 Whose sound thro' heaven rings ?

They welcome Jesus to the sky,  
And crown him “ King of Kings.”

[2 At sight of him, yon seraphs bright  
Exulting clap their wings ;  
They hail their Lord with new delight  
And crown him “ King of Kings.”]

3 The brightest angel glory boasts,  
To him his tribute brings ;  
And joins high heav’n’s assembled hosts,  
To crown him “ King of Kings.”

[4 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,  
Forget all earthly things :  
Unite to sing the Saviour’s praise,  
And crown him “ King of Kings.”]

5 While heav’n in honour of his name,  
With exultation rings,  
His saints on earth will own his claim,  
And crown him “ King of Kings.”

6 When here, he bore our sins and shame ;  
And thence our comfort springs :  
’Tis meet we should exalt his name,  
And crown him “ King of Kings.”

7 We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,  
To tune celestial strings ;  
And join with heav’n’s exulting crowds,  
To crown him “ King of Kings.”

124.2 *His Ascension. L.M.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up,  
 ye everlasting doors ; and the King of Glory shall  
 come in, &c.—PSALM xxiv. 7, &c.

- 1 JESUS is risen from the dead ;  
 The Saviour is gone up on high ;  
 The powers of hell are captive led—  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits ;  
 And angels chant the solemn lay :—  
 “ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
 He claims these mansions as his right—  
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ? ”  
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame ;  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;  
 And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay,  
 “ Lift up your heads, he heavenly gates ;  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 6 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ?— ”  
 The Lord of boundless power possest ;  
 The King of saints and angels too ;  
 God over all, for ever blest.

125. *Ascension. 8—7.*

Death is swallowed up in victory.—1 COR. xv. 54.

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand voices cry,  
Vict'ry, vict'ry, thro' the sky !  
Swiftly flies the welcome sound,  
Spreading rapt'rous joys around.
- 2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,  
Comes to claim his great reward :  
Angels round the victor hover,  
Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 O what honours now await him !  
Friends and foes shall hear his voice ;  
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him ;  
Ye who love his name, rejoice.
- 4 Yonder throne for him erected,  
Now become the victor's seat :  
Lo ! the man on earth rejected !  
Angels worship at his feet.
- 5 Day and night they cry before him,  
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ; ”  
All the powers of heav'n adore him ;  
All obey his sov'reign word.

## CHORUS.

Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,  
And crown him everlasting King.

## MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

126. *Blind Bartimæus.* 148th.

LUKE xviii. 35 to 43.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,  
 And lost without thy grace,  
 Thy mercy I implore,  
 And wait to see thy face :  
 Begging I sit by the way side,  
 And long to know the crucified.

2 Jesus, attend my cry,  
 Thou Son of David, hear ;  
 If now thou passest by,  
 Stand still and call me near :  
 The darkness from my heart remove,  
 And show me now thy pardoning love.

127. *Legion Cast Out.* 8—7.

LUKE viii. 27 to 39.

1 WELL might he be called legion,  
 Who my soul did occupy :  
 Round about, thro' all the region,  
 None was more possess'd than I.  
 Satan held me till one stronger  
 Came and set the pris'ner free :  
 Satan then could reign no longer :  
 Jesus made him yield his prey.

2 'Mong the dead the Saviour found me ;  
 There it was I lov'd to dwell :  
 Solemn vows had often bound me :  
 What could bonds like these avail ?  
 As when Sampson rous'd from slumber,  
 Broke with ease the chains he wore ;  
 So my vows, whate'er their number,  
 Yielded to temptation's pow'r.

[3 They who in my madness knew me,  
 Gaze and wonder at the change ;  
 At the Saviour's feet they view me,  
 And confess the matter strange :  
 Many think the change a sad one ;  
 Look upon it as a curse :  
 Though the case was once a bad one,  
 Yet they think the present worse.]

4 Fearful of the world's derision,  
 Eager too to see his face :  
 Oft I ask'd the Lord's permission,  
 With himself to take my place :  
 But whene'er I ask'd this favour,  
 'Twas his word, or seem'd to be,  
 " Go and spread the truth's sweet savour,  
 Tell what God has done for thee."

5 Be it so, since thou hast said it ;  
 Be this world awhile my place :  
 O may those, who hear me, credit,  
 What I tell them of thy grace.

Soon I hope to stand before thee ;  
 Soon to join the hosts above ;  
 There for ever to adore thee,  
 And proclaim thy matchless love.

128. *Peter on the Water.* 8—8—6.

MAT. xiv. 22, &amp;c.

1 He bids me come—his voice I know,  
 And boldly on the water go,  
 To him my God, and Lord ;  
 I walk on life's tempestuous sea ;  
 For he who lov'd and died for me,  
 Hath spoke the powerful word.

2 Secure on troubled waves I tread,  
 Nor all the storms of passion heed,  
 While on my Lord I look ;  
 O'er every fierce temptation bound,  
 The billows yield a solid ground,  
 The wave is firm as rock.

3 But if from him I turn mine eye,  
 And see the raging floods run high,  
 And feel my fears within,  
 My foes so strong, my flesh so frail—  
 Vile unbelief will straight prevail,  
 And sink me into sin.

4 Lord, I my unbelief confess,  
 My little spark of faith increase,

And I shall doubt no more ;  
 But fix on thee my steadfast eye,  
 And on thine outstretch'd arm rely,  
 Till all the storm is o'er.

129. *The Leper healed.* s.m.

MAT. viii. 2 to 4.

- 1 BEHOLD the leper comes  
 Oppress'd with pain and grief,  
 Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet  
 For pity and relief.
- 2 ' O speak the word,' he cries,  
 ' And heal me of my pain :  
 Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,  
 To make a leper clean.'
- 3 The Lord in mercy hears ;  
 And speaks the gracious word ;  
 The leper feels his strength return,  
 And all his sickness cur'd.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I look,  
 Sick of a worse disease :  
 Sin is my painful malady,  
 And none can give me ease.
- 5 But thy almighty grace  
 Can heal my lep'rous soul :  
 O bathe me in thy precious blood,  
 And that will make me whole.

## PRAISES OF CHRIST.

130. *For the Atonement.* 8—8—6.

When we were yet without strength, in due time  
CHRIST died for the ungodly.—ROM. v. 6.

- 1 O THOU, who didst thy glory leave,  
Rebellious sinners to retrieve  
From nature's deadly fall,  
If thou hast bought me with a price,  
My sins against me ne'er shall rise,  
For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead ?  
Didst thou without the city bleed,  
To expiate my stain ?  
On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,  
And made of infinite avail  
The suff'rings of the man.
- 3 Behold him for transgressors given !  
Behold th' incarnate King of Heaven  
For us, his foes, expire !  
Amaz'd, O earth ! the tidings hear :  
He bore, that we might never bear  
His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,  
The God, for your unrighteousness

Deputed to atone :  
 Praise, till, with all the ransom'd throng,  
 Ye sing the never-ending song,  
 And see him on his throne.

131. *For Deliverance from Sin.* 8—7—4.

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—JOHN viii. 36.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed,  
 Sing I will, and sing of thee :  
 Since the cup that justice mixed,  
 Thou hast drank, and drank for me :  
 Great deliv'rer !  
 Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

2 Lute and harp, awake to praise him ;  
 All my pow'rs your tribute bring :  
 Tho' no praise can higher raise him  
 (What can higher raise our King ?)  
 Were I silent,  
 E'en the stones would rise and sing.

[3 Many were the chains that bound me ;  
 But the Lord has loos'd them all :  
 Arms of mercy now surround me :  
 Favours these, nor few nor small ;  
 Saviour, keep me :  
 Keep thy servant lest he fall.]

4 Fair the scene that lies before me,  
 Life eternal Jesus gives :

While he waves his banner o'er me,  
 Peace and joy my soul receives :  
 Sure his promise !  
 I shall live because he lives.

5 When the world would bid me leave thee,  
 Telling me of shame and loss :  
 Saviour, guard me lest I grieve thee,  
 Lest I cease to love thy cross :  
 This is treasure :  
 All things else I'd count but dross.

132. *For his Excellency.* L.M.

How great is his goodness and how great is his  
 beauty !—ZECH. ix. 17.

1 Go worship at Immanuel's feet,  
 See in his face what wonders meet !  
 Earth is too narrow to express  
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford  
 But some faint shadows of my Lord ;  
 Nature to make his beauty known,  
 Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Lord, may my soul with thee be fed ;  
 That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
 Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

4 Is he a Tree ?<sup>2</sup> The world receives  
 Salvation from his healing leaves ;  
 That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
 Is David's root and offspring too.

<sup>1</sup> John vi. 35 ; Mat. xxvi. 27. <sup>2</sup> Isa. xi. 1 ; Rev. xxii. 2, 16.

5 Is he a Rose ?<sup>3</sup> Not Sharon yields  
Such fragrancy, in all her fields :  
Or, if the Lily he assume,  
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

## PART SECOND.

6 Is Christ a Vine ?<sup>4</sup> His heavenly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ, the living vine !

7 Is he a Head ?<sup>5</sup> Each member lives,  
And owns the vital powers he gives ;  
The saints below, and saints above  
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

8 Is he a Fountain ?<sup>6</sup> There I bathe  
And heal the plague of sin and death ;  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a Rock ?<sup>7</sup> How firm he proves !  
The Rock of ages never moves :  
And the sweet streams that from him flow,  
Attend me all the desert through.

10 Is he a Door ?<sup>8</sup> I'll enter in :  
Behold the pastures large and green,  
A paradise divinely fair :  
None but the sheep have freedom there.

<sup>3</sup> Song of Solomon ii. 1.

<sup>4</sup> John xv. 1.

<sup>5</sup> 1 Corinthians xii. 27.

<sup>6</sup> Zechariah xiii. 1.

<sup>7</sup> 2 Sam. xxii. 2; 1 Cor. x. 4.

<sup>8</sup> John x. 9.

## PART THIRD.

11 Is Jesus laid a Corner-stone,<sup>9</sup>  
 To build our hopes of heaven upon !  
 I'll make him my foundation too,  
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.

12 Is he a Star ?<sup>1</sup> He breaks the night,  
 Piercing the shades with dawning light ;  
 I know his glories from afar,  
 I know the bright, the morning star.

13 Is he a Sun ?<sup>2</sup> His beams are grace,  
 His course is joy and righteousness ;  
 Nations rejoice when he appears  
 To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

14 O let me climb those higher skies,  
 Where storms and darkness never rise !  
 There he displays his powers abroad,  
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

15 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
 Nor heaven his full resemblance bears ;  
 His beauties we can never trace,  
 Till we behold him face to face.

133. *For his Glory.* 7s.

Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness :  
 GOD was manifest in the flesh.—1 TIMOTHY iii. 16.

1 Lo, the infant Saviour lies ;  
 Angels call him only wise ;

<sup>9</sup> 1 Peter ii. 4 to 7.

<sup>2</sup> Malachi iv. 2.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xxii. 26.

To his name they join the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

- 2 See, he stands at Pilate's bar ;  
 Most despis'd of all by far ;  
 Still to him belong the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 3 He who wears the crown of thorns,  
 He whom man reviles and scorns,  
 Claims exclusively the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 4 On the cross 'tis still the same ;  
 Never does he yield his claim :  
 Clear his title to the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 5 Past the conflict of his love,  
 See, he takes his place above ;  
 On his vesture shine the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- [6 O ye bright seraphic choirs,  
 Strike anew your golden lyres ;  
 While ye gaze, proclaim the words  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 7 Join ye saints, with heav'n agree,  
 Let the name of Jesus be  
 Still united to the words—  
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”]

134. *For his Glory. 7s.*

I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.—ISAIAH xlvi. 16.

1 JESUS, hail, thou great I AM !  
 High and holy is thy name !  
 Angel-harps resound thy praise ;  
 Saints adore thy saving grace :  
 Every creature bows the knee,  
 Worshipping thy majesty.

2 Hail, thou everlasting Lord,  
 "God with us," incarnate word ;  
 Glory of thy church thou art,  
 Life and light of every heart.  
 Angels, saints, below, above,  
 Join to praise thy boundless love.

135. *For his Glory. 7s.*

KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.—REV. xix. 16.

1 "KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS!"  
 These are great and awful words ;  
 'Tis to Jesus they belong :  
 Let his people raise their song.

2 Hark ! how angels sound his praise !  
 Fill'd with transport, while they gaze :  
 Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,  
 These are thine for evermore.

3 Crown him then whom angels sing ;  
 Crown him everlasting king !  
 Jesus fills the throne above,  
 Jesus is the God of love.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord !  
 Heav'n and earth thy name record :  
 Pow'r and praise to thee belong,  
 Lord accept our feeble song.

[5 Rich in glory thou didst stoop ;  
 This is now thy people's hope :  
 Thou wast, poor, that they might be  
 Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

6 When we think of love like this,  
 Joy and shame our hearts possess :  
 Joy that thou could'st pity thus,  
 Shame for such returns from us.]

7 Yet we hope the day to see,  
 When we shall from earth be free ;  
 Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,  
 There to praise thee as we ought.

8 While we still continue here,  
 May this hope our spirits cheer ;  
 Till in heav'n thy face we see,  
 Teach us, Lord. to live to thee.

136. *For his Greatness.* 7—6—8.

PSALM CIV.

1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,  
 And keeps his court below ;  
 Praise the holy God of love,  
 And all his greatness show ;

Praise him for his noble deeds,  
 O praise him for his mighty power ;  
 Him from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let heaven and earth adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around,  
     The great Immanuel's name ;  
     Let the trumpet's joyful sound  
         Him Lord of Hosts proclaim !  
     Heavenly love the song inspires,  
     Jehovah-Jesus, thee we sing.  
     Sound the cymbals, strike the lyres,  
         The sweetest music bring.

3 Thee, in whom we move and live,  
     Let all the world adore :  
     Glory to their Sovereign give,  
         And triumph evermore !  
     Thee for ever will we praise,  
     The reign of thy salvation sing,  
         Ancient of eternal days,  
         And Universal King.

**137. *For his Humiliation and Glory.* s.m.**

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name : that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow ; of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—PHIL. ii. 9—11.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,  
     Your noblest music bring,

'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man we sing.

2 Proclaim "the Word made flesh,"  
To take away our guilt;  
What precious drops of sacred blood  
For sinful men he spilt.

3 The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er his bosom roll:  
And for our sins his Father's wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.

4 Down to the shades of death  
His sacred head he gave;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
Triumphant o'er the grave.

5 Now the Redeemer sits  
High on his Father's throne:  
The Father lays his vengeance by  
"Well pleased in his Son."

6 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays;  
And there his saints and angels dwell  
To everlasting days.

138. *Jehovah-Jesus.* L.M.

And they shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.—MAT. i. 23.

1 My song shall bless the Lord of all,  
My praise shall climb to his abode;  
The Saviour by that name I call,  
The great supreme, almighty God.

[2 Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
 Eternal years have seen him shine,  
 He shines eternal ages hence.]

3 As much when in the manger laid,  
 Almighty ruler of the sky,  
 As when the universe he made,  
 And fill'd the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
 Salvation is the dearest claim ;  
 That gracious sound well pleased he hears,  
 And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
 My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;  
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal  
 To worship him who died for me.

6 As man, he pities my complaints,  
 His power and truth are all divine ;  
 He will not fail, he cannot faint—  
 Salvation's sure and must be mine.

139. *For his Kingdom. 7s.*

Sing praises to God, sing praises ; sing praises unto  
 our King, sing praises.—PSALM xlvii. 6.

1 GLORY, glory to our King !  
 Crowns unfading wreath his head !  
 Jesus is the name we sing,  
 Jesus risen from the dead :  
 Jesus conq'ror o'er the grave :  
 Jesus mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Angels come to meet their King ;  
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,  
 While the victor's praise they sing :  
 "Open now ye heav'nly gates,  
 'Tis the King of Glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthron'd !  
 Glory beaming from his face.  
 By adoring angels own'd,  
 God of holiness and grace !  
 O for hearts and tongues to sing  
 "Glory, glory, to our King."

4 Jesus, on thy people shine,  
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues !  
 That with angels we may join,  
 Share their bliss and swell their songs.  
 Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,  
 Lord, be thine for evermore.

140. *As Lamb.* 6—4.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power,  
 and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour,  
 and glory, and blessing.—REV. v. 12.

1 GLORY to God on high !  
 Let earth and skies reply,  
 Praise ye his name :  
 His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore ;  
 Sing aloud evermore,  
 Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,  
 Bore sin's tremendous load,  
     Praise ye his name :  
 Tell what his arm hath done,  
 What spoils from death he won ;  
     Sing his great name alone ;  
     Worthy the Lamb.

3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless.  
     Praise ye his name :  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 And make a cheerful noise,  
 Shouting with heart and voice,  
     Worthy the Lamb.

4 What tho' we change our place,  
 Yet we shall never cease  
     Praising his name :  
 To him our songs we bring,  
 Hail him our gracious King,  
 And without ceasing sing,  
     Worthy the Lamb.

5 Let all the hosts above  
 Join in one song of love,  
     Praising his name.  
 To him ascribed be  
 Honour and majesty,  
 Through all eternity :  
     Worthy the Lamb.

141. *For his Love.* 8—7—4.

And suddenly there was with the Angel, a multitude of the heavenly host praising God.—LUKE ii. 13.

1 MIGHTY God ! while Angels bless thee,

    May a sinner praise thy name ?

Lord of men, as well as Angels,

    Thou art every creature's theme.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,

    “ Ancient of eternal days,”

Sounded, through the wide creation.

    Be thy just and lawful praise.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

3 “ Brightness of the Father's glory,”

    Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?

Scorn, my tongue, such guilty silence,

    Sing—the Lord, who came to die—

Hallelujah ! Amen.

4 Did Archangels sing thy coming—

    Did the Shepherds learn their lays.

Shame would cover me, ungrateful,

    Should my tongue refuse to praise.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

5 From the highest throne in glory,

    To the cross of deepest woe,—

All to ransom guilty captives—

    Flow my praise for ever flow.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

142. *For his unchangeable Love.* 104th.

The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed ;  
 but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither  
 shall the covenant of my peace be removed ; saith  
 the Lord that hath mercy on thee.—ISAIAH liv. 10.

1 If Jesus is ours,  
 We have a true friend,  
 Whose goodness endures  
 The same to the end :  
 Our comforts may vary,  
 Our frames may decline ;  
 We cannot miscarry,  
 Our aid is divine.

2 Though God may delay  
 To show us his light,  
 And heaviness may  
 Endure for a night ;  
 Yet joy in the morning  
 Shall surely abound ;  
 No shadow of turning  
 In Jesus is found.

3 The hills may depart,  
 And mountains remove :  
 But faithful thou art,  
 O fountain of love ;  
 The Father hath graven  
 Our names on thy hands ;  
 Our building in heaven  
 Eternally stands.

[4] A moment he hid  
 The light of his face,  
 Yet firmly decreed  
 To save us by grace ;  
 And, though he reproved us,  
 And still may reprove,  
 For ever he lov'd us,  
 And ever will love.]

5 Then tune ev'ry string  
 To Jesus's name !  
 With angels we'll sing  
 The song of the Lamb :  
 Thee ev'ry believer  
 Shall joyfully praise,  
 Thou bountiful giver  
 Of glory and grace !

143. *For his Love.* 8—7—7.

When he bringeth in the first begotten into the world  
 he saith, And let all the Angels of God worship  
 him.—HEBREWS i. 6.

1 HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices,  
 Sound the notes of praise above !  
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices :  
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :  
 See, he fills yon azure throne !  
 Jesus rules the world alone.

[2] Well may angels bright and glorious,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb :  
 While on earth, he prov'd victorious ;  
 Now, he bears a matchless name :

Well may angels sing of him,  
Heav'n supplies no richer theme.]

3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises,  
With the angels round his throne ;  
Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us  
To the place where he is gone :  
Meet it is that we should sing,  
"Glory, glory, to our King."

4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,  
How he bore the Cross below :  
How all pow'r to him is given ;  
How he reigns in glory now ;  
Tis a great and endless theme ;  
O 'tis sweet to sing of him !

[5 King of Glory, reign for ever,  
Thine an everlasting crown :  
Nothing from thy love shall sever,  
Those whom thou hast made thine own :  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destin'd to behold thy face.]

6 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;  
Bring, O bring the glorious day ;  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away :  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing—  
"Glory, glory to our King."

144. *For his Love.* 8—7—7.

Praise ye the Lord.—PSALM cxiii. 1.

1 Let us sing, for we have reason,  
Let us join with those above :

Praise is never out of season :  
 Let us praise the God of love.  
 We have cause indeed to sing :  
 Jesus is our glorious King.

[2 He whom angels view with wonder ;  
 He whom angels always sing ;  
 He who wields the awful thunder,  
 Is himself our glorious King.  
 O ! how blest his people are.  
 Blest who in his glory share.]

3 When we reach the full enjoyment  
 Of the state where sorrows end :  
 Praise will be our sweet employment ;  
 We shall praise the sinner's friend :  
 Him who wash'd us with his blood ;  
 Sav'd, and brought us near to God.

4 But how diff'rent then our praises  
 From the praise we offer now !  
 Well our coldness may amaze us,  
 When we think how much we owe :  
 But no coldness will remain,  
 When that glorious state we gain.

[5 Yet our Lord accepts our praises ;  
 E'en the praise we offer here :  
 He on whom the Archangel gazes  
 With delight and holy fear,  
 Hears his people when they sing,  
 And accepts the praise they bring.]

6 Sing we then our Saviour's praises :  
 Sing the praise of him we love :  
 When the Lord to heav'n shall raise us,  
 Then we'll join with those above :  
 Then, like them, unwearied sing,  
 Glory, glory to our King.

**145. *For the Excellency of his Name.* c.m.**

Sing praises unto his name : for it is pleasant.—  
 PSALM CXXXV. 3.

1 The Saviour bears a precious name,  
 Of sacred pow'rs possess'd :  
 It takes away the sinner's shame,  
 And gives his conscience rest.

[2 No name on earth is half so great,  
 Howe'er extoll'd by fame ;  
 Nor can celestial tongues repeat  
 A more exalted name.]

3 Sweet name ! the sinner's blest relief,  
 His medicine, food, and joy !  
 'Tis help in trouble, ease in grief,  
 'Tis gold without alloy.

4 Jesus, thy name to us is dear,  
 It saves us from our foes :  
 Arm'd with its pow'r, we need not fear,  
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.

5 In many painful conflicts past,  
 Thy name has brought us thro' ;  
 Nor wilt thou give up those at last,  
 Whom thou hast sav'd till now.

6 We hope ere long to see thy face,  
 To join with those above ;  
 And sing in yonder glorious place,  
 Thine “ everlasting love.”

146. *For the Propitiation of our Sins.* 7s.

O Lord, I will praise thee : though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.—ISAIAH xii. 1.

1 I WILL praise thee every day,  
 Now thine anger's turn'd away !  
 Comfortable thoughts arise  
 From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,  
 Wells of free salvation yield  
 Streams of life—a plenteous store ;  
 And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length,  
 My salvation and my strength :  
 And his praises shall prolong,  
 While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,  
 Publish his exalted fame ;  
 Still his worth our praise exceeds ;  
 Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,  
 Let the nations roll it round ;  
 Zion, shout, for this is he ;  
 God, the Saviour, dwells in thee.

147. *For Redemption.* C.M.

For ye know the grace of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that he through his poverty might be rich.—2 COR. viii. 9.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,  
    We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
    Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace  
    Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and (O amazing love !)  
    He came to our relief.
- 3 Down with the shining seats above  
    With joyful haste he fled ;  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
    And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills  
    Their lasting silence break ;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
    The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,  
    Strike all your harps of gold :  
But, when you raise your highest notes,  
    His love can ne'er be told.

148. *For Redemption.* 7s.

In his love, and in his pity, he redeemeth them.—  
ISAIAH lxiii. 9.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,  
    Sing aloud the Saviour's name ;

Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,  
 'Triumph in—Redeeming Love.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,  
 Beaming in Immanuel's face,  
 As to Canaan on ye move,  
 Praise and bless—Redeeming Love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
 Banish all your guilty fears ;  
 See your guilt and sin remove,  
 Cancell'd by—Redeeming Love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin,  
 Now from bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop and taste—Redeeming Love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin opprest,  
 Welcome all to Jesus Christ ;  
 Nothing brought him from above,  
 Nothing but—Redeeming Love.
- 6 Hither then your music bring,  
 Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
 Mortals join the hosts above,  
 Join to praise—Redeeming Love.

149. *For Redemption.* C.M.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped : Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing ; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.—ISAIAH xxxv. 5, 6.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise ;

The glories of my God and King ;  
 The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad,  
 The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus subdues the pow'r of sin,  
 And sets the prisoners free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
 May it avail for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive ;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor believe.

[5 Look unto him, ye nations ; own  
 Your God, ye fallen race ;  
 Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,  
 Be justified by grace.

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid :  
 The Lamb of God was slain :  
 His soul was once an offering made  
 For fallen, sinful man.]

150. *For Redemption. 8—7.*

The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands ; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb, &c... Rev. v. 11, 12.

1 HARK, the notes of angels singing—  
 “ Glory, glory to the Lamb ! ”  
 All in heav'n their tribute bringing,  
 Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye, for whom his life is given,  
     Sacred themes to you belong :  
     Come, assist the choir of heaven :  
     Join the everlasting song.

3 Saints and angels thus united,  
     Songs imperfect still must raise ;  
     Tho' despis'd on earth, and slighted  
     Jesus is above all praise.

4 See th' angelic hosts have crown'd him,  
     Jesus fills the throne on high :  
     Countless myriads, hov'ring round him  
     With his praises rend the sky.

5 Fill'd with holy emulation,  
     Let us vie with those above :  
     Sweet the theme—a free salvation !  
     Fruit of everlasting love.

6 Endless life in him possessing,  
     Let us praise his precious name :  
     Glory, honour, power and blessing,  
     Be for ever to the Lamb.

*151. For Redemption. C.M.*

What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the HOLY GHOST, which is in you, which ye have of GOD, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify GOD in your body, and in your spirit, which are GOD's.—1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

1 WE'LL sing the praise of him, who gave  
     His precious life for us ;  
     'Twas wonderful at all to save ;  
     But more to do it thus.

2 How awful must our state have been,  
 When nothing but his blood,  
 Who gave us life, could make us clean,  
 And bring us back to God.

3 The more he suffer'd for our sake,  
 The more his kindness is :  
 But O ! what poor returns we make,  
 For grace and love like his.

[4 He might expect that we should give,  
 Our hearts to him alone :  
 And, bought with blood, that we would  
 live,  
 As his, and not our own.]

5 But we, alas ! too oft forget  
 How great his kindness is ;  
 And though redeem'd, we wander yet  
 From him who made us his.

[6 For this our hearts are cold and dead :  
 For this our eyes are dim :  
 The crown is fallen from our head,  
 Because we stray from him.]

7 Lord, we confess our shame, and mourn  
 That we have prov'd so base :  
 To thee again, to thee we turn :  
 O ! save us by thy grace.

152. *For Redemption.* L.M.

Hereby perceive we the Love of GOD, because he laid  
 down his life for us.—1 JOHN iii. 16.

- 1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove  
Amid the wonders of thy love :  
The view revives my drooping heart,  
And bids invading tears depart.
- 2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,  
On thy atoning blood rely,  
And on thy righteousness depend :  
My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend.
- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days,  
Devoted to thy single praise ;  
And let my glad obedience prove  
How much I owe, how much I love.

*153. For Redemption. 8—7—7.*

For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.—ROM. v. 10.

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder ;  
Let us praise the Saviour's name !  
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder.  
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame ;  
He has wash'd us in his blood ;  
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord that bought us,  
Pity'd us when enemies,  
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,  
Gave us ears and gave us eyes :  
He has wash'd us in his blood,  
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation  
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;  
 Jesus is our strong salvation,  
 He will surely give the crown :  
 He who wash'd us in his blood,  
 Soon will bring us safe to God.

[4 Let us praise, and join the chorus,  
 Of the saints enthron'd on high !  
 Here they trusted him before us,  
 Now their praises fill the sky.  
 Thou has wash'd us in thy blood !  
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !]

5 Yes, we praise thee, gracious Saviour !  
 Wonder, love, and bless thy name :  
 Pardon, Lord, our poor endeavour ;  
 Pity, for thou know'st our frame ;  
 Wash our pray'rs and songs with blood,  
 For by thee we come to God !

*154. For Redemption. 7s.*

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the  
 heavens : praise him in the heights. Praise ye him  
 all his angels : praise ye him all his hosts.—PSALM  
 cxlviii. 1, 2.

1 SONS of God, triumphant rise,  
 Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice ;  
 Shout your sins in Christ forgiv'n,  
 Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n.

2 Ye that round our altars throng,  
 List'ning angels, join the song ;  
 Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs ;  
 Pardon, grace, and glory ours !

3 Love's mysterious work is done ;  
 Greet we now th' atoning Son ;  
 Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,  
 Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,  
 Peace divine in him we feel ;  
 Everlasting life is won,  
 Glory is on earth begun.

5 Christ to laud in songs divine,  
 Angels and archangels join ;  
 We with them our voices raise,  
 Echoing thy eternal praise.

6 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd ;  
 Full of thee, they ever cry,  
 Glory be to God most high !

155. *For Redemption.* L.M.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow  
 of thy wings will I rejoice.—Ps. lxxiii. 7.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :  
 He justly claims a song from me,  
 His loving-kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;  
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
 His loving-kindness, O how great !

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along,  
 His loving-kindness, O how strong !

[4 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart ;  
 But tho' I oft have him forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.]

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
 O may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day ;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprize,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

156. *For Redemption.* 8—7—4.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory...REV. iv. 11.

1 GLORY, glory, everlasting  
 Be to him who bore the cross !  
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting  
 Death, the death deserv'd by us ;  
 Spread his glory,  
 Who redeem'd his people thus.

2 Jesu's love is love unbounded,  
 Without measure, without end ;  
 Human thought is here confounded,  
 'Tis too vast to comprehend ;  
 Praise the Saviour,  
 Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story  
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
 Sing we " Everlasting glory  
 Be to God and to the Lamb."  
 Saints and Angels,  
 Give ye glory to his name.

157. *For Salvation.* C.M.

My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.—Ps. xiii. 5.

1 SALVATION ! Oh, the joyful sound !

'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,

At hell's dark door we lay ;  
 But we arise by grace divine,  
 To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around ;  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !

To thee the praise belongs :  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.

158. *For Salvation.* 8—7—4.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.—Ps. xxvii. 1.

1 O THOU God of our salvation,  
 Jesus now enthron'd in light ;

Look from thine exalted station,  
 Look from yonder glorious height :  
 Save thy people,  
 Put thine enemies to flight.

2 Thou wast once like us assaulted,  
 Once "a man of sorrows" here ;  
 Now to heav'n with joy exalted,  
 Thou art first and highest there ;  
 Yet thy people  
 Know their pray'rs will reach thine ear.

3 Sng, ye saints, for you have reason,  
 Jesus is your glorious chief :  
 In affliction's sharpest season,  
 Think on this, 'twill bring relief :  
 Sing with gladness ;  
 Jesus knows and shares your grief.

4 Earthly things are transitory,  
 Empty all the world can yield ;  
 Jesus gives us grace and glory,  
 Jesus is our sun and shield.  
 Fair our portion,  
 Our's a cup with blessings fill'd.

159. *For Salvation.* s.m.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord ; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.—Ps. xcvi. 1.

1 Poor sinner, come, cast off thy fear,  
 And raise thy drooping head ;  
 Come, sing, with all poor sinners here,  
 Jesus, who once was dead.

2 Salvation sing : no word more meet  
 To join to Jesu's name ;  
 Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat,  
 " Salvation to the Lamb."

3 Saints, from the garden to the cross  
 Your conq'ring Lord pursue ;  
 Who dearly to redeem your loss,  
 Groan'd, bled, and died for you.

4 Now reigns victorious over death  
 The glorious great I AM !  
 Let ev'ry soul repeat with faith,  
 " Salvation to the Lamb."

160. *For Salvation.* S.M.

And they sing the Song of Moses the servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY ; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints.—REV. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
 Wake every heart, and every tongue  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power ;  
 Sing how he intercedes above  
 For those, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say  
 “ Ye blessed children come : ”  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his pilgrims home.

5 Soon shall our raptur’d tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim ;  
 And sweeter voices swell the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

160.<sup>2</sup> *For Salvation.* c.m.

The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but  
 to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.  
 —MATTHEW xx. 28.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,  
 How sweet thy gracious name ;  
 With joy that errand we review,  
 On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands  
 Stood waiting on the wing,  
 Charm’d with the honour to obey  
 Their great eternal King ;

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,  
 Thou laidst that glory by ;—  
 First, in our mortal flesh to serve,  
 Then, in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,  
 We doubly, Lord, are thine ;  
 To thee our lives we would devote,  
 To thee our death resign.

161. *For Salvation. S.M.*

I will sing aloud of thy mercy.—PSALM lix. 16.

- 1 COME, saints, and let us sing  
Of Christ our risen Lord,  
Of Christ, the everlasting King,  
Of Christ, the incarnate Word.
- 2 On this delightful theme  
The angels love to dwell:—  
How glorious should the subject seem  
To sinners sav'd from hell!
- 3 Ah ! can we sing too loud,  
Whom God hath deign'd to call ?  
To other Gods we lately bow'd,  
But he has pardon'd all.
- 4 Hail, mighty Saviour, hail !  
Whose power we daily prove :  
Till heart and flesh together fail,  
We'll sing thy matchless love.

162. *For Salvation. L.M.*

Serve the **LORD** with gladness; come before his presence  
with singing.—Ps. c. 2.

- 1 Now raise a solemn cheerful strain,  
The noblest, sweetest theme invites ;  
'Tis he who bore our sin and pain,  
And in our welfare now delights.
- 2 'Tis Jesus the eternal "Word,"  
The praise of all the hosts above ;  
Who reigns the universal Lord,  
The God of everlasting love.

3 Tis Jesus in the form of man,  
And lower than the angels made,  
To execute the gracious plan  
In God's eternal purpose laid.

4 Tis Jesus hanging on the cross  
(Mysterious spectacle of woe),  
For whom we count the world but loss,  
And freely part with all below.

5 Tis Jesus risen from the dead,  
And now in heav'n "both Christ and Lord,"  
His people's advocate and head ;  
Their joy, their crown, their "great reward."

6 Ah ! Lord, how feeble is our song,  
How much below thy matchless love :  
But by thy grace we hope, ere long,  
To raise a nobler strain above.

163. *For Salvation.* L.M.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins  
in his own blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests  
unto God and his Father ; to him be glory and do-  
minion for ever and ever.—REV. i. 5, 6.

1 How pleasant is the sound of praise,  
It well becomes the saints of God :  
Should they refuse their songs to raise,  
The stones might tell their shame abroad.

2 For him who wash'd you in his blood,  
Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare :  
He sought you wand'ring far from God,  
And now preserves you by his care.

3 Tho' angels may with rapture see,  
 How mercy flows in streams of blood ;  
 It is not their's to prove, as we,  
 The cleansing virtue of this flood.

4 While angels praise the heav'nly King,  
 And worship him as God alone,  
 The saints with exultation sing  
 " He wears our nature on the throne."

[5 Sweet truth, it yields unceasing cause  
 Of wonder and of praise above ;  
 That man, who once accursed was,  
 Should be the object of such love.]

6 Great King of angels and of saints,  
 (Whose matchless glories far outshine  
 What eye beholds or fancy paints)  
 Let everlasting praise be thine.

164. *For Salvation.* C.M.

Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.—  
 1 PET. ii. 7.

1 We'll sing of Christ, no matter who  
 Should disapprove the theme :  
 When he is precious in our view,  
 We can't but sing of him.

2 And he is precious in the sight  
 Of all who know his voice :  
 'Twas he who brought them to the light,  
 And taught them to rejoice.

3 'Tis he who cheers them by his smile,  
 And guards them by his pow'r ;  
 Who keeps them safe from force and guile,  
 In every trying hour.

4 'Tis he who will conduct them home,  
 Beyond the reach of ill ;  
 Where all the ransom'd people come ;  
 Where saints for ever dwell.

5 Let glory wreath his blessed head,  
 Who once was crown'd with thorns ;  
 Whose blood upon the cross was shed,  
 Whom man reviles and scorns.

6 And let his people make their boast  
 Of him, and him alone,  
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost ;  
 The praise be his alone.

165. *For his Wisdom and Love.* L.M.

He hath done all things well.—MARK. vii. 37.

1 Oh for a heart prepar'd to sing  
 To God, my Saviour, and my King !  
 While with his saints I join to tell  
 How “ Jesus has done all things well.”

2 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,  
 Is all his love to sinful me !  
 He saves me though I did rebel ;  
 “ Jesus, my Lord, does all things well.”

[3] Though oft a fiery flaming dart  
The tempter levels at my heart;  
With this I all his rage repel,  
" My Guardian doeth all things well."]

4 Whene'er my Saviour and my God  
Has on me laid his gentle rod,  
I know, in all that has befall,  
Jesus has still done all things well.

5 Sometimes he's pleas'd his face to hide,  
To make me pray, or kill my pride ;  
Yet am I help'd on this to dwell,  
" My Saviour doeth all things well."

6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms resign my breath :  
Yet then, e'en then, my soul shall tell,  
" Jesus is with me : all is well."

7 And when to that bright world I rise,  
And join the anthems in the skies ;  
Above the rest these notes shall swell,  
" My Saviour has done all things well."

## SECTION III.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

166. *Faith.* S.M.

By grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God.—EPH. ii. 8.

- 1 FAITH !—'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd ;  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God !
- 2 Jesus it owns a King,—  
An all-atoning Priest :  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress ;  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,  
And that divinely free ;  
Lord, send the spirit of thy Son  
To work this faith in me !

167. *Faith.* 8s.

Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord JESUS CHRIST: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.— ROM. v. 1, 2.

- 1 As soon as a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His pardon through faith he receives—  
Redemption in full thro' his blood :  
The faith, that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere notion or name ;  
The work of the Spirit it is.
- 2 It treads on the world and on hell ;  
It vanquishes death and despair ;  
And oh ! let us wonder to tell,  
It overcomes heaven by prayer ;—  
Permits a vile worm of the dust,  
With God to commune as a friend ;  
To hope his forgiveness as just,  
And look for his love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, “ Depart,”  
That stand betwixt God and the soul ;  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
And makes wounded consciences whole ;  
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
Be spotless as snow and as white ;  
And raises the sinner on high  
To dwell with the angels of light.

168. *Faith.* S.M.

They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.—ISAIAH  
xlix. 23.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;  
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,  
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,  
When we shall clearly see,  
Not only that he shed his blood,  
But each shall say, “ For me.”
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then,  
Wait, the appointed hour ;  
Wait, till the bridegroom of your souls  
Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee !  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord !  
Shall thy salvation see.

169. *Faith. C.M.*

The gifts and calling of GOD are without repentance.  
—ROM. xi. 29.

- 1 O LORD ! why should I doubt thy love,  
Or disbelieve thy grace ?  
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,  
Although thou hide thy face.
- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,  
My drooping spirits cheer ;  
And wilt thou not appear again  
Where thou hast once appear'd ?
- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,  
And taught me, I am thine ?  
And wilt thou now thy work undo,  
Or break thy word divine ?
- 4 Dost thou repent ? wilt thou deny  
The gifts thou hast bestow'd ?  
Or are those streams of mercy dry,  
Which once so freely flow'd ?
- 5 Lord, let not groundless fears destroy  
The mercies now possess'd :  
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,  
And trust for all the rest.

170. *Faith. 104th.*

Behold GOD is my salvation : I will trust and not be afraid : for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song ; he also is become my salvation.—ISAIAH xii. 2.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief,  
My Saviour is near,  
And for my relief,  
Will surely appear :  
By prayer let me wrestle,  
And he will perform :  
With Christ in the vessel,  
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,  
Since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide :  
Tho' cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken  
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink ;  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite through
- [4 Determin'd to save,  
He watch'd o'er my path  
When Satan's blind slave,  
I sported with death :

And can be have taught me  
 To trust in his name,  
 And thus far have brought me,  
 To put me to shame.]

5 Why should I complain  
 Of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain ?  
 He told me no less :  
 The heirs of salvation,  
 I know from his word,  
 Thro' much tribulation  
 Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,  
 No heart can conceive,  
 Which he drank quite up,  
 That sinners might live !  
 His way was much rougher  
 And darker than mine,  
 Did Jesus thus suffer—  
 And shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet  
 Shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet,  
 The med'cine is food ;  
 Though painful at present,  
 'Twill cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant  
 The conqueror's song !

171. *Faith.* L.M.

Casting all your care upon him ; for he careth for you.—**1 PETER, v. 7.**

- 1 THE privilege I greatly prize,  
Of casting all my care on him,  
The mighty God, the only wise,  
Who reigns in heav'n and earth supreme.
- 2 How sweet to be allow'd to call  
The God whom heav'n adores, my friend ;  
To tell my thoughts, to tell him all ;  
And then to know my pray'rs ascend !
- 3 Yes they ascend ; the feeblest cry  
Has wings that bear it to his throne ;  
The prayer of faith ascends the sky,  
And brings a gracious answer down.
- 4 Then let me banish anxious care,  
Confiding in my Father's love :  
To him make known my wants in pray'r  
Prepar'd his answer to approve.
- 5 My Father's wisdom cannot err ;  
His love no change nor failure knows ;  
Be mine his counsel to prefer,  
And acquiesce in all he does.

172. *Faith.* 8—8—6.

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ?  
It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth ? It is CHRIST that died, yea, rather, that is also risen again, &c.—**ROM. viii. 33, 34.**

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief ?  
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief

Thy spotless Son for me ?  
 And will the righteous judge of men  
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee ?

- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,  
 And to the utmost farthing paid  
 Whate'er thy people ow'd ;  
 How then can wrath on me take place,  
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,  
 And sprinkled with thy blood ?
- 3 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest ;  
 The merits of thy great High-priest  
 Speak peace and liberty :  
 Trust in his all-atoning blood ;  
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
 Since Jesus died for thee.

173. *Faith.* C.M.

We have an advocate with the Father, JESUS CHRIST  
 the righteous : and he is the propitiation for our  
 sins.—1 JOHN, ii. 1, 2.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,  
 And ever prays for me ;  
 Salvation to his saints he gives,  
 And life and liberty.
- 2 The pow'r of hell and strength of sin,  
 My Saviour shall subdue ;  
 His healing blood shall wash me clean,  
 And make my spirit new.

3 He will perform the work begun ;  
 Jesus, the sinner's friend,  
 Jesus, the lover of his own,—  
 Will love me to the end.

4 No longer let me be afraid ;  
 The promise shall take place ;  
 “ His strength's in weakness perfect made,”  
 “ Sufficient is his grace.”

174. *Faith.* C.M.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.—ROM. viii. 28.

1 WHEN I by faith the Saviour's death  
 Behold, and know him mine ;  
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,  
 And peacefully decline.

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,  
 So full, so free, and kind ;  
 To his unerring, gracious will,  
 Be ev'ry wish resign'd !

3 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
 Nor less when he denies ;  
 Afflictions from his gracious hand  
 Are blessings in disguise !

4 Inscrib'd in thy fair book of life,  
 O may I read my name !  
 There let it fill some humble place,  
 Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.

5 Let outward things go how they will,  
 On thee I cast my care ;  
 Let me but dwell with thee in heav'n,  
 And in thy glory share.

6 An hope like this shall sweeten death,  
 And smooth the rugged way ;  
 O smile upon me, Lord, and then  
 I shall not wish to stay.

175. *Hope. 148th.*

Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn  
 away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?—  
 JONAH. iii. 9.

1 GREAT God to thee I'll make  
 My griefs and sorrows known :  
 And with an humble hope  
 Approach thine awful throne :  
 Tho' by my sins deserving hell,  
 I'll not despair ;—for, who can tell ?

2 To thee, who by a word  
 My drooping soul canst cheer,  
 And by thy Spirit form  
 Thy glorious image there—  
 My foes subdue, my fears dispel—  
 I'll daily seek ;—for, who can tell ?

3 Endanger'd or distrest,  
 To thee alone I'll fly,  
 Implore thy powerful help,  
 And at thy footstool lie ;

My case bemoan, my wants reveal,  
And patient wait ;—for, who can tell ?

4 Vile unbelief, begone ;  
Ye doubts, fly swift away ;  
God hath an ear to hear,  
While I've an heart to pray :  
If he be mine, all will be well—  
For ever so ;—and, who can tell ?

176. *Hope.* 8—8—6.

I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that  
is beyond Jordan.—DEUT. iii. 25.

1 COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice  
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,—  
Shall one day see our God ;  
Shall cease from all our painful strife,  
Handle and taste the Word of Life,  
And feel the sprinkled blood.

[2 Let us not always make our moan,  
Nor worship thee, a God unknown ;  
But let us live to prove  
Thy people's rest, thy saint's delight,  
The length and breadth, and depth and  
height,  
Of thy redeeming love.]

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
We stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below ;  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
 With every blessing blest ;  
 There dwells THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUS-  
 NESS,—  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace  
 And everlasting rest.

[5 Oh, when shall we at once go up !  
 Nor this side Jordan longer stop,  
 But the good land possess :  
 When shall we end our ling'ring years,  
 Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—  
 An howling wilderness ?]

6 Jesus, our Joshua ! bring us in ;  
 Display thy grace, forgive our sin,  
 Our unbelief remove ;  
 The heavenly Canaan, Lord ! divide ;  
 And, oh, with all the sanctify'd  
 Give us a lot of love !

## 177. Joy. C.M.

Delight thyself also in the LORD ; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.—PSALM xxxvii. 4.

1 O LORD ! I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend ;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only friend.

2 When all-created streams are dry'd,  
 Thy fulness is the same ;  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
 And glory in thy name !

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
 Which has a fountain near ;  
 A fountain which will ever run  
 With waters sweet and clear ?

4 No good in creatures can be found,  
 But may be found in thee ;  
 I must have all things, and abound,  
 While God is God to me.

5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,  
 To look within the veil,  
 To credit what my Saviour saith,  
 Whose word can never fail.

6 He, that has made my heaven secure,  
 Will here all good provide ;  
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ;  
 What can I want beside.

7 O Lord ! I cast my care on thee ;  
 I triumph and adore ;  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be  
 To love and please thee more.

178. *Joy.* C.M.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—NEH. viii. 10.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow  
 In nature's barren soil ;  
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
 Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
 And made his glories known,  
 There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace  
 Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
 A sense of pard'ning love,  
 A hope that triumphs over death—  
 Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
 To know that God is mine,  
 Are springs of joy that never fail,  
 Unspeakably divine !

5 These are the joys which satisfy,  
 And sanctify the mind ;  
 Which make the spirit mount on high,  
 And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot :  
 But, if you are the Lord's,  
 Resign to those who know him not,  
 Such joys as earth affords.

179. *Love to Christ.* L.M.

Neither is there salvation in any other ; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—ACTS iv. 12.

1 THERE's not a name beneath the skies,  
 Nor is there one in heav'n above,  
 But that of Jesus can suffice,  
 The sinner's burden to remove.

2 Sweet name ! when once its virtue's known,  
How weak all other helps appear !  
The sinner trusts to it alone,  
And finds a sure salvation there.

[3 Twas long before I knew this truth,  
And learn'd to trust the Saviour's name,  
In vanity I spent my youth :  
The thought now fills my heart with shame.

4 But since I've known the life and pow'r,  
With which his name is richly stor'd ;  
The world can keep my heart no more,  
Nor can its joys content afford.]

5 The things I once esteem'd the most,  
I now account as worthless dross ;  
Jesus ! thy name is all my boast,  
For thee the world appears but loss.

6 Lord, grant me boldness to proclaim,  
(Unmov'd by any fear but thine,)  
The saving virtues of thy name,  
And show its influence divine.

7 Nor let its savour be confin'd !  
Through ev'ry region let it spread !  
Impart its blessings on mankind !  
And by its pow'r revive the dead.

180. *Love.* 8—7.

God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in  
God, and God in him.—1 JOHN iv. 16.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heav'n to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus ! thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art :  
 Visit us with thy salvation ;  
 Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy gracious Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast ;  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.  
 Take away the love of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be ;  
 End of faith as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish, Lord, thy new creation ;  
 Pure, unspotted, may we be !  
 Let us see our full salvation,  
 Perfect and secure in thee !  
 Chang'd from glory into glory,  
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

181. *Love.* 8—6—8.

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another ; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—  
 JOHN xiii. 34, 35.

1 BEHOLD, how sweet and good a thing  
 It is to dwell in peace !  
 How pleasing to our heav'nly King  
 This fruit of righteousness !  
 When brethren all in love agree,  
 How blest the joy of unity.

2 The holy oil on Aaron's head,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or dew on Hermon's hill,  
 Could no such heav'nly odours shed,  
 Or powers of life distil ;  
 'Tis to his church by Jesus given,  
 An earnest and foretaste of heav'n.

3 In him when holy brethren join,  
 And follow after peace,  
 The hallow'd fellowship divine  
 He promises to bless ;  
 His chiefest graces to bestow,  
 Where two or three thus meet below.

4 Jesus, to us vouchsafe to give,  
 The blessing from above ;  
 May all thy children henceforth live  
 United in thy love ;  
 May peace, and love, and unity,  
 Bind us for ever one in thee.

182. *Love.* 8—8—6.

And we have known and believed the love that God  
 hath to us.—1 JOHN iv. 16.

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art !  
 When shall I find my longing heart  
 All taken up by Thee ?  
 Grant me, O gracious Lord, to prove  
 The sweetness of redeeming love,  
 The love of Christ to me !

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxxxiii. 1, 2.

2 God only knows the love of God :  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor stony heart !  
 Give me to " know the love " divine ;  
 This heav'nly portion, Lord, be mine,  
 Be mine this better part ?

3 O that I could for ever sit,  
 With Mary, at the Master's feet ;  
 Be this my happy choice !  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,  
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

4 O that I may, with favor'd John,  
 Recline my weary head upon  
 My dear Redeemer's breast !  
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee,  
 My everlasting rest !

183. *Peace.* 112th.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee ; because he trusteth in thee.—ISAIAH xxvi. 3.—O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.—ISAIAH xxxiii. 14.

1 THOU friend of friendless sinners hear,  
 And magnify thy grace divine ;  
 Pardon a worm that would draw near,  
 That would his heart to thee resign ;  
 A worm, by self and sin opprest,  
 That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear, and rev'rend love,  
     I long to lie beneath thy throne ;  
     I long in thee to live, and move,  
         And stay myself on thee alone :  
     Teach me to lean upon thy breast,  
     To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,  
     And with thy Father plead my cause ;  
     Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,  
         And bend me to obey thy laws ;  
     And with thy gracious presence blest,  
     Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

4 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,  
     With ev'ry furious passion die ;  
     Let the Redeemer dwell within,  
         And turn my sorrows into joy :  
     Oh, may my heart, by thee possess'd,  
     Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

184. *Repentance.* C.M.

O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? I thank God, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord.—ROM. vii. 24, 25.

1 JESUS ! thy power I fain would feel ;  
     Thy love is all I want :  
     O let thine ears consider well  
         The voice of my complaint !

2 Thou seest me yet a slave to sin,  
     And yet afar from God ;  
     O purify and make me clean,  
         By thy redeeming blood !

3 O Jesus ! undertake for me :  
 Thy peace to me be given !  
 For while I stand away from thee,  
 I stand away from heav'n !

4 I will not my offence conceal,  
 I will not hide my sin ;  
 But all my crimes with weeping tell,  
 And own how vile I've been.

5 Lord ! will thy wrathful jealousy,  
 Like fire for ever burn ?  
 And wilt thou not a succour be,  
 And comfort those that mourn ?

6 Reject not, Lord, my humble prayers ;  
 Nor yet my soul destroy :  
 Hath not my Saviour sown in tears,  
 That I might reap in joy ?

185. *Repentance.* S.M.

I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.—ROM. vii. 9.

1 My gracious injur'd Lord  
 To thee what shall I say ?  
 Well may I tremble at thy word,  
 And scarce presume to pray !

2 Jesus, well may I fear  
 E'n to implore thy grace,  
 So often falsely I've drawn near  
 Before thine holy face.

3 Nigh with my lips I drew ;  
 My lips were all unclean :  
 Thee with my heart I never knew ;  
 My heart was full of sin :

4 [Far from the living Lord,  
 Without all hope of heav'n,  
 Thy holiness I still abhor'd,  
 Nor look'd to be forgiven.

5 With all pollutions stain'd,  
 Thy hallow'd courts I trod ;  
 Thy name, thy temple I profan'd,  
 And dar'd to call thee GOD !]

6 My sin and nakedness  
 I studied to disguise ;  
 Spoke to my soul a flatt'ring peace,  
 And righteous seem'd, and wise.

7 But now, my soul alarm'd  
 And brought into distress,—  
 Subdued is the strong man arm'd  
 In his self-righteousness :

8 My mouth is stopp'd, and shame  
 Covers my guilty face ;  
 I fall before th' atoning Lamb,  
 And ask renewing grace.

## GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

186. *Holiness.* C.M.

The law of the Spirit of life in CHRIST JESUS hath  
made me free from the law of sin and death.—  
ROM. viii. 2.

- 1 JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's friend :  
Come to my help, pronounce the word,  
Bid my corruptions end.
- 2 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
Thou canst victorious prove ;  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.
- 3 Thy pow'rful Spirit can subdue  
Unconquerable sin ;  
Can cleanse my heart, and make it new,  
And write thy law within.
- 4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear thy call ;  
My soul in confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise and break through all.
- 5 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,  
The blind his sight receive,  
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
The heart of stone believe.

6 The Ethiop then shall change his skin,  
 The dead shall feel thy pow'r ;  
 The loathsome leper shall be clean,  
 And I shall sin abhor.

187. *Humility.* 7—6—8.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and he shall find rest unto your souls.—MATTHEW xi. 29.

1    LORD, I feel a carnal mind,  
     That hangs about me still,  
     Vainly though I strive to bind  
     My own rebellious will.  
     Is not hautiness of heart  
     The gulph between my God and me ?  
     Meek Redeemer, now impart  
     Thine own humility.

2    Fain would I my Lord pursue,  
     Be all my Saviour taught ;  
     Do as Jesus bids me do,  
     And think as Jesus thought :  
     But 'tis thou must change my heart,  
     The perfect gift must come from thee ;  
     Meek Redeemer, now impart  
     Thine own humility,

3    Let thy Cross my will controul,  
     Conform me to my guide ;  
     In thine image mould my soul,  
     And crucify my pride :

Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,  
 A heart that always looks to thee ;  
 Meek Redeemer, now impart  
 Thine own humility.

4 Tear away mine every boast,  
 My stubborn mind abase ;  
 Saviour ! fix my only trust  
 In thy redeeming grace :  
 Give me a submissive heart,  
 From pride and self-dependence free ;  
 Meek Redeemer, now impart  
 Thine own humility !

188. *Humility.* 7s.

Be clothed with humility.—1 PETER v. 5.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart—  
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
 I shall, as my Master, be  
 Clothed with humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,  
 Nothing would I seek below ;  
 Aim at nothing great or high,  
 Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
 Chang'd into a little child ;  
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides ;  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

4 Father, fix my soul on thee ;  
 Ev'ry evil let me flee ;  
 Nothing want beneath—above,  
 Happy in thy precious love.

5 O ! that all may seek, and find  
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !  
 Him let Isr'el still adore ;  
 Trust him, praise him evermore !

189. *Love.* C.M.

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, (or Love) ;  
 these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity.  
 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
 And love inspires the breast !  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And strengthens all the rest.

2 Without it, knowledge is in vain,  
 And all in vain our fear ;  
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
 If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
 In swift obedience move :  
 The devils know, and tremble too,  
 But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,  
 When faith and hope shall cease ;  
 And this shall strike our joyful strings  
 In realms of endless peace.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,  
 That fills the choirs above,  
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
 And every note be love.

190. *Patience.* L.M.

Why art thou cast down, O my Soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God: for I shall praise him for the help of his countenance.—  
 PSALM xlvi. 5.

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares  
 To thee are burthens, thorns, and snares:  
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
 And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
 How canst thou want if he provide,  
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 Secure before his mercy-seat  
 Thou may'st to him thy all commit;  
 His promises thy warrant prove  
 To trust his wisdom, pow'r and love.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
 And he refuse to hear thy call?  
 And has he not his promise past,  
 And thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 [He who has help'd me hitherto,  
 Will help me all my journey through;  
 And give me daily cause to raise  
 New Ebenezers to his praise.]

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
 It leads thee home, apace, to God ;  
 Then count thy present trials small,  
 For heav'n will make amends for all.

191. *Patience.* L.M.

I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord—ZEPH. iii. 12.

1 “Poor and afflicted,” Lord, are thine,  
 Among the great they seldom shine ;  
 Yet, tho’ the world may think it strange,  
 They would not with the world exchange.

2 “Poor and afflicted,” yes, they are :  
 They’re not exempt from grief and care ;  
 But he, who sav’d them by his blood,  
 Makes every sorrow yield them good.

3 [“Poor and afflicted ;” ‘tis their lot :  
 They know it, and they murmur not :  
 ’Twould ill become them to refuse  
 The state their Master deign’d to choose.]

4 “Poor and afflicted ;” yet they sing,  
 For Jesus is their glorious King :  
 “Thro’ suff’rings perfect” now he reigns,  
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.

5 “Poor and afflicted :” but ere long  
 They’ll join the bright celestial throng :  
 Their suff’rings then will reach a close,  
 And heav’n afford them sweet repose.

6 And while they walk the thorny way,  
 They're often heard to sigh and say,  
 "Come, gracious Lord ; O quickly come ;  
 "And take thy mourning pilgrims home!"

192. *Patience.* 7s.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not ? But if he be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.—HEBREWS xii. 7, 8.

1 'Tis my happiness below,  
 Not to live without the cross ;  
 But the Saviour's pow'r to know  
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :  
 Trials must and will befall ;  
 But, with humble faith to see  
 Love inscrib'd upon them all ;  
 This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Isr'el sows the seeds  
 Of affliction, pain and toil ;  
 These spring up and choke the weeds  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :  
 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
 Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisements by the way ;  
 Might I not with reason, fear  
 I should prove a cast-away ;

Bastards may escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;  
 But the true-born child of God  
 Must not, would not, if he might.

193. *Resignation.* C.M.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth  
 every son whom he receiveth.—HEBREWS xii. 6.

- 1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,  
     I all to thee resign ;  
     I bow before thy chast'ning rod !  
     And mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain  
     When wisdom, truth, and love,  
     Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,  
     And point to joys above ?
- 3 How short are all my suff'rings here !  
     How needful ev'ry cross !  
     Hence then my unbelieving fear,  
     . Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Give, gracious Lord, or take away,  
     I'll bless thy sacred name,  
     Since Jesus, yesterday, to-day,  
     And ever is the same.

194. *Resignation.* C.M.

Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked  
 shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord  
 hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.  
 —JOB. i. 21.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,  
     And crept to life at first,

We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave ;  
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)  
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercies crown our lives,  
The giver's praise we'll spread ;  
Nor less the love and wisdom own,  
Which strike our comforts dead.

195. *Resignation.* c.m.

Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.—1 PET. iv. 19.

1 O Lord, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign,  
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears ?  
 Or tremble at thy gracious hand,  
 That wipes away my tears ?

3 No ; rather let me freely yield  
 What most I prize, to thee,  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
 Thou art engaged to grant ;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
 Shall I resist them both ?  
 A poor blind creature of a day,  
 And crush'd before the moth !

6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to thy sway ;  
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

196. *Resignation.* 8—7—7.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—PSALM cxix. 75.

1 WHEN the Lord rebukes his servant ;  
 'Tis to save, and not destroy :  
 'Tis to make my spirit fervent :  
 'Tis to give me real joy :

"Tis to make me better know  
That my rest is not below.

2 Shall I then repine at trials,  
By my Father's love decreed ?  
What if God had pour'd the vials  
Of his wrath upon my head ?  
Death of sin the wages is :  
All is mercy short of this.

3 Since the Lord hath giv'n me reason,  
To expect a place above,  
In affliction's sharpest season,  
Let me own that " God is love ; "  
Let me own that all he does,  
From a Father's kindness flows.

[4 Shall I murmur at his dealings ?  
Shall I not his kindness trust ?  
Since he knows my frame and feelings,  
And remembers I am dust :  
Shall I not receive the rod,  
And confess the hand of God ? ]

5 Hear me, Lord, in my petition :  
O sustain me lest I faint !  
Teach me patience and submission :  
Keep thy servant from complaint ;  
And in ev'ry trying hour,  
Lord, uphold me by thy pow'r.

197. *Submission. C.M.*

Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—  
HEB. xiii. 5.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss

Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,

Let this petition rise :—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,

From every murmur free :

The blessings of thy grace impart,

And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope—that thou art mine,

My life and death attend ;

Thy presence thro' my journey shine,

And crown my journey's end.

198. *Submission. 7s.*

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of GOD, that he may exalt you in due time : casting all your care upon him ; for he careth for you.—1 PETER v. 6, 7.

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be

Totally resigned to thee ?

Poor and vile in my own eyes,

Only in thy wisdom wise,

Only guided by thy light,

Only mighty in thy might !

2 Fain I would my all resign,

Gladly lose my will in thine,

Careless be of things below,  
 Thee alone content to know ;  
 Simple, innocent, and free,  
 Seeking all my bliss in thee.

3 Into sweet subjection brought,  
 Captivate my ev'ry thought ;  
 Let me to thy goodness leave,  
 When and what is best to give :  
 All thy works to thee are known :  
 Let thy blessed will be done.

4 As thou wilt, dispose of me,  
 Only make me one with thee ;  
 Make me in my life express  
 All the heights of holiness,  
 Sweetly in my spirit prove  
 All the depths of humble love !

199. *Zeal.* C.M.

The children of this world are in their generation  
 wiser than the children of light.—LUKE xvi. 8.

1 WHILE carnal men with all their might,  
 Earth's vanities pursue,  
 How slow th' advances which I make,  
 With heaven itself in view.

2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal !  
 Great God ! my love inflame ;  
 Religion without zeal and love  
 Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,  
 May I with fervour strive ;  
 And all those powers employ for thee,  
 Which I from thee derive !

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## INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

200. *Consolation.* L.M.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee : but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment ; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.—ISAIAH liv. 7, 8.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then, my Redeemer ! then I find  
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee !

3 Oh, let me then, at length, be taught  
 (What I am still so slow to learn,)  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

[4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
 I find myself a learner yet,—  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, Lord, thy Spirit's conq'ring sway,  
 Subdues the disobedient will ;  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.]

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou therefore all the praise receive ;  
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

201. *Consolation.* c.m.

My meditation of him shall be sweet.—Ps. civ. 34.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay,  
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage  
 And long to fly away.

2 [Sweet to look inward, and attend  
 The comforts of his love ;  
 Sweet to look upward to the place  
 Where Jesus pleads above.]

3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
 My sins on Jesus laid ;  
 Sweet to remember that his blood  
 My debt of suff'rings paid.

4 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
 Which makes my soul secure ;  
 Sweet to experience, day by day,  
 His Spirit's quick'ning power.

5 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
 Whose love can never end ;  
 Sweet on his covenant of grace,  
 For all things to depend.

6 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
 To trust his firm decrees ;  
 Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
 And know no will but his.

7 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
 What must the fountain be ?  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
 Immediately from thee !

PART SECOND.

8 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,  
 That, when my change shall come,  
 Angels will hover round my bed,  
 And waft my spirit home.

9 There shall my dis-imprison'd soul  
 View Jesus and adore ;  
 Be with his likeness satisfy'd,  
 And grieve and sin no more.

[ 10 Shall see him wear that very flesh ;  
 On which my guilt was lain ;  
 His love intense, his merit fresh,  
 As tho' but newly slain. ]

11 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear  
 The trumpet's quick'ning sound ;  
 And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
 At his right hand be found.

12 These eyes shall see him in that day,

The God that dy'd for me :

And all my rising bones shall say,

Lord, who is like to thee ?

13 If such the views which grace unfolds,

Weak as it is below ;

What raptures must the Church above,

In Jesu's presence know.

14 O may the unction of these truths,

For ever with me stay ;

Till from her "earthly house" dismiss'd,

My spirit flies away.

*202. His Influence Desired. C.M.*

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.—ROM. xv. 13.

1 GREAT Spirit ! by whose mighty power  
All creatures live and move,  
On us thy benediction shower,  
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, source of light ! arise and shine,  
Darkness and doubt dispel ;  
Give peace and joy, for we are thine ;  
In us for ever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,  
Complete redemption bring ;  
New tongues impart to speak the praise  
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear unknown  
 To all the world beside ;  
 Exulting then we know and own  
 Our Jesus glorified.

203. *His Influence Desired.* C.M.

And hope maketh not ashamed ; because the love of  
 God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy  
 Ghost, which is given unto us.—ROM. v. 5.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys ;  
 Our souls, how heavily they go  
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

4 And shall we, Lord, for ever live  
 At this poor dying rate ?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great !

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

204. *His Influence Desired.* L.M.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 COR. xiii. 12.

- 1 O Lord, how little do we know,  
How little of thy presence feel;  
While we continue here below,  
And in these earthly houses dwell!
- 2 When will these veils of flesh remove,  
And not eclipse our sight of God?  
When will thou take us up above,  
To see thy face without a cloud?
- 3 Show thy omnipotence to save,  
The characters of sin efface;  
Thine image on our hearts engrave,  
And make us know thy saving grace.
- 4 Dart in our souls a heav'nly ray,  
A ray which still may shine more bright,  
Increasing to the perfect day,  
Till we awake in endless light.

205. *His Influence Desired.* 7s.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.—JOHN xiv. 16.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine!  
Let thy light around us shine:  
All our guilty fears remove,  
Fill us with thy peace and love.

2 Pardon to the contrite give,  
 Bid the wounded sinner live ;  
 Lead us to the Lamb of God,  
 Wash us in his precious blood.

3 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,  
 Comfort every troubled breast ;  
 Life, and joy, and peace impart,  
 Sanctifying ev'ry heart.

4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,  
 Keep us in our heav'nly way ;  
 Bring us to thy courts above,  
 Realms of light and endless love.

*206. His Influence Desired. 8—7.*

Now our LORD JESUS CHRIST himself, and God even our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and establish you in every good word and work.—2 THESS. ii. 16, 17.

1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night ;  
 Come, thou source of joy and gladness,  
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Hear, O hear, our supplication,  
 Loving Spirit, God of Peace !  
 Rest upon this congregation,  
 Great distributer of grace !

3 Come, thou best of all donations,  
 God can give, or we implore !  
 Having thy sweet consolations,  
 We on earth can wish no more.

4 Author of our new creation,  
 Bid us all thine influence prove ;  
 Make our souls thy habitation,  
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

*207. Leadings of the Holy Spirit. L.M.*

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God.—ROMANS viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;  
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,  
 From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
 Lead to thy word ; for that must give,  
 And teach us, lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose thy way ;  
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
 That we must take to dwell with God :  
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
 Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
 In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;  
 Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

208. *The New Heart.* C.M.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.—EZEKEL xxxvi. 26.

- 1 O for an heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,  
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean!  
Which neither life, nor death, can part,  
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above:  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

209. *His Influences Desired.* S.M.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.—ROM. xv. 13.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts  
 With consolations sweet ;  
 Give us to lie, with humble hope,  
 At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove ;  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
 And to our wond'ring view reveal  
 The secret love of God.

5 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To illuminate the soul,  
 To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
 And new create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The Father, Son, and Thee !

**210. *The quickening Influence of the Holy Spirit.* S.M.**

It is the Spirit that quickeneth.—JOHN vi. 63.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come !  
 With energy divine ;  
 And on this poor benighted soul  
 With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,  
 Life, light, and joy dispense !  
 And may I daily, hourly feel  
 Thy quick'ning influence.

3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart ;  
 This stubborn will subdue !  
 Each evil passion overcome,  
 And form my soul anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,  
 But thine shall be the praise :  
 And unto thee I will devote  
 The remnant of my days.

211. *The Witness and Seal of the Holy Spirit.* C.M.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.—ROM. viii. 16.

1 Why should the children of a King  
 Go mourning all their days ?  
 Great Comforter, descend and bring  
 Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
 And seal the heirs of heav'n ?  
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
 And show my sins forgiv'n ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
 In the Redeemer's blood :  
 And bear thy witness with my heart,  
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
 The pledge of joys to come ;  
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
 Will safe convey me home.

## SECTION IV.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

212. *The Blessedness of the Church.* 8—7—4.

To him who led his people through the wilderness :  
for his mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cxxxvi. 16.

1 RESCU'D from the hand of strangers,  
    Israel through the desert goes :  
Many are his toils and dangers,  
    Many, too, are Israel's foes :  
        But Jehovah  
    All his wants and dangers knows.

[2 Israel's heart is found deceitful,  
    Prone to murmur and complain :  
Israel, too, is oft forgetful  
    Of the hand that broke his chain :  
        But Jehovah  
    Turns him to himself again.

3 Through a trackless desert going,  
    Israel proves the Saviour's love,  
Lo ! a cloud before him showing  
    When and whither he should move.  
        Israel's journeys  
    Are directed from above,]

4 Though the desert be unfruitful :  
 Yet is favor'd Israel fed ;  
 His supplies are never doubtful :  
 God provides his daily bread.  
 And his table  
 Through the wilderness is spread.

5 Where no pleasant streams are flowing,  
 In a parch'd and thirsty land :  
 Lo the rock its Maker knowing,  
 Pours a stream at his command :  
 And his people  
 Wond'ring own his mighty hand.

6 When the foe, of numbers boasting,  
 Leads his armies to the fight ;  
 Israel, in the promise trusting,  
 Puts his num'rous hosts to flight :  
 And goes forward  
 In the Lord Jehovah's might.

*213. Consolation for the Church. 11s.*

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, not comforted.—  
 The Lord on high is mightier than the mighty  
 waves of the sea.—ISA. liv. 11. PS. xciii. 4.

1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no  
 man can save ;  
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-  
 may'd  
 In toiling and watching thy strength is  
 decay'd.

2 Loud roaring and swelling, the billows  
o'erwhelm,  
But skilful's the Pilot, who sits at the  
helm ;  
His wisdom conducts thee, his power will  
defend,  
In safety and quiet thy warfare shall end.

3 O fearful, O faithless—in mercy he cries,  
My promise, my truth—are they light in  
thine eyes ?  
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall  
stand,  
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee  
to land.

[4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy  
name,  
Engrav'd on my heart, doth for ever  
remain ;  
The palms of my hands whilst I look on,  
I see  
The wounds I receiv'd when I suffer'd for  
thee.]

5 Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is  
secure ;  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my  
power ;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
And make thee at length in my likeness  
to shine.

. [6 The doubting, the fearful, the weak are  
 my care,  
 The helpless, the hopeless—I hear their  
 sad prayer ;  
 From all their afflictions my glory shall  
 spring,  
 The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll  
 sing.]

214. *The Depressed state of the Church lamented.* L.M.

PSALM CXXXVII.

- 1 O ZION, when I think on thee,  
 I wish for pinions like the dove ;  
 And mourn to think that I should be  
 So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,  
 For Zion's sacred courts I sigh :  
 Thither the ransom'd nations come,  
 And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground ;  
 The few that I can call my friends  
 Are, like myself, with fetters bound,  
 And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day  
 When Zion's children shall return :  
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
 And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,  
 Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet :  
 Tho' now we'er distant far from home,  
 In Zion soon we all shall meet.

*215. The Excellency of the Church. 8—8—6.*

For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the  
 hills I behold him : lo the people shall dwell alone.  
 —NUMB. xxiii. 9.

1 THE Sons of Israel stand alone,  
 Jehovah claims them for his own ;  
 His cause and their's the same ;  
 He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand ;  
 Allots to them a pleasant land,  
 And calls them by his name.

2 O ! Israel, who is like to thee ?  
 A people sav'd, and call'd to be  
 Peculiar to the Lord !  
 Thy shield ! he guards the from the foe ;  
 Thy sword ! he fights thy battle too ;  
 Himself thy great reward !

3 Fear not, though many should oppose,  
 For God is stronger than thy foes,  
 And makes thy cause his own :  
 The promis'd land before thee lies,  
 Go, and possess the glorious prize,  
 Reserv'd for thee alone.

4 In glory there the King appears,  
 He wipes away his people's tears,

And makes their sorrows cease :  
 From toil and strife they there repose,  
 And dwell secure from all their foes,  
 In everlasting peace.

[5 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;  
 It makes a freeman of a slave,  
 And bids the sluggard rise :  
 It lifts a worm of earth on high ;  
 Provides him wings, and makes him fly  
 To mansions in the skies.]

216. *'The Extension of the Church. 7—7—8.*

The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me : give place to me that I may dwell. Then shalt thou say in thine heart, who hath begotten me these ?—Isa. xlix. 20, 21.

1 "Give us room that we may dwell,"  
 Zion's children cry aloud :  
 See their numbers how thy swell,  
 How they gather like a cloud :  
 Go and tell the joyful story :  
 'Tis the day of Zion's glory.

2 O how bright the morning seems !  
 Brighter from so dark a night :  
 Zion is like one that dreams,  
 Fill'd with wonder and delight :  
 Zion's night of grief is ended :  
 Zion of her God befriended.

<sup>1</sup> This and the Hymns to the end of the Section are appropriated to Missionary Meetings.

3 Zion, now arise and shine ;  
 Lo ! thy light from heav'n is come :  
 These that crowd from far are thine :  
 Give thy sons and daughters room.  
 Sorrow from thy cup is taken ;  
 Thou shalt be no more forsaken.

4 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more ;  
 God himself will be thy light :  
 All that caus'd thee grief before,  
 Buried lies in endless night.  
 Earthly pomp is short and wasting,  
 Thine is glory everlasting.

*217. The Extension of the Church. L.M.*

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea , all nations shall serve him : and men shall be blessed in him : all nations shall call him blessed.—PSALM lxxii. 8, 11, 17.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run :  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless pray'r be made,  
 And princes throng to crown his head :  
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,  
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
 And infant voices shall proclaim,  
 Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains :  
 The weary find eternal rest ;  
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
 Death and the curse are known no more ;  
 In him the tribes of Adam boast  
 More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honours to our King :  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen !

*218. The Extension of the Church. .C.M.*

O sing unto the Lord all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name : show forth his salvation from day to day.—PSALM xcvi. 1, 2.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
 Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
 His new-discover'd grace demands  
 A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations—Jesus reigns,  
 God's own Almighty Son ;  
 His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
 And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Behold he comes ! he comes to bless  
 The nations as their God ;  
 To show the world his righteousness,  
 And send his truth abroad.

4 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
 And bid the world draw near,  
 How will the guilty nations dread,  
 To see their Judge appear !

5 Now may all lands their guilt confess,  
 And Jesu's name adore ;  
 His throne with prayer and praise address,  
 And trust his saving pow'r.

219. *The Extension of the Church.* 148th.

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving  
 health among all nations.—PSALM lxvii. 2.

1 RISE, gracious God, and shine  
 In all thy saving might,  
 And prosper each design.  
 To spread thy glorious light.  
 Let healing streams of mercy flow.  
 That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 O bring the nations near,  
 That they may sing my praise !  
 Let all the people hear,  
 And learn thy holy ways :  
 Reign, mighty God ; assert thy cause,  
 And govern by thy righteous laws.

3 Exert thy glorious power ;  
 The nations then will see,  
 And earth present her store,  
 In converts born of thee.

God, our own God, his church will bless  
And earth shall yield her full increase.

220. *The Extension of the Church.* L.M.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with  
thy Glory and thy Majesty.—PSALM xlvi. 3.

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, go on :  
The glorious day will soon be won ;  
Thine enemies prepare to flee,  
And leave a conquer'd world to thee.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief ;  
The captive sinner's sole relief :  
Cast the Usurper from his throne ;  
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,  
And mark the conquests of thy grace ;  
Finish the work thou hast begun ;  
And let thy will on earth be done.
- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,  
For love shall reign in ev'ry breast ;  
Weapons for war design'd shall cease ;  
Or then be implements of peace.
- 5 Hark ! how the hosts triumphant sing !  
“The Lord Omnipotent is King !”  
Let all his saints rejoice at this,  
The kingdoms of the world are his !  
Hallelujah !—Amen !

221. *The Extension of the Church.* 8—7—7.

Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the Jubilee, to sound.  
—LEVITICUS xxv. 9.

1 HARK ! the solemn trumpet sounding,  
Loud proclaims the Jubilee !  
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,  
Grace to sinners rich and free :  
Ye, who know the joyful sound,  
Publish it to all around.

2 Is the name of Jesus precious ?  
Does his love your spirits cheer ?  
Do you find him kind and gracious,  
Still removing doubt and fear ?  
Think, that what he is to you,  
Such he'll be to others too.

3 Were you once at awful distance,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ?  
Could no arm afford assistance ;  
Nothing save but Jesu's blood ?  
Think, how many still are found  
Strangers to the joyful sound !

4 Brethren, join in supplication,  
Join to plead before the Lord ;  
Tis his arm that brings salvation,  
He alone can give the word.  
Father, let thy kingdom come,  
Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

222. *The Extension of the Church.* 7s.

The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy GOD thy glory. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.—ISAIAH lx. 19, 21.

- 1 COME, divine Immanuel, come:  
Take possession of thy home:  
Now thy mercy's wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy land.
- 2 Carry on thy victory,  
Spread thy rule from sea to sea;  
Call in all thy ransom'd race,  
Cause the world to "know thy grace."
- 3 Take the purchase of thy blood,  
Bring us to a pard'ning God;  
Give us eyes to see our day,  
Hearts the glorious truth t' obey.
- 4 Ears to hear the Gospel sound,  
"Grace doth more than sin abound;"  
God appeas'd, and man forgiven,  
Peace on earth and joy in heav'n.
- 5 O that every soul might be  
Totally subdu'd to thee!  
O that all in thee might know  
Everlasting life below.
- 6 Now thy mercy's wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy land;  
Take possession of thy home,  
Come, Divine Immanuel, come!

223. *The Extension of the Church.* L.M.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem,  
 which shall never hold their peace, day nor night :  
 ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence,  
 and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he  
 make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.—ISAIAH lxii.  
 6, 7.

- 1 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,  
 And view the desolations round;  
 See what wide realms in darkness lie ;  
 And hurl their idols to the ground !
- 2 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,  
 And call the nations from afar ;  
 Let all the isles their Saviour know,  
 And earth's remotest ends draw near !
- 3 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,  
 And bow all hearts to his command :  
 While all the graces of his train  
 Adorn our church, adorn our land.
- 4 On all our souls let grace descend,  
 Like heav'nly dew in copious show'rs ;  
 That we may call our God our friend,  
 And hail thy “great salvation” ours !
- 5 Then shall each age and rank agree  
 United shouts of joy to raise ;  
 And Zion, made a praise by thee,  
 To thee shall render back the praise.

224. *The Extension of the Church.* 8—7—4.

Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips; therefore GOD hath blessed thee for ever. Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.—Ps. xlv. 2, 3.

1 LET us sing the King Messiah,  
   King of Righteousness and Peace;  
   Hail him, all his happy subjects;  
   Never let his praises cease!  
     Ever hail him;  
   Let his honours still increase!

2 How transcendent are thy glories;  
   Fairer than the sons of men;  
   While thy blessed mediation  
   Brings us back to God again!  
     Blest Redeemer,  
   How we triumph in thy reign!

3 Gird thy sword on, mighty conq'ror:  
   Make thy word of truth thy car,  
   Prosper in thy course triumphant;  
   All success attend thy war!  
     Gracious Victor,  
   Spread thro' all the earth thy fear!

4 Blest are all that touch thy sceptre,  
   Blest are all that own thy reign!  
   Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants;  
   Rescu'd from its galling chain!  
     Saints and angels,  
   All who know thee, bless thy name.

225. *For the Extension of the Church.* 148th.

And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness ; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies: whereby the people fall under thee.—PSALM xlv. 4, 5.

1 GIRD on thy conq'ring sword,

Ascend thy shining car,

And march, Almighty Lord,

To wage thy holy war ;

Before his wheels,

In glad surprise,

Ye vallies, rise,

And sink, ye hills.

2 Jesus, before thy face

Millions of foes shall fall,

The captives of thy grace,

That grace which conquers all.

The world shall know,

Great King of Kings,

What wondrous things

Thine arm can do.

3 Here to my waiting soul

Bend thy triumphant way ;

Here ev'ry foe controul,

And all thy pow'r display ;

My heart thy throne,

Blest Jesus, see,

Submit to thee,

To thee alone.

**226. *The Extension of the Church among the Jews. 112th.***

Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved.—ROMANS xi. 25, 26.

- 1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear  
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed !  
Justly they claim a fervent pray'r,  
From us adopted in their stead ;  
Who mercy, through their fall, obtain ;  
And Christ by their rejection gain !
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide,  
Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,  
Blaspheming whom they crucified,  
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n ;  
Branded like Cain, they bear their load ;  
Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,  
For ever cast thine own away ?  
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look  
On him they pierc'd, and weep, and  
pray ?  
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past ;  
" All Israel shall be sav'd at last."
- 4 Come, then, thou great Deliv'rer, come,  
The veil from Jacob's heart remove :  
Receive thine ancient people home,  
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,  
The world may their reception view,  
And give to God the glory due !

*227. The Extension of the Church among the Jews. 8—8—6.*

And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him.—**ZECH. xii. 10.**

1 THE promise we for Israel plead :  
 O that the once beloved seed  
 Back to their Lord might come !  
 Now bid them look on thee and mourn ;  
 Where'er dispers'd, collect and turn,  
 And bring thy wand'lers home !

2 To Jews the Gospel-faith impart,  
 And pastors after thy own heart,  
 Thine ancient flock to feed  
 With knowledge of the crucify'd,  
 The Lord who by their malice died,  
 And suffer'd in their stead !

*228. The Extension of the Church. 8—7—7.*

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make strait in the desert a highway for our God.—**ISAIAH xl. 3.**

1 Lo, he comes ! let all adore him :  
 'Tis the God of Grace and Truth !  
 Go, prepare the way before him ;  
 Make the rugged places smooth.  
 Lo ! he comes, the mighty Lord :  
 Great his work, and his reward !

2 Let the vallies all be raised :  
 Go, and make the crooked straight !  
 Let the mountains be abased ;  
 Let all nature change its state !  
 Through the desert make a road :  
 Make a highway for our God !

3 Through the desert God is going,—  
 Through the desert waste and wild ;  
 Where no goodly plant is growing ;  
 Where no verdure ever smiled.  
 But the desert shall be glad,  
 And with verdure soon be clad.

[4 Where the thorn and brier flourish'd,  
 Trees shall there be seen to grow ;  
 Planted by the Lord, and nourish'd,  
 Stately, fair, and fruitful too !  
 They shall rise on ev'ry side ;  
 They shall spread their branches wide.]

5 From the hills and lofty mountains  
 Rivers shall be seen to flow :  
 There the Lord will open fountains,  
 Thence supply the plants below.  
 As he passes, ev'ry land  
 Shall confess his pow'rful hand.

**229. *For the Extension of the Church.***  
 8—7—7.

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house, &c.—ISAIAH ii. 2.

1 SEE that mountain high exalted  
 'Tis the mountain of the Lord :

Much expos'd, and oft assaulted,  
 Lov'd of God, by saints ador'd.  
 Now it stands above the hills :  
 Now its destin'd place it fills !

2 O ye mountains, great and tow'ring,  
 Boast no more, nor triumph now :  
 Zion's head sublimely soaring  
 Leaves your summits far below :  
 Know ye, this is God's own hill ;  
 Here Jehovah loves to dwell.

3 Hark ! a cry among the nations !  
 " Come and let us seek the Lord :  
 Vain our former expectations ;  
 Vain the idols we ador'd :  
 Zion's King is God alone ;  
 Let us bow before his throne."

4 See ! from ev'ry quarter flowing,  
 Joyful crowds assemble round :  
 Love in ev'ry heart is glowing,  
 Praise is heard in ev'ry sound :  
 While Jehovah shows his face,  
 Glory fills the sacred place.

*230. The Extension of the Church. 8—7—4.*

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him  
 that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace :  
 that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth  
 salvation ; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.  
 —Isa. lii. 7.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo ! the sacred Herald stands,

Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands.  
 Mourning captive !  
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?  
 Cease thy mourning :  
 Zion still is well belov'd !

3 God, thy God will now restore thee,  
 He himself appears thy friend ;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.  
 Great deliv'rance,  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble :  
 All thy conflicts now are past ;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double ;  
 Days of peace are come at last ;  
 All thy warfare  
 Ends in everlasting rest.

*231. The Extension of the Church. 8—7.*

The **LORD** shall reign for ever, even thy **GOD**, O Zion,  
 unto all generations.—Psa. cxlv. 10.

1 Zion's King shall reign victorious :  
 All the earth shall own his sway :  
 He will make his kingdom glorious ;  
 He will reign through endless day.

What tho' none on earth assist him ?

God requires not help from man :

What tho' all the world resist him ?

God will execute his plan.

**2** Nations now from God estranged,  
 Then shall see a glorious light :  
 Night to day shall then be changed :  
 Heav'n shall triumph in the sight :  
 See the ancient idols falling,  
 Worshipp'd once, but now abhorred :  
 Men on Zion's King are calling :  
 •Zion's King by all ador'd.

**[3** Then shall Isra'l long dispersed,  
 Mourning seek the Lord their God ;  
 Look on him whom once they pierced,  
 Own and kiss the chast'ning rod :  
 Then all Isra'l shall be saved,  
 War and tumult then shall cease :  
 While the greater Son of David,  
 Rules a conquer'd world in peace.]

**4** Mighty King, thine arm revealing,  
 Now thy glorious cause maintain ;  
 Bring the nations help and healing,  
 Make them subject to thy reign :  
 Angels in their lofty station,  
 Praise thy name, thou only wise !  
 O let earth with emulation,  
 Join the triumph of the skies.

232. *For the Extension of the Church.*  
8—7—4.

To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God ; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me.—ACTS xxvi. 18.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
    Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;  
All the promises do travail  
    With a glorious day of grace ;  
    Blessed Jub'lee ;—  
    Let thy glorious morning dawn.'
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
    Let the rude Barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest,  
    Once obtain'd on Calvary ;  
    Let the Gospel—  
    Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness—  
    Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;  
And from eastern coast to western,  
    May the morning chase the night,  
    Chase the darkness—  
    From their long benighted eyes.
- 4 Fly abroad thou mighty Gospel,  
    Win and conquer, never cease ;  
So Immanuel's fair dominions  
    Shall extend, and still increase ;  
    Till the kingdoms—  
    Of the world are all his own.

233. *The Glory of the Church.* 8—7.

For the **LORD** hath chosen Zion ; he hath desired it  
for his habitation.—**Ps. cxxxii. 13.**

1 **ZION** is Jehovah's dwelling,  
There "the King of Kings" appears :  
**Her's** is glory far excelling  
All the worldling sees or hears.  
**Zion's** walls are everlasting,  
Form'd thro' endless years to shine :  
Strength and beauty never wasting,  
Show their origin divine.

[2 **Zion** claims peculiar honour,  
High distinction marks her lot :  
Light eternal shines upon her,  
Her's a sun that faileth not.  
**Zion's** city hath foundations,  
God himself hath rais'd her walls ;  
She survives the wreck of nations,  
**Zion** stands, whatever falls.]

3 Happy they who now discerning  
**Zion's** glory, thither move !  
Earth with all its honours spurning ;  
**Zion** is the place they love.  
There the **Lord** his face disclosing,  
Fills his people's hearts with joy ;  
While from all their toils reposing,  
**Bliss** is theirs without alloy.

4 Brethren, let the prospect cheer us,  
Fair the lot that's cast for us ;

When we call, our God will hear us :

Happy who are favour'd thus :  
 Let the timid fear no longer,  
 What tho' earth and hell oppose !  
 He who pleads our cause is stronger,  
 Stronger far than all our foes.

**234. *The Glory of the Church.* 8—7.**

His foundation is in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob : Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—Ps. lxxxvii. 1 to 3.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God !  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode :  
 On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

[2] See the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove :  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage ?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
 See the cloud and fire appear ;  
 For a glory and a cov'ring,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they pray.]

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God ;  
 'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings :  
 And as priests, his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city,  
 I thro' grace a member am—  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name :  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show !  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

*235. For a Revival in the Church. 8—7—4.*

Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts, look down  
 from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine ; and  
 the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted.—  
 PSALM lxxx. 14, 15.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again,  
Lord, revive us,  
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high ;  
Lest for want of thine assistance,  
Ev'ry plant should droop and die :  
Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
Happy seasons we have seen :  
Lord, &c.
- 4 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;  
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snares ;  
Lord, &c.
- 5 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
And the work from this good hour,  
In thine own revive afresh :  
Lord, revive us,  
All our help must come from thee.

236. *The Security of the Church.* 148th.

Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, rejoice.  
—PHIL. iv. 4.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,  
Your God and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

[3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.]

4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

[5 He all his foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our sins destroy,  
 And every bosom swell  
 With pure and heav'ly joy :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.]

6 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 Jesus the judge shall come,  
 And take his servants up,  
 To their eternal home :  
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;  
 The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

*237. The Security of the Church. 7s.*

Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure,  
 having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are  
 his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of  
 CHRIST, depart from iniquity.—2 TIM. ii. 19.

1 GOD's foundation standeth sure,  
 Saints shall to the end endure,  
 Safely will the Shepherd keep,  
 Those he purchas'd for his sheep,

2 Known to him before the sun  
 First began his course to run :  
 Chosen, called from above,  
 Objects of eternal love.

3 Put thy seal upon each heart,  
 Thy blest image, Lord, impart,  
 All thyself in us reveal,  
 We the clay, and thou the seal.

4 Ev'ry evil, Lord, subdue,  
 By thy grace our souls renew,  
 Set from base affections free,—  
 Dead to sin we'll live to thee.

*238. The Security of the Church. L.M.*

Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment; and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.—ISAHIAH li. 6.

1 THE God of truth his Church has bless'd,  
 And lov'd with an eternal love;  
 Hence we are drawn to Christ our rest,  
 And from his grace shall ne'er remove.

2 The heav'ns and earth shall pass away,  
 And be to dissolution brought;  
 But Zion's strength shall ne'er decay,  
 For her Redeemer changeth not.

3 This love in every trying hour,  
 O Lord, will cheer the trembling saint;  
 O draw us with increasing power,  
 That we may run, and never faint.

4 Here would I dwell, and ne'er remove;  
 Here I am safe from all alarms;  
 My rest is “everlasting love,”  
 My refuge, “everlasting arms.”

239. *The Security of the Church.* 8—7—7.

And it shall be to me a name of joy, a praise and an honour before all the nations of the earth.—JER. xxxiii. 9.

1 **Y**e, who love the cause of Zion,  
 Tho' despis'd of men, and few ;  
 Arm'd with courage like the lion,  
 Fear not all that man can do.  
 What, tho' all the world oppose ?  
 God is stronger than our foes.

2 Friends of Zion, mark the promise—  
 “ Zion shall become a praise.”  
 Earth and hell would wrest it from us,  
 But in vain, our Saviour says—  
 Zion's King, is “ Lord of Lords,”  
 His are true and faithful words.

[3] Zion's foes may all assemble,  
 But their counsel cannot stand :  
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,  
 When the Lord shall raise his hand :  
 Who to her would ruin bring,  
 First must vanquish Zion's King.

4 Now, ye people, walk around her,  
 View her walls and count her tow'rs ;  
 See how God, her gracious founder,  
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs :  
 Zion's children live secure ;  
 God has made their “ dwelling sure.”

5 See her firm and deep foundation ;  
 Zion stands upon a rock ;  
 God hath call'd her walls "salvation,"  
 Form'd to stand each adverse shock :  
 Strength and glory here unite :  
 Zion is the Lord's delight.

240. *The Security of the Church.* 8—7—4.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.—PSALM cxxv. 2.

1 ZION stands by hills surrounded,  
 Zion kept by pow'r divine :  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Tho' the world in arms combine,  
 Happy Zion !  
 What a favour'd lot is thine.

2 Fv'ry human tie may perish !  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish !  
 Heav'n and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should show displeasure,  
 'Tis to save, and not destroy ;  
 If he punish, 'tis in measure ;  
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy,  
 Be thou patient ;  
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

4 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright:  
 But can never cease to love thee:  
 Thou art precious in his sight:  
 God is with thee,  
 God thine everlasting light.

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## SECTION V.

## THE BELIEVER.

241. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L.M.

Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of  
 my words in this adulterous and sinful generation,  
 of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when  
 he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy  
 angels.—MARK viii. 38.

1 ASHAM'D of Jesus ! can it be ?  
 A mortal man asham'd of thee !  
 Scorn'd be the thought, by rich and poor !  
 O may I scorn it more and more.

2 Asham'd of Jesus ! of that friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend ;  
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I've no sins to wash away,  
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,  
And no immortal soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;  
And O may this my portion be,  
That Saviour not ashamed of me !

242. *Awakened.* L.M.

And he brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved ? and they said, Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and thou shall be saved.—ACTS xvi. 30, 31.

- 1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,  
My guilty soul for mercy cries ;  
What shall I do, or whither flee,  
To escape the vengeance due to me ?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh ;  
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die :  
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,  
I shall have peace at last, I cry'd.
- 3 But when, O Lord ! thy light divine  
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,  
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How fearful now my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth, and growing years !  
Before thy pure discerning eye,  
How vile and full of sin am I.

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,  
Death and destruction are my due ;  
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim  
Salvation free in Jesu's name ?  
To him I look, and humbly cry,  
O save a wretch condemn'd to die !

243. *Cleaving to Christ.* L.M.

Will ye also go away ? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go ? thou hast the words of eternal life.—JOHN vi. 67, 68.

1 Thou only sov'reign of my heart,  
My refuge, my Almighty friend !  
And can my soul from thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither, ah, whither should I go,  
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
One gleam of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life thy words impart ;  
On these my fainting spirit lives :  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than the whole world around me gives.

4 Thy name my inmost powers adore ;  
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;  
Depart from thee ! 'tis death ; 'tis more ;  
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;  
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine :  
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
 For life, eternal life, is thine.

244. *Crucified to the World.* L.M.

But GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross  
 of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, by whom the world is  
 crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—GAL.  
 vi. 14.

1 GROUND of my hope, the Cross appears :  
 I see the “ man of sorrows ” bleed :  
 I bid adieu to guilty fears,  
 And in his death my pardon read.

2 And could'st thou, O my Saviour, die,  
 To rescue me from endless woe ?  
 Enough, there's none more blest than I,  
 Since thou could'st love a sinner so.

3 I leave the world its boasted store  
 Of pleasures that must quickly end :  
 I prize its vanities no more,  
 Since I have found the sinner's friend.

4 I care not if the world revile,  
 The world that hates my master's cause :  
 The world I know would quickly smile,  
 Were I again what once I was.

5 Then farewell, world, and farewell all  
 That emulates a Saviour's claims ;  
 I'll hear him and obey his call,  
 Regardless who applauds or blames.

6 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,  
 Nor then will cease to sing his love :  
 For, when my voice is lost in death,  
 I hope to join the choirs above.

*245. Crucified with Christ. 7s.*

I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.—  
 GAL. ii. 20.

1 JESUS, fix each wav'ring mind !  
 To thy cross our spirits bind :  
 Earthly passions far remove,  
 Lift our souls to things above.

2 Dust and ashes tho' we be,  
 Full of sin and misery—  
 Thine we are, thou Son of God :  
 Take the purchase of thy blood !

3 Who in heart on thee believes,  
 He th' atonement now receives ;  
 He with joy beholds thy face,  
 Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

4 Lord, thy grace O may we see,  
 Make our souls athirst for thee !  
 May we each thine influence prove,  
 Quick'ning all our hearts to love.

5 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
 Love unspeakable, are thine ;  
 Ever, Lord, to thee be giv'n  
 Praise by all in earth and heav'n.

246. *Desiring Christ.* L.M.

But Christ is all.—COL. iii. 11.

- 1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee ;  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and sin behind :  
An helpless soul, I come to thee,  
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure !  
I want—do thou enrich the poor :  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight ;  
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might ;  
An helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee.

247. *Desiring Communion with God.* c.m.

O that I knew where I might find him !—JOB xxii. 3.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place,  
Where I might find my God !  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain ;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leave my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
 To wrestle with my God ;  
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
 And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,  
 And heal my broken bones ;  
 He takes the meaning of his saints,  
 The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
 And banish ev'ry fear ;  
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
 To spread thy sorrows there.

*248. Desiring Conformity to Christ. 112th.*

I am crucified with CHRIST ; nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but CHRIST liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the SON OF GOD, who loved me, and gave himself for me.—GAL. ii. 20.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,  
 I see from far thy beauteous light ;  
 And inly sigh for thy repose :  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till I find rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?  
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 And govern every motion there ;  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found its all in thee.

3 O crucify this self, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me may live !  
 Bid all my vile affections die,  
 Nor let one hateful lust survive ;  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,  
 And make it only know thy call ;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 " I am thy Saviour God, thine all ! "  
 Oh dwell in me, fill all my soul,  
 And all my pow'rs by thine controul.

*249. Desiring Conformity to Christ. C.M.*

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.—1 JOHN iii. 2, 3.

1 O WHEN shall I like Jesus be,  
 In soul and body clean ?

— The true eternal Sabbath see,  
 A perfect rest from sin ?

2 Jesus ! the sinner's rest thou art,  
 From guilt, and fear, and pain ;  
 While thou art absent from my heart,  
 I look for rest in vain !

3 The consolations of thy word  
 Have long my soul upheld ;  
 The faithful promise of my Lord  
 Shall surely be fulfill'd.

4 To thee I look, incarnate God,  
 Till thou thy work complete :  
 And sav'd by thine atoning blood  
 I fall before thy feet.

5 Thy great salvation I shall know,  
 And perfect liberty ;  
 When free from all my chains below,  
 My soul ascends to thee.

6 Joining thy sheep in yonder fold,  
 Like them I shall rejoice ;  
 Like them thy glory shall behold,  
 And hear my Shepherd's voice.

*250. Desiring the Guidance of the Lord. 8—7.*

In the day time also he led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire. He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths.—PSALM lxxviii. 14, 15.

1 JESUS, lead me by thy power,  
 Safe into thy promis'd rest :  
 Be my hiding place and refuge,  
 Let me lean upon thy breast ;  
 Feed me with thy heavenly manna,  
 Bread that angels eat above ;  
 Let me drink from thee, the fountain,  
 Draughts of “ everlasting love.”

2 Through the desert wild conduct me  
 With a glorious pillar bright,  
 In the day a cooling comfort,  
 And a cheering fire by night ;

Be my guide in ev'ry peril,  
 Watch me hourly night and day ;  
 Else my foolish heart will wander  
 From thy spirit far away.

[3 Nothing can preserve my going,  
 But thy grace so full and free :  
 Nothing can my soul dishearten,  
 But my absence, Lord, from thee.  
 Nothing can delay my progress,  
 Nothing can disturb my rest,  
 If I can, whate'er the danger,  
 Lean my spirit on thy breast.]

4 In thy presence I am happy,  
 In thy presence I'm secure,  
 In thy presence all afflictions  
 I can cheerfully endure :  
 In thy presence I can conquer,  
 I can suffer, I can die ;  
 Far from thee, I faint and languish ;  
 O my Saviour, keep me nigh !

*251. Desiring an Increase of Grace. C.M.*

What shall we say then? shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?—  
 ROM. vi. 1, 2.

1 JESU, Redeemer, gracious Lord,  
 How wondrous is thy love ;  
 Thy patience, pity, tenderness,  
 Which I each moment prove !

2 For oh ! how faithless is my mind,  
 How apt to turn aside,  
 And wander in its own deceits  
 Of reasoning and pride.

3 Yet, O my Saviour, love me still  
 The poorest and the worst ;  
 I know where sin did once abound,  
 Thy grace aboundeth most.

4 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,  
 And sin because thou'rt good ;  
 But fill mine inmost soul with shame,  
 That I thy love withstood.

5 On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,  
 Make old things pass away ;  
 Transform, and draw my soul to thee  
 Still nearer every day.

6 Lord, let thy voice of mercy speak,  
 And give me ears to hear ;  
 Still love, forgive, and pity me,  
 And hear a sinner's prayer.

*252. Desiring Hatred of Sin. L.M.*

I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me.—ROM. vii. 21.

1 O COULD I find some peaceful bower,  
 Where sin has neither place nor pow'r !  
 This traitor vile, I fain would shun,  
 But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,  
 Sin stands between my God and me ;  
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
 I feel it working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,  
 To view the heights of Jesu's love ;  
 Sin seems with me to mount the skies,  
 And veils his glory from mine eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,  
 Which keeps my faith and hope so low ;  
 I long to dwell in heaven, my home,  
 Where not one sinful thought can come.

253. *Desiring Heaven.* C.M.

For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face  
 to face.—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see  
 The place of thine abode :  
 I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
 Up to thy seat, my God.

2 Here I by faith thy glory trace,  
 And 'tis a pleasing sight ;  
 But to behold thee face to face  
 Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense  
 To gaze upon thy throne ;  
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
 Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There at thy feet with awful fear  
 Adoring angels fall,  
 Saints cast their crowns of glory there  
 Before th' eternal All.

5 There I would vie with all the host  
 In duty and in bliss ;  
 His love alone should be my boast,  
 And all the glory his.

254. *Desiring Heaven.* 8s.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with CHRIST ;  
 which is far better.—PHIL. i. 23.

1 YE Angels, who stand round the throne,  
 And view my Immanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make him known ;  
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :  
 He form'd you the spirits you are,  
 So happy, so noble, so good ;  
 When others sunk down in despair,  
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 YE saints, who stand nearer than they,  
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
 His grace and his glory display,  
 And all his rich mercy repeat :  
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,  
 He ransom'd from death and despair ;  
 For you he was mighty to save,  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,  
 When I shall unite in your song ?  
 I'm weary of lingering here,  
 And I to your Saviour belong !  
 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,  
 I struggle and pant to be free ;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire  
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;  
 I want to be one of your choir,  
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;  
 I want, O I want to be there,  
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu ;  
 Your joy, and your friendship to share ;  
 To wonder, and worship with you !

*255. Desiring Holiness. L.M.*

O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is  
 thine help.—*Hosea xiii. 9.*

1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays  
 Beam forth with mildest majesty,  
 I see thee full of truth and grace,  
 And come for all I want to thee.

2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am ;  
 Nor constancy, nor strength, I have ;  
 But thou, O Lord, art still the same,  
 And hast not lost thy pow'r to save.

3 Save me from pride, the plague repel ;  
 Jesu, thy humble mind impart,  
 O let that mind within me dwell,  
 And give me lowliness of heart !

4 Enter thyself, and cast out sin ;  
 More of thy purity bestow :  
 Touch me, and make the leper clean :  
 Wash me, and I am white as snow.

256. *Desiring Holiness.* S.M.

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.—MAT.  
 vi. 10.

1 Jesus, my strength and hope,  
 On thee I cast my care ;  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hearest prayer.

2 I want a heart to pray ;  
 To pray and never cease :  
 Never to murmur at thy stay,  
 Or wish my sufferings less.

3 I want a godly fear,  
 A quick discerning eye ;  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly.

4 I want a just concern  
 For thine immortal praise ;  
 A pure desire that all may learn  
 And glorify thy grace.

5 I want with all my heart  
 Thy pleasure to fulfil;  
 To know myself, and what thou art,  
 And what thy perfect will.

6 Thy promises how sweet !  
 I rest on these alone :  
 And trust thou wilt the work complete  
 Thou hast in me begun.

257. *Desiring Holiness.* L.M.

Search me, O GOD, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—  
 PSALM cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight  
 The darkness shineth as the light,  
 Search, prove my heart ! it pants for thee ;  
 O burst these bonds, and set it free !

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross ;  
 Nail my affections to thy cross :  
 Hallow each thought, that I like thee  
 My Lord, may pure and holy be.

3 While in the darksome wild I stray,  
 Be thou my light, be thou my way :  
 No foes, no violence, I'd fear,  
 Nor snare, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
 When sinks my head in waves of woe,  
 Jesus thy timely aid impart,  
 To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
 Fearless, untried, I'd follow thee :  
 O let thine hand support me still,  
 And lead me to thy holy hill !

6 If rough and thorny be my way,  
 My strength proportion to my day ;  
 Till toil, and grief, and pain, shall cease,  
 Where all is rest, and joy, und peace.

258. *Desiring Holiness.* c.m.

Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.—PSALM li. 10.

1 On thee, O God of purity,  
 I wait for hallowing grace ;  
 None without holiness shall see  
 The glories of thy face.

2 But, as for me, with humble fear  
 I will approach thy gate ;  
 Tho' most unworthy to draw near,  
 Or in thy courts to wait :

3 Trusting to thy sufficient grace,  
 In Jesus freely giv'n,  
 I worship tow'rd thy holy place,  
 And lift mine eyes to heav'n.

4 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,  
 Nor suffer me to slide ;  
 Make plain my path before my face ;  
 My God, be thou my guide !

5 Jesus, if thou withdraw thy hand,  
 That moment sees me fall ;  
 O may I ne'er on self depend,  
 But look to thee for all !

6 And still, when sin seems most subdu'd,  
 And most I feel thy grace,—  
 I'll fly for pardon to thy blood,  
 And plead thy righteousness.

259. *Desiring Holiness.* c.m.

Wherefore the law is holy ; and the commandment  
 holy, and just, and good.—ROM. vii. 12.

1 HOLY and good I own thy law,  
 And all its precepts right ;  
 The sinner's soul it fills with awe,  
 The saint's with pure delight.

2 Its holiness my heart desires,  
 My failings I bemoan ;  
 But the perfection it requires  
 I find in Christ alone.

3 For this he liv'd, for this he died,  
 And took the curse away ;  
 And thus the law he magnified,  
 And taught us to obey.

4 Jesus the holy law fulfill'd,  
 'To be "our righteousness."  
 And we to him obedience yeild,  
 Who is our life and peace.

5 His bright example shows the way,  
 His grace the power imparts :  
 His love constrains us to obey,  
 His law is in our hearts.

260. *Desiring Holiness.* 7s. DOUBLE.

Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean ; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you : and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.—  
 EZEK. xxxvi. 25, 26.

1 O my Lord, what must I do ?  
 Only thou the way canst show ;  
 Thou canst save me in this hour,  
 I have neither will nor pow'r :  
 God, if over all thou art,  
 Greater than the sinful heart,  
 Let thy pow'r on me be shown,  
 “ Take away the heart of stone.”

2 Take away my darling sin,  
 Make me willing to be clean ;  
 Make me willing to receive  
 What thy goodness waits to give :  
 Teach me, Lord, with all to part,  
 Tear all idols from my heart ;  
 Let thy pow'r on me be shewn,  
 Take away the heart of stone.

3 Jesus, mighty to renew,  
 Work in me to will and do ;  
 Turn my nature's rapid tide,  
 Stem the torrent of my pride,  
 Stop the whirlwind of my will,  
 Bid corruptions, Lord, be still :  
 Now thy love almighty show,  
 Cleanse my heart, my mind renew.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,  
 Bow the heav'ns, come quickly down ;  
 All my unbelief o'erthrow,  
 Lay th' aspiring mountain low ;  
 Conquer thy worst foe in me,  
 Get thyself the victory ;  
 Save the vilest of the race,  
 Save me by almighty grace.

261. *Desiring to be with Christ.* 8—7—4.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—REV. xxii. 20.

1 FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster,  
 Let the glorious day come on,  
 When we shall behold our master  
 Seated on his heavenly throne.  
 When the Saviour  
 Shall descend to claim his own.

2 What is earth, with all its treasures,  
 To the joy the Gospel brings ?  
 Well may we resign its pleasures,  
 Jesus gives us better things.  
 All his people  
 Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.

3 But, if here we taste of pleasure,  
 What will heav'n itself afford ?  
 There our joy will know no measure,  
 There we shall behold our Lord :  
 There his people  
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster,  
 Swiftly bring the glorious day ;  
 Jesus, come, our Lord, our master  
 Come from heav'n without delay :  
 Take thy people,  
 Take, O take them hence away.

**262. Desiring to Live unto Christ. s.m.**

For the love of Christ constraineth us ; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead : and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.— 2 CORIN. v. 14, 15.

1 WHEN shall thy love constrain  
 This heart thine own to be ?  
 When shall the wounded spirit gain  
 A healing rest in thee ?

2 Ah ! what avails my strife,  
 My wand'ring to and fro ?  
 Thou hast the words of endless life :  
 Lord, whither shall I go ?

3 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move ;  
It calls me still to seek thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.

4 My worthless heart to gain,  
The God who gave me breath,  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
And died a cursed death.

5 When may I sin forsake,  
The world for thee resign ;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine !

**263. *Desiring Tenderness of Conscience.* C.M.**

And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men.  
ACTS xxiv. 16.

1 ALMIGHTY God of truth and love,  
In me thy power exert ;  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness of my heart.

2 I want a principle within  
Of jealous godly fear ;  
A tender sense of rising sin,  
A pain to feel it near.

3 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or vain desire ;  
To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

4 From thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the holy heart,  
 The tender conscience give.

5 O may the least omission pain  
 My well-instructed soul,  
 And drive me to thy blood again,  
 Which makes the wounded whole.

*264. Desiring a Closer Union with Christ.*  
 S.M.

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height ; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—EPH. iii. 17—19.

1 My SAVIOUR, thou didst shed  
 Thy precious blood for me ;  
 Oh dwell within my worthless heart,  
 And let me live to thee.

2 Thou callest me, though vile,  
 To come to thee and live ;  
 I therefore come, with all my sins,  
 I know thou canst forgive.

3 Jesu, my gracious Lord,  
 I long to see thy face ;  
 To know thee more and more by faith,  
 And daily grow in grace.

4 And when this life is o'er,  
 Oh may I dwell with thee,  
 Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,  
 Who liv'd and died for me.

*265. Desiring a Closer Walk with God. c.m.*

Where is then the blessedness ye spake of!—GAL.  
 iv. 15.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,  
 How sweet their mem'ry still !  
 But they have left an aching void,  
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest !  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

266. *Dreading Love to the Creature.* C.M.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show : surely  
 they are disquieted in vain : he heapeth up riches,  
 and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now,  
 Lord, what wait I for ? my hope is in thee.—PSALM  
xxxix. 6, 7.

- 1 How vain are all things here below,  
 How false, and yet how fair !  
 Each pleasure hath its poison too ;  
 And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky,  
 Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
 We should suspect some danger nigh,  
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
 The partners of our blood,  
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
 And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
 How strong it strikes the sense,  
 Thither the warm affections move,  
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 O Lord, command my heart away,  
 From all created good ;  
 And thou thyself my portion be,  
 My soul's eternal food.

267. *Drawn by Love.* 8—8—6.

Lord, what will thou have me to do ?—Acts ix. 6.

1 LORD, thou hast won, at length I yield ;  
 My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,  
 Surrenders all to thee ;  
 Against thy terrors long I strove,  
 But who can stand against thy love ?  
 Love conquers even me.

2 All that a wretch could do I tried,  
 Thy patience scorn'd, thy pow'r defied,  
 And trampled on thy laws :  
 But mercy has my heart subdued,  
 A beeding Saviour I have view'd,  
 And seen my sins the cause.

[3 Now, since thou hast thy love reveal'd,  
 And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,  
 I can resist no more :  
 Could'st thou for such a sinner bleed ?  
 Canst thou for such a rebel plead ?  
 I wonder and adore.]

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
 Come, take possession of thine own,  
 For thou hast set me free ;  
 Releas'd from Satan's hard command,  
 See all my powers waiting stand,  
 To be employ'd by thee.

5 My will conform'd to thine would move ;  
 On thee my hope, desire, and love,

In fix'd attention join :  
 My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
 Have Satan's servants been too long,  
 But now they shall be thine.

[6 And can I be the very same,  
 Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,  
 And on thy Gospel tread ?  
 Surely each one who hears my case,  
 Will praise thee, and confess thy grace  
 Invincible indeed.]

268. *Exhorted to Watch.* 8—7—7.

But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.—1 THESS. v. 4.

1 NOTHING know we of the season  
 When the world shall pass away ;  
 But we know the saints have reason  
 To expect a glorious day :  
 When the Saviour will return,  
 And his people cease to mourn.

2 O what sacred joys await them,  
 They shall see the Saviour then :  
 Those who now oppose and hate them,  
 Never can oppose again :  
 Brethren, let us think of this—  
 All is our's, if we are his.

3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,  
 Be it our's his word to keep ;

Let our lamps be always burning ;  
 Let us watch while others sleep :  
 We're no longer of the night,  
 We are children of the light.

4 Being of the favour'd number,  
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,  
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,  
 We to whom his grace is known :  
 This should be his people's aim,  
 Still to glorify his name.

269. *Exhorted to Watchfulness.* 7s.

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep : for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand : let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.—ROMANS xiii. 11. 12.

1 DARKNESS overspreads us here,  
 But the night wears fast away ;  
 Jacob's Star will soon appear,  
 Leading on eternal day !

2 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,  
 Trim our lamps and stand prepar'd ;  
 For our Lord strict watch to keep,  
 Lest he find us off our guard.

3 Let his people courage take ;  
 Bear with a submissive mind  
 All they suffer for his sake ;  
 Rich amends they soon will find.

4 He will wipe away their tears,  
 Near himself appoint their lot ;  
 All their sorrows, pains, and fears,  
 Quickly then will be forgot.

5 Though already sav'd by grace,  
 From the time we first believ'd ;  
 Yet, while sin and war have place,  
 We have but in part receiv'd :

6 Still we for salvation wait :  
 Every hour it nearer comes !  
 Death will break the prison gate,  
 And admit us to our homes.

[7 Sinners, what can you expect ?  
 You, who now the Saviour dare ;  
 Break his laws, his grace reject !  
 You must stand before his bar !

8 Tremble, lest he say, "Depart!"  
 Oh the horrors of that sound !—  
 Lord, make ev'ry careless heart  
 Seek thee while thou may'st be found.]

*270. Glorying in the Cross of Christ. 112th.*

But GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the cross  
 of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, by whom the world is  
 crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—GAL.  
 vi. 14.

1 REDEEMER ! whither should I flee,  
 Or how escape the wrath to come ?  
 The weary sinner flies to thee,  
 For shelter from impending doom :

## 271. THE CHARACTER OF

Smile on me, gracious Lord, and show  
Thyself the friend of sinners now !

### 2 Beneath the shadow of thy cross

The heavy-laden soul finds rest ;  
I would esteem the world but dross,  
So I might be of Christ possess'd !  
I seek my ev'ry joy in thee,  
For thou art life and light to me.

### 3 Close to the ignominious tree,

Jesus ! my humble soul would cleave !  
Despis'd and crucified with thee,  
With thee resolved to die and live :  
This pray'r and this ambition mine,  
Living and dying to be thine.

### 4 There fasten'd to the sacred wood

By holy love's resistless chain,  
And life deriving from thy blood  
Never to wander wide again,  
There, may I bow my suppliant knee,  
And own no other Lord but thee !

## 271. *Grateful for Salvation.* c.m.

I waited patiently for the Lord ; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.—PSALM xl. 1 to 3.

### 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers, And triumph in my God !

Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He brought me from the fearful pit,  
 The gates of death and hell ;  
 Secur'd my goings in his path,  
 My lips his praises tell.

3 The arms of everlasting love  
 Beneath my soul he placed ;  
 And on the Rock of Ages set  
 My sliding footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode  
 Is wall'd around with grace :  
 Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
 To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest rage,  
 And all his legions roar ;  
 Almighty mercy guards my life,  
 And bounds his furious power.

6 Arise, my soul ! awake, my voice,  
 And tunes of pleasure sing ;  
 Loud Hallelujahs shall address  
 My Saviour and my King.

272. *Living by Faith.* C.M.

I am crucified with CHRIST : nevertheless I live : yet not I, but CHRIST liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.—GAL. ii. 20.

1 JESUS, while in this mortal flesh  
 I hold my frail abode,  
 Still would my spirit rest on thee,  
 Its Saviour, and its God.

2 Daily by faith on thee I live,  
 'Midst all my griefs and snares :  
 And death, encounter'd in thy sight,  
 No form of horror wears.

3 Yes, thou hast lov'd this sinful worm,  
 Hast giv'n thyself for me :  
 Hast bought me from eternal death,  
 Nail'd to the bloody tree.

4 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eyes,  
 Then raise them to thy seat ;  
 O may thy love dissolve my soul  
 At its Redeemer's feet.

5 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms,  
 Be dead to every sin ;  
 And tell the loudest foes without,  
 That Jesus reigns within.

6 My life with his connected stands,  
 Nor asks a surer ground :  
 Secure he keeps me in his arms,  
 In him my all is found.

*273. Constrained to Love Christ. C.M.*

Lovest thou me more than these ? Feed my Lambs.—  
 JOHN xxi. 15.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?  
 Behold my heart, and see ;  
 And cast each hated idol down,  
 That dares to rival thee.

**2** Do not I love thee from my soul ?

Then let me nothing love :

Dead be my heart to every joy,

When Jesus cannot move.

**3** Is not thy name melodious still

To mine attentive ear ?

Do I not in thy word delight

My Saviour's voice to hear ?

[**4** Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,

I would disdain to feed ?

Hast thou a foe, before whose face

I'd fear thy cause to plead ?]

**5** Would not my ardent spirit vie,

With angels round the throne,

To execute thy sacred will,

And make thy glory known ?

**6** Thou know'st I love thee, gracious Lord ;

But, O ! I long to soar

Far from the sphere of mortal joys,

And learn to love thee more.

#### *274. Meeting Reproach for Christ. 112th.*

I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.—JOHN xiv. 2, 3.

**1** And art thou, gracious master, gone,  
A mansion to prepare for me ?

Shall I behold thee on the throne,  
 And there for ever sit with thee ?  
 Then let the world approve or blame,  
 I'll triumph in thy gracious name.

2 Should I to gain the world's applause,  
 Or to escape its harmless frown,  
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,  
 And make thy people's lot my own ;  
 What shame would fill me in that day,  
 When thou thy glory wilt display !

[3 And what is man, or what his smile ?  
 The terrors of his anger what ?  
 Like grass, he flourishes awhile,  
 But soon his place shall know him not.  
 Thro' fear of such an one shall I,  
 The Lord of heav'n and earth deny ?]

4 No ! let the world cast out my name,  
 And vile account me if they will ;  
 If to confess the Lord be shame,  
 I purpose to be viler still :  
 For thee, my God, I all resign,  
 Content if I can call thee mine.

5 What transport then shall fill my heart,  
 When thou my worthless name wilt own ;  
 When I shall see thee as thou art,  
 And know as I myself am known !  
 From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,  
 My soul shall find its rest in thee.

275. *The Motives of his Love to Christ.* 7s.

Lovest thou me?—JOHN xxi. 16.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord :  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :  
 Say, poor sinner “ lov'st thou me ?”
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,  
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease towards the child she bare ?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above :  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done ;  
 Partner of my throne shalt be ;  
 Say, poor sinner, “ lov'st thou me ?”
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint ;  
 Yet I love thee and adore,  
 Oh for grace to love thee more !

*276. Desiring to know whether he really loves Christ. 7s.*

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thoughts ?  
Do I love the Lord or no ?  
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name !
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Pray'r a task and burden prove,  
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- [4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?]
- 6 Yet—I mourn my stubborn will ;  
Find my sin a grief and thrall :  
Should I mourn for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet ;  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd :

Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !  
Thou, who art thy people's sun,  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun !

9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray :  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

277. *A New Creature.* C.M.

Therefore if any man be in CHRIST, he is a new creature : old things are passed away : behold, all things are become new.—2 COR. v. 17.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me !  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford :  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day  
The stars are all conceal'd ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;  
 I bid them all depart ;  
 His name, and love, and gracious voice  
 Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
 And wholly live to thee :  
 But, may I hope that thou wilt own  
 A worthless worm like me ?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,  
 I cannot doubt thy will :  
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
 I had refus'd thee still.

*278. Obedient through Love. C.M.*

But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held ; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.—ROM. vii. 6.

1 No strength of nature can suffice,  
 To serve the Lord aright ;  
 And what she has, she misapplies,  
 For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay  
 In bondage and distress !  
 I toil'd, the precept to obey ;  
 But toil'd without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin  
 Was more than I could do ;  
 Now, if I feel its power within,  
 I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my servile works were done  
 A righteousness to raise ;  
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,  
 I freely choose his ways.

5 "What shall I do ?" was then the word,  
 "That I may worthier grow ?"  
 "What shall I render to the Lord ?"  
 Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,  
 And hear his pard'ning voice,  
 Changes a slave into a child,  
 And duty into choice.

279. *A Pilgrim.* s.m.

Esteeming the reproach of CHRIST, greater riches  
 than the treasures in Egypt ; for he had respect  
 unto the recompense of the reward.—HEB. xi. 26.

1 FROM Egypt lately freed  
 By the Redeemer's grace,  
 A rough and thorny path we tread,  
 In hopes to see his face,

2 The flesh dislikes the way,  
 But faith approves it well ;  
 This only leads to endless day,  
 All others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace  
 Faith keeps in constant view ;  
 How diff'rent from the wilderness  
 We now are passing through !

4 Here often from our eyes  
 Clouds hide the light divine ;  
 There we shall have unclouded skies,  
 Our sun will always shine.

5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,  
 And fears distress us sore ;  
 But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
 And we shall weep no more.

6 Lord, pardon our complaints,  
 We follow at thy call :  
 The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints,  
 Will make amends for all.

280. *A Pilgrim.* 7s.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God ; for he hath prepared for them a city—  
 HEB. xi. 16.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
 As ye journey sweetly sing ;  
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways !

2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod :  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad !  
 Christ, our advocate is made !  
 Us to save our flesh assumes,  
 Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest,  
 You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;  
 There your seat is now prepar'd,  
 There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land ;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord ! obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below :  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee !

*281. A Pilgrim and Stranger. L.M.*

For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one  
 to come.—HEB. xiii. 14.

1 “ We've no abiding city here”—  
 This may distress the worldling's mind,  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

[2 “ We've no abiding city here”—  
 Sad truth were this to be our home :  
 But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
 “ We seek a city yet to come.”]

3 ‘ We've no abiding city here”—  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear ;  
 But let us rise from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here"—  
 We seek a city out of sight ;  
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion ! Jehovah is her strength !  
 Secure she smiles at all her foes ;  
 And weary travellers at length,  
 Within her sacred walls repose.

6 Thither our course with joy we bend,  
 In hopes the sacred place to gain ;  
 Where toil, and pain, and sorrow end,  
 And peace and love for ever reign.

282. *A Pilgrim and Stranger.* 8—8—6.

These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.  
 —HEB. xi. 13.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
 How free from anxious care and thought,  
 From worldly hope and fear !  
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell ;  
 He only sojourns here.

2 Nothing on earth I'd call my own ;  
 A stranger, to the world unknown,  
 I'd all their goods despise ;  
 I'd trample on their whole delight,  
 And seek a country out of sight—  
 A country in the skies.

3 There is my house and portion fair ;  
 My treasure and my heart are there,  
 And my abiding home :  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
 I come to meet thee in the skies,  
 And claim my heav'nly rest :  
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end—  
 Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend !  
 Receive me to thy breast !

283. *Freely Pardoned.* c.m.

And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.—ROM. v. 11.

1 TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,  
 And nothing had to pay ;  
 But Jesus freed me from the load,  
 And wash'd my debt away.

2 Yet, since the Lord forgave my sin,  
 And blotted out my score,  
 Much more indebted I have been,  
 Then e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,  
 And satisfaction made ;  
 But the vast debt of love I owe,  
 Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sins forgiv'n,  
 For power to believe,  
 For present peace, and promis'd heav'n,  
 No angel can conceive.

[5 That love of thine, thou sinner's friend !  
 (Witness thy bleeding heart)  
 My little all can ne'er extend  
 To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I make,  
 I first from thee obtain :  
 And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take  
 Such poor returns again.]

7 Tis well—it shall my glory be  
 (Let who will boast their store),  
 In time and to eternity,  
 To own thee more and more.

284. *Pressing on in the Christian Race.* C.M.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—PHIL. iii. 14.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
 And press with vigour on ;  
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey :  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
 That calls thee from on high ;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 'To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,  
 Have I my race begun ;  
 And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
 I'll lay my honours down.

*285. Redeemed from Spiritual Bondage. 7s.*

O Lord our God, other Lords beside thee have had dominion over us ; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name.—ISA. xxvi. 13.

1 Once to other Lords we bow'd,  
 None were more enslav'd than we :  
 Once we join'd the thoughtless crowd ;  
 Saviour, now we come to thee.

2 Long, too long, alas ! we were  
 Slaves of sin, and foes to thee ;  
 Now with truth we can declare,  
 None owe more to grace than we.

3 Lord, we now confess with shame,  
 How we slighted all thy love ;  
 How we long withstood thy claim,  
 And against thy mercy strove.

4 Henceforth we desire to be  
 Thine alone, for ever thine :  
 Thou hast set the pris'ners free ;  
 Saviour, on thy people shine.

5 Let us walk with thee below,  
 Thee on whom our hopes depend ;  
 Then with all thy people go  
 There, where all our conflicts end.

286. *Rejoicing in the Lord.* C.M.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things  
 which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right  
 hand of God.—COL. iii. 1.

1 JESUS, away from earth I fly,  
 And with thy church unite ;  
 Thy saints shall be my company,  
 Thy presence my delight.

2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,  
 Through all the heav'nly road ;  
 Thy truth and grace shall be my song,  
 Till I get home to God.

3 The wonders of thy bleeding love,  
 For one so vile as I,  
 Shall often draw my heart above,  
 And fix my thoughts on high.

4 Yes, in thy name I will rejoice,  
 And triumph in thy word ;  
 In echo to my heart, my voice  
 Shall magnify the Lord.

5 And may I never cease to tell  
 The wonders of his love ;  
 Till heav'nly notes my bosom swell  
 In yonder courts above.

6 Till I, without a jarring sound,  
 Thy free salvation sing ;  
 And make thy courts above resound  
 The glories of my King.

*287. Renouncing all self-dependence to depend upon Christ alone. C.M.*

For I was alive without the law once ; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.—ROM. vii. 9.

1 How empty was our former boast,  
 Our foolishness of pride,  
 When in ourselves we put our trust,  
 And on our works relied.

2 Strong in the freedom of our will,  
 Firm in our nature's pow'rs,  
 We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,  
 And seize the crown as our's.

3 Our good desires, our hearts sincere,  
 Our best endeavours—stood  
 T' atone for our transgressions here,  
 In place of Jesu's blood.

[4 Alas for us ! we knew not then  
 His blood and righteousness,  
 Through which alone the sons of men  
 Are sav'd by richest grace.]

5 But now, O gracious God, thy love  
 Hath taught us better things ;  
 Our all is giv'n us from above,  
 From thee salvation springs.

6 Freely thy love delights to save,  
 Nor asks from man a price ;  
 Jesus himself a ransom gave  
 Our bleeding sacrifice.

7 We own the sole procuring cause,  
 That precious blood divine :  
 May we, since Jesus died for us,  
 May we live ever thine.

*288. Renouncing all for Christ. L.M.*

I count all things but dung, that I may win Christ,  
 and be found in him, not having mine own righ-  
 teousness, which is of the law, but that which is  
 through faith of Christ, the righteousness which is  
 of God by faith.—PHIL. iii. 8, 9.

1 No more, my God, I boast no more  
 Of all the duties I have done ;  
 I quit the hopes I held before,  
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
 What was my gain, I count my loss ;  
 My former pride I count my shame,  
 And glory only in his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
 All things but loss for Jesu's sake ;  
 Oh may my soul be found in him,  
 And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands  
 Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
 But faith can answer thy demands,  
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

**289. *Rejoicing in the Salvation of God.* L.M.**

The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock ; and let the  
 God of my salvation be exalted.—Ps. xviii. 46.

1 Just are thy ways, and true thy word,  
 Great rock of my secure abode :  
 Who is a God besides the Lord ?  
 Or where's a refuge like our God ?

2 Tis he that girds me with his might,  
 Gives me his holy sword to wield ;  
 And, while with sin and hell I fight,  
 Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives (and blessed be my rock),  
 The God of my salvation lives ;  
 The dark designs of hell are broke ;  
 Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age  
 I will exalt my Father's name ;  
 Nor tremble at their mighty rage,  
 But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed,  
 Thy grace for ever shall extend !  
 Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,  
 Knows not a limit nor an end.

290 291 THE CHARACTER OF

290. *Repenting.* L.M.

How shall I put thee among the children?—JER. iii. 19.

- 1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word :  
But own my heart with shame and grief,  
A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I'm told there's room,  
With doubts and fears behold I come ;  
But can there—tell me—can there be,  
Among thy children, room for me ?
- 3 For sinners, Jesus came to bleed ;  
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed !  
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,  
O magnify that grace in me.

291. *Comfort Restored to the Repenting Backslider.* C.M.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation ; and uphold me with thy free spirit.—PS. li. 12.

- 1 LORD, to my soul speak peace again,  
And cheer my broken heart :  
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,  
Or bid my fears depart.
- 2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own  
A wretch so vile as I ?  
And may I still approach thy throne,  
And “ Abba, Father,” cry ?

3 O then let saints and angels join,  
 And help me to proclaim  
 The grace that heals a fall like mine,  
 And puts my foes to shame.

4 My Saviour by his pow'rful word,  
 Has turn'd my night to day ;  
 And his salvation's joys restor'd,  
 Which I had sinn'd away.

5 Lord, let me wonder and adore ;  
 Thy grace is all divine ;  
 O keep me that I sin no more  
 Against such love as thine.

292. *Repenting.* L.M.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities ; create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.—Ps. li. 9, 10.

1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse from sin ;  
 O let thy Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,  
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;  
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
 His help and comfort still afford ;  
 Let me, tho' vile, approach thy throne,  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,  
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

6 O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
 Salvation shall be all my song !  
 And all my powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

293. *Repenting.* L.M.

O LORD GOD of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee. Let my prayer come before thee : incline thine ear unto my cry ; for my soul is full of trouble.—Ps. lxxxviii. 1—3.

1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,  
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn ;  
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,  
 O leave me, leave me not to die !

2 I strove against thee, Lord, I know,  
 I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy law ;  
 Ah ! should the day of grace be past,  
 And ev'ry hope prove vain at last.

3 For pleasure I have giv'n my soul,  
 And scorn'd religion's kind controul ;  
 For worldly views despis'd my God,  
 And dar'd his sin-avenging rod.

4 O pleasures fled, what are ye now  
 But thorns about my bleeding brow ?  
 Wak'd by remorse, ye live again,  
 And aggravate my bitter pain.

5 One hope remains—yes there I'll cling ;  
 I'll crouch beneath a Saviour's wing ;  
 I'll clasp his cross : and kneeling there,  
 E'en me, redeeming love may spare.

**294. Determining to cleave to Christ. c.m.**

Then said Jesus unto the twelve, will ye also go away ?  
 Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go ? thou hast the words of eternal life.  
 And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.—JOHN vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,  
 (Alas ! what numbers do !)  
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
 " Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,  
 Unless thou hold me fast,  
 I feel I must, I shall decline,  
 And prove like them at last.

3 Yes, thou alone hast power I know,  
 'To save a wretch like me ;  
 To whom, or whither could I go,  
 If I should turn from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured  
 Thou art the Christ of God ;  
 Who hast eternal life secur'd  
 By promise and by blood.'

5 No voice but thine can give me rest  
 And bid my fears depart ;  
 No love but thine can make me blest,  
 And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
 If I will also go ?  
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
 I humbly answer—No !

*295. Resting on Christ. s.m.*

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me ; for thou art the  
 God of my salvation ; on thee do I wait all the day.  
 —PSALM xxv. 5.

1 Jesus, my truth, my way,  
 My sure unerring light ;  
 On thee my feeble soul I stay,  
 Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,  
 My counsellor thou art ;  
 O never let me leave thy side,  
 Or from thy paths depart,

3 O may thy Spirit, Lord,  
 Soon as the foe comes in,  
 His mighty, needful help afford,  
 And stem the tide of sin.

4 For each assault prepar'd,  
And ready may I be ;  
For ever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to thee.

5 May I from ev'ry sin,  
As from a serpent, fly ;  
Abhor to touch the thing unclean,  
And rather choose to die.

296. *Risen with Christ. 7—6.*

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.—COL. iii. 1.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things,  
T'wards heav'n, thy native place !  
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
To seats prepar'd above !

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
Both speed them to their source :  
Thus a soul, when born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace,

3 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn ;  
 Press onward to the prize ;  
 Soon the Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies ;  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be giv'n ;  
 All your sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

297. *Risen with Christ.* c.m.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.—COLOS. iii. 2, 3.

1 HEARKEN, ye children of your God ;  
 Ye heirs of glory hear ;  
 For accents so divine as these  
 Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,  
 Your souls to sin must die ;  
 With Christ our Lord ye live anew,  
 With Christ ascend on high.

3 There at his Father's hand he sits  
 Enthron'd divinely fair ;  
 Yet owns himself your brother still,  
 And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,  
 On wings of faith and love ;  
 Jesus your choicest treasure reigns,  
 And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,  
 When we attempt to fly ;  
 Lord, send thy strong attractive grace  
 To raise us up on high.

298. *A Soldier of Christ.* S.M.

For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.—HEB. ii. 10.

1 ARISE, ye saints, arise ;  
 The Lord our leader is ;  
 The foe before his banner flies ;  
 For victory is his.

2 Behold, he leads the way ;  
 We'll follow where he goes :  
 We cannot fail to win the day,  
 Since he subdues our foes.

[3 Lead on, Almighty Lord ;  
 Lead on to victory ;  
 Encourag'd by thy bright reward  
 With joy we'll follow thee.

4 We'll follow thee our guide,  
 Our Saviour, and our King ;  
 We'll follow thee, through grace supplied  
 From heav'n's eternal spring.]

5 We hope to see the day  
 When all our toils shall cease ;  
 When we shall cast our arms away,  
 And dwell in endless peace.

6 This hope supports us here ;  
 It makes our burden light :  
 'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer  
 Till faith shall end in sight.

7 Till, of the prize possess'd,  
 We hear of war no more ;  
 And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest  
 On yonder peaceful shore.

299. *The Temple of God.* 6—7—7.

Ye are the temple of the living God ; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them : and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.—  
 2 Cor. vi. 16.

1 SAVIOUR, and can it be,  
 That thou should'st dwell with me :  
 From thine high and lofty throne,  
 Throne of everlasting bliss,  
 Will thy majesty stoop down  
 To so mean an house as this ?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,  
 So vile, and self-abhorr'd  
 Thee, my God, to entertain  
 In this poor polluted heart ;  
 Lo ! I am a sinful man,  
 All my nature cries " Depart."

3 Yet come, thou heav'nly guest,  
 And purify my breast ;

Come, thou great and glorious King !  
 While before thy cross I bow,  
 With thyself salvation bring,  
 Cleanse the house by ent'ring now !

300. *Saved by Grace.* 8—7—7.

I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, live.  
 EZEK. xvi. 5.

- 1 WHEN we lay in sin polluted,  
 Wretched and undone we were :  
 All we saw and heard was suited  
 Only to produce despair.  
 Ours appeared a hopeless case ;  
 Such it had been but for grace.
- 2 As we lay expos'd and friendless,  
 Needing what no hand could give,  
 Then the Lord, whose praise be endless,  
 Passed by and bid us live.  
 This was help in time of need :  
 This was boundless grace indeed.
- [3] When he came, he found us guilty ;  
 We had broken all his laws ;  
 When he look'd, he saw us filthy,  
 All corrupt our nature was.  
 Thus he saw our hopeless case :  
 'Twas a time to shew his grace.
- 4 Yes, 'twas grace beyond all measure,  
 When he bid such sinners live ;

Laid aside such just displeasure,  
 And determin'd to forgive.  
 But he chose our hopeless case,  
 With a view to shew his grace.]

5 And shall we be found forgetful,  
 Of the Lord who thus forgave ?  
 Lord, our hearts are most deceitful ;  
 'Tis in thee our strength we have.  
 Should'st thou let thy people go,  
 They'd forget how much they owe.

6 From thy love let nothing sever ;  
 Leave us not : but with thy strength  
 Keep, O Saviour, keep us ever,  
 Till we see thy face at length ;  
 Hold thy helpless people fast ;  
 Save us, Lord, from first to last.

301. *A Soldier of Christ.* 8—7—4.

He that overcometh, shall inherit all things ; and I will  
 be his God, and he shall be my Son.—REV. xxi. 7.

1 If our warfare be laborious,  
 Soon the strife will reach a close ;  
 Rest is sweet, secure, and glorious,  
 That from prosp'rous warfare flows ;  
 Doubly precious  
 After labour is repose.

[2 Once our choice was peace inglorious,  
 Then we yielded to our foes :

Warfare now, howe'er laborious,  
 We thro' grace have learnt to choose.  
 Glorious warfare !  
 Leading to secure repose.]

3 Are there many foes before us,  
 Standing to oppose our way ?  
 Yet they shall not overpow'r us ;  
 This with boldness we may say :  
 Since Jehovah  
 Keeps his people night and day.

[4 Are we blind and prone to error ?  
 God vouchsafes to be our guide .  
 Are we faint and full of terror ?  
 He himself is on our side.  
 'Tis sufficient,  
 God our Saviour will provide.]

5 When thro' him we prove victorious,  
 Then will strife and labour cease :  
 Then our triumph will be glorious ;  
 Then his people dwell at ease :  
 And their portion  
 Will be everlasting peace.

302. *Thirsting for God.* L.M.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.—PSALM  
 xlii. 2,

1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,  
 The vain delights of earth to share ;  
 Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid,  
 That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross  
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things,  
 And taught me to esteem as dross  
 The worldling's joys, the pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
 That quickens all things where it flows ;  
 And makes a wretched thorn like me,  
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

4 Blest fountain of delight unknown,  
 Source of all good, and joy supreme,  
 Still on my thirsting soul pour down  
 A living and life-giving stream !

5 For sure, of all the plants that share  
 The notice of thy Father's eye,  
 None proves less grateful to his care,  
 Or yields him meaner fruit, than I.

303. *Trusting in the Lord as his Refuge.* C.M.

According to thy mercy remember thou me for thy  
 goodness sake, O Lord.—Ps. xxv. 7.

1 O thou from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to thee ;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Jesus, remember me.

2 When on my mourning, burden'd heart  
 My sins lie heavily ;—  
 My pardon speak, new peace impart ;  
 In love remember me.

**3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,**  
 And ills I cannot flee ;  
**O give me strength, Lord, as my day,**  
 For good remember me.

**4 If on my face, for thy dear name,**  
 Shame and reproaches be ;  
**All hail reproach, and welcome shame !**  
 If thou remember me.

**5 The hour is near, consign'd to death,**  
 I own the just decree ;  
**Saviour, with my last parting breath,**  
 I'll cry "remember me."

**304. *Thankful.* C.M.**

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me ? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.—Ps. cxvi. 12, 13.

**1 For mercies, countless as the sands,**  
 Which daily I receive  
**From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,**  
 My soul what canst thou give ?

**2 Alas from such a heart as mine,**  
 What can I bring him forth ?  
**My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,**  
 My all is nothing worth.

**3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make**  
 For all he has bestow'd ;  
**Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,**  
 And call upon my God.

4 The best return from one like me,  
 So wretched and so poor ;  
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
 And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,  
 No works have I to boast,  
 Yet would I glory in the thought  
 That I shall owe him most.

305. *His Spiritual Voyage.* 148th.

For they that say such things declare plainly that  
 they seek a country.—HEBREWS xi. 14.

1 JESUS ! at thy command  
 I launch into the deep,  
 And leave my native land,  
 Where sin lulls all asleep :  
 For thee I would the world resign,  
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise ;  
 My compass is thy word :  
 My soul each storm defies,  
 While I have such a Lord !  
 I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r  
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep  
 Through all my passage lie ;  
 Yet Christ will safely keep  
 And guide me with his eye :

My anchor hope shall firm abide,  
And I each boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land—  
The port of endless rest :  
My soul, thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesu's breast !  
Oh, may I reach the heav'nly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more !

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss :  
Be thou, my Lord, still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer loss :  
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost ! and blow  
A prosp'rous gale of grace ;  
Waft me from all below  
To heav'n—my destin'd place !  
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

306. *Walking by Faith.* 7s.

Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye  
separate, saith the Lord.—2 COR. vi. 17.

1 LORD, behold us few and weak,  
Humbly at thy feet we fall ;  
See we come thy face to seek ;  
Deign, O deign to hear our call.

2 When we lay in sin and death,  
 Thou didst pass and bid us live ;  
 Thou didst give thy people faith ;  
 Thou didst all our sin forgive.

3 Jesus, thou didst shed thy blood ;  
 On this rock our hope we raise,  
 Thou hast brought us nigh to God :  
 Thine the work and thine the praise.

4 'Tis thy will that we should be,  
 Separate from all around ;  
 Let our will with thine agree ;  
 Let thy people thus be found.

[5 Teach us, Lord, to walk with thee,  
 Teach us to adorn thy cause :  
 Let us live in unity ;  
 Hating pride and self-applause !]

6 Let us bear each others load ;  
 Faithful to each other prove ;  
 Till we gain the saints' abode ;  
 Till we take our place above.

7 There to see without a cloud ;  
 There without fatigue to sing ;  
 Mix with heaven's triumphant crowd,  
 And for ever praise our King

307. *Waiting on the Lord.* C.M.

I am the Lord that healeth thee.—EXOD. xv. 26.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,  
 Waiting to feel thy touch ;

Deep wounded souls to thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust thy word ;  
But wilt thou pity us the less ?  
Be that far from thee, Lord !

3 Remember him, who once applied  
With trembling for relief ;  
“Lord, I believe !” with tears he cried,  
“O help my unbelief !”

4 She, too, who touch’d thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answer’d, “ Daughter, go in peace,  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

[5 Conceal’d amidst the gath’ring throng,  
She would have shunn’d thy view ;  
And, if her faith was firm and strong,  
Had strong misgivings too.]

6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,  
To touch thee if we may ;  
O send us not desparing home !  
Send none unheal’d away !

308. *Walking by Faith.* 8—6—8.

I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come unto  
you.—JOHN xiv. 18.

1 TRAVELLING thro’ this vale of tears,  
Beset with foes around ;

Within by unbelieving fears,  
 My conflicts sore abound.  
 What comfort, Saviour ! can I know,  
 Unless thy presence with me go ?

2 Come then, the helpless sinner's friend,  
 My heart to thee I yield ;  
 Love me and save me to the end,  
 Be thou my sun and shield.  
 My sorrows, fears, and conflicts cease,  
 When thy bless'd Spirit gives me peace.

3 O may thy light shine on the path,  
 Which leads to thine abode !  
 Thine "everlasting arms" beneath  
 Support me through the road.  
 Come, Lord ! and ever with me be,  
 Till thou shalt take me home to thee.

309. *Walking by Faith.* 8—8—6.

He made his own people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock. And he led them on safely, so that they feared not. And he brought them to the border of his sanctuary.—  
 PSALM lxxviii. 52 to 54.

1 ALMIGHTY Friend, Redeemer, Lord,  
 I feed upon thy precious word,  
 That manna from above !  
 As thro' the wilderness I go,  
 The living streams around me flow ;  
 The streams of grace and love.

2 I drink, refresh'd renew my way,  
 Thy cloud my guide, I cannot stray,  
 Safe led by pow'r divine :  
 Tho' dangers thick my path surround,  
 My feet shall stand on holy ground  
 Secure, for I am thine.

3 Preserv'd by thee from Satan's wiles,  
 When pleasure tempts, or flesh beguiles,  
 Dissolve the fatal charm ;  
 The dearest bosom-sin subdue,  
 Thine image in my soul renew,  
 And save me from all harm.

4 Thus trav'lling on the heav'nly road  
 To Zion's temple, blest abode !  
 I reach the land of rest ;  
 And Jordan's swellings past in death,  
 Triumphant yield my parting breath,  
 Reclin'd on Jesu's breast.

**310. Walking with God. L.M.**

And Enoch walked with God.—GEN. v. 24.

1 By faith in Christ I walk with God  
 With heav'n my journey's end in view ;  
 Supported by his staff and rod,  
 My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel through a desert wide,  
 Where many round me blindly stray ;  
 But he vouchsafes to be my guide,  
 And will not let me miss my way.

3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
 And earth and hell my course withstand ;  
 I triumph over all by faith,  
 Guarded by his Almighty hand.

4 The wilderness affords no food,  
 But God for my support prepares ;  
 Provides me ev'ry needful good,  
 And frees my soul from wants and cares.

5 With him sweet converse I maintain,  
 Great as he is, I dare be free ;  
 I tell him all my grief and pain,  
 And he reveals his love to me.

6 I pity all that wordlings talk  
 Of pleasures that will quickly end ;  
 Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk  
 With thee my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

311. *Watchful.* C.M.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation :  
 the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.—  
 MAT. xxvi. 41.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !  
 What snares beset my way !  
 To heav'n O let me lift my eyes,  
 And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears !  
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !  
How strong my foes and fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid ;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside,  
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee !

## ENCOURAGEMENTS OF THE BELIEVER.

312. *The Blessedness of his State.* 7s. DOUBLE.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God ! therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.—1 JOHN iii. 1.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,  
They are bought with Christ's own blood ;  
They are ransom'd from the grave,  
Life eternal they shall have :  
All their sins are wash'd away,  
They shall stand in God's great day :  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in eternity !
- 2 They produce the fruits of grace  
In the works of righteousness ;  
They are lights upon the earth,  
Children of an heav'nly birth :  
One with God, with Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun :  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in eternity !
- 3 Though they suffer much on earth,  
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,  
Yet they have an inward joy,  
Pleasures that can never cloy ;

They alone are truly blest,  
 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ ;  
 With them number'd may we be,  
 Here, and in eternity !

**313. *The Blessedness of his State.* 8—7—4.**

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High  
 shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—  
 PSALM xcii. 1.

1 **HAPPY** they who trust in Jesus !  
 Sweet their portion is and sure :  
 When destruction others seizes,  
 God will keep his own secure ;  
 Happy people !  
 Happy though despis'd and poor.

2 **Ye** whom God has serv'd from error,  
 Ye “ who know the joyful sound,”  
 Fear ye not the mighty terror ;  
 Arms of mercy close you round :  
 Dread no evil !  
 God will all your foes confound.

[3 Since his love and mercy found you,  
 You are precious in his sight :  
 Thousands now may fall around you,  
 Thousands more be put to flight :  
 But his presence  
 Keeps you safe by day and night.]

4 Lo ! your Saviour never slumbers :  
 Ever watchful in his care :

Though you cannot boast of numbers,  
 In his strength secure you are :  
 Sweet their portion,  
 Who the Saviour's kindness share.

5 As the bird beneath her feathers  
 Guards the objects of her care,  
 So the Lord his children gathers,  
 Spreads his wings and hides them there ;  
 Thus protected,  
 All their foes they boldly dare.

**314. *The Blessedness of his State.* C.M.**

But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city  
 of the living GOD, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to  
 Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.—**Heb. xii.**  
**22, 24.**

1 **HAPPY** the souls to Jesus join'd,  
 And sav'd by grace alone !  
 Walking in all his ways, they find  
 Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love !  
 Their joys in part we know ;  
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
 And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
 And bow before thy throne !  
 We, in the kingdom of thy grace ;—  
 The kingdoms are but one.

4 Who love thy holy courts below,  
 The holiest soon will see ;  
 The fulness of thy grace shall know,  
 And ever dwell with thee.

*315. The Blessedness of his State. 8s.*

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee ;  
 let such as love thy salvation say continually, The  
 Lord be magnified.—PSALM xl. 16.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love !  
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
 And join with the armies above  
 To shout his adorable name,  
 To gaze on his glories divine  
 Shall be my eternal employ,  
 And feel them incessantly shine,  
 My boundless unspeakable joy.

2 My soul from the confines of hell  
 He freely redeem'd by his blood ;  
 That I in his presence may dwell,  
 And worship for ever my God ;  
 May shine with the angels of light,  
 With saints and with seraphs may sing ;  
 And view, with eternal delight,  
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 In Mesech<sup>1</sup>, as yet, I reside,  
 A darksome and restless abode !  
 Molested with foes on each side,  
 And longing to dwell with my God :

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxx. 5.

Oh ! when shall my spirit exchange  
This cell of corruptible clay  
For its heav'nly mansions, and range  
Through realms of ineffable day !

4 My glorious Redeemer ! I long  
To see thee descend on the cloud,  
Amidst the bright numberless throng,  
And mix with the triumphing crowd :  
Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
To join in thy praises above,  
To be with thee world without end,  
Receiving the fulness of love ?

5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,  
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,  
Shall ever molest me again,  
Perfection of glory reigns there :  
This soul and this body shall shine,  
In robes of salvation and praise,  
And banquet on pleasures divine,  
Where God all his glory displays.

6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey ;  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away :  
The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
Yon glorious sun shall outshine ;  
My joy everlasting flows,—  
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

316. *Encouraged by past Mercies.* 8—7.

Ebenezer, or hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1  
SAM. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing !  
    Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
    Call for songs of loudest praise :  
Teach me, Lord, the rapt'rous measures,  
    Sung by joyful tongues above ;  
Bid me tell the countless treasures  
    Of my God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
    Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
    Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
    Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
    Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor,  
    Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
    Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
    Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
    Seal it from thy courts above.

317. *Grace sufficient promised.* C.M.

My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 COR. xii. 9.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint :

“ My grace sufficient is for you,  
Tho’ nature’s pow’rs may faint.

2 My grace its glories shall display,  
And make your griefs remove ;  
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
Of boundless power and love.”

3 What, tho’ my griefs are not remov’d,  
Yet why should I despair ?  
While “ everlasting arms ” support,  
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord !  
’Tis good to trust thy name :  
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,  
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro’ thy grace  
I all things can perform ;  
And triumph in thy saving name  
Amid the raging storm.

318. *The Security of the Believer.* C.M.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,  
shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—  
PSALM xcii. 1.

- 1 INCARNATE God ! the soul that knows  
Thy name's mysterious pow'r,  
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,  
Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,  
To feeble helpless worms,  
A buckler and a refuge prove  
From enemies and storms.
- 3 Angels unseen attend the saints,  
And bear them in their arms,  
To cheer the spirit when it faints,  
And guard their life from harms.
- 4 The angels' Lord himself is nigh  
To them that love his name ;  
Ready to save them when they cry,  
And put their foes to shame.
- 5 Crosses and changes are their lot,  
Long as they sojourn here ;  
But since their Saviour changes not,  
What have the saints to fear ?

**319. *The Security of the Believer.* C.M.**

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.—JOHN x. 27, 28.

- 1 IMMOVABLE thy promise stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;  
If I am found in Jesu's hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save  
 The meanest of his sheep ;  
 All that his heavenly Father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.

3 Why do I then indulge my fears,  
 Suspicions and complaints ?  
 Is he a God, and shall his grace  
 Grow weary of his saints ?

4 Yea<sup>1</sup>, though a mother of her child  
 E'en might forgetful prove ;  
 Yet Zion 's graven on the palms  
 Of everlasting love.

320. *The Security of the Believer.* 8—7—7.

But fear not thou, O my servant Jacob, and be not dismayed, O Israel ; for, behold, I will save thee from afar off.—JER. xlvi. 27.

1 ISRA'L shall obtain a pardon :  
 (Thus the Lord proclaims his love) :  
 He shall be a water'd garden :  
 Isra'l shall no more remove :  
 He shall come from distant lands ;  
 Thus my sov'reign purpose stands.

2 O my servant Jacob, fear not :  
 I have call'd thee ; thou art mine :  
 Tho' my glory yet appear not ;  
 I will come, thy light shall shine :

<sup>1</sup> See Isaiah xlix. 14 to 16.

Object of my love and care,  
I will save thee from afar.

3 Though I make an end of others :  
    Fear thou not, but trust in me ;  
Greater than the love of mothers,  
    Is the love I bear to thee :  
Tho' all other nations fall,  
Jacob shall survive them all.

4 Yet thou shalt not be unpunish'd,  
    Thou shalt know that I am God :  
Though beloved, yet admonish'd,  
    Thou shalt feel the chast'ning rod ;  
But thy night shall soon be past ;  
    And the day shall dawn at last.

5 When thy foes are all brought under ;  
    When I gather all thy seed :  
Then shalt thou be fill'd with wonder,  
    Then shalt thou rejoice indeed :  
All thy warfare then shall cease ;  
    All thy children shall have peace.

**321. *The Security of the Believer.* L.M.**

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—DEUT.  
    xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,  
" How shall I stand the trying day ?"  
He has engag'd by firm decree,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;  
And, if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When thou art call'd to bear the cross,  
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,—  
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

**322. Encouraged to trust in Christ. 8—7—4.**

What manner of man is this, that even the wind and  
the sea obey him ?—MARK iv. 41.

- 1 Why those fears ? behold 'tis Jesus  
Holds the helm and guides the ship :  
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions  
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Could we stay where death is hov'ring ;  
 Could we rest on such a shore ?  
 No, the awful truth discov'ring,  
 We could linger there no more :  
 We forsake it ;  
 Leaving all we lov'd before.

3 Though the shore we hope to land on,  
 Only by report is known ;  
 Yet we freely all abandon,  
 Led by that report alone ;  
 And with Jesus,  
 Through the trackless deep move on.

[4 Led by that we brave the ocean ;  
 Led by that the storms defy :  
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh.  
 Waves obey him,  
 And the storms before him fly.]

5 Render'd safe by his protection,  
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;  
 Trusting to his wise direction,  
 We shall gain the port at last ;  
 And with wonder  
 Think on toils and dangers past.

[6 O ! what pleasures there await us !  
 There the tempests cease to roar :  
 There it is that those who hate us  
 Can molest our peace no more.  
 Trouble ceases  
 On that tranquil happy shore.]

323. *Victory secured to the Believer.* C.M.

Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight: my goodness, and my fortress; my high tower and my deliverer; my shield, &c.—Ps. cxliv. 1, 2.

- 1 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield;  
He sends his Spirit with his Word,  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine  
Does my weak courage raise;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

324. <sup>1</sup> *The Backslider Returning.* C.M.

Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Behold, we come unto thee; for thou art the LORD our GOD.—JEREMIAH iii. 22.

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord;  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word!

<sup>1</sup> The Hymns to the end of the Section relate to Christian Experience.

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return :"  
 Dear Lord ! and may I come ?  
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
 O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
 And bid my crimes remove ?  
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
 To speak thy wond'rous love ?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power  
 How glorious, how divine !  
 That can to life and bliss restore  
 So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
 With wonder I adore ;  
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
 And let me rove no more.

325. *The Backslider Mourning.* 7—6—8.

O Israel, return unto the **Lord** thy **God** ; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.—**HOSEA** xiv. 1.

1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye  
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;  
 False to thee, like Peter, I  
 Would fain, like Peter, weep ;  
 Let me be by grace restor'd,  
 On me be all long-suffering shown :  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart :  
 Give, most earnestly implor'd,  
 A portion of thy love unknown ;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die ;  
 Life, and happiness, and love,  
 Fall from thy gracious eye :  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye  
 Was clos'd that we might live ;  
 "Father," (at the point to die,  
 Thy love exclaim'd) "Forgive."  
 Surely with that dying word,  
 Thou lookest, and the work is done ;  
 Love, thy dying love, O Lord,  
 Breaks e'en my heart of stone.

*326. The Backslider Returning. C.M.*

Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the LORD ; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you : for I am merciful saith the LORD.—JEREMIAH iii. 12.

- 1 THE Lord is kind in all his ways,  
When most they seem severe ;  
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,  
That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns he fences up our path,  
And builds a wall around ;  
To guard us from the death, that lurks  
In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 Return, ye wandering souls, return ;  
The Lord, your misery knows,  
His mercy ever is the same—  
A balm for all our woes.
- 4 Behold, O God ! we come to thee,  
Confusion veils our face ;  
Yet, once again, we refuge seek  
In thy long-slighted grace.

327. *The Backslider returning.* 112th.

I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely ;  
for mine anger is turned away from him.—Hos.  
xiv. 4.

- 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear and bow me to the rod ;  
For thee not without hope I mourn ;  
I have an advocate above,  
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus ! full of truth and grace,  
 More full of grace than I of sin ;  
 Yet once again I seek thy face,  
 Open the ark and take me in :  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore—  
 O for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more :  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a house of pray'r.

4 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
 That trembles at th' approach of sin ;  
 A godly fear of sin impart,  
 Implant and root it deep within :  
 That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,  
 And never dare to offend thee more.

328. *The Mourner's Request.* S.M.

How long wilt thou forget me, O LORD ? for ever ?  
 how long wilt thou hide thy face from me ? How  
 long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow  
 in my heart daily ? &c.—Ps. xiii. 1, &c.

1 JESUS, thy light impart,  
 And lead me in thy path :  
 I have an unbelieving heart,  
 But thou canst give me faith.

[2 Thy love all power hath,  
 Its power in me exert ;  
 And give me living, active faith,  
 That purifies the heart.]

3 Unrivalled, reign within,  
 My only sov'reign be ;  
 O crucify the man of sin,  
 And form thyself in me.

4 Thy blood's renewing might  
 Can make the foulest clean ;  
 Can wash the Ethiopian white,  
 And change the leopard's skin.

5 That, Lord, can bring me nigh,  
 And wipe my sins away ;  
 Can lift my abject soul on high,  
 And turn my night to day.

6 Fulfil thy gracious word,  
 And shew my guilt forgiven ;  
 Bid me embrace my dying Lord,  
 And mount with thee to heaven.

329. *The Believer's Choice.* L.M.

But one thing is needful ; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.  
 —LUKE x. 42.

1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,  
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;  
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light  
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart  
 To fix on Mary's better part ;  
 To scorn the trifles of a day,  
 For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;  
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
 But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,  
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;  
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

330. *Conflict.* C.M.

The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the spirit against the flesh ; and these are contrary the one to the other ; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.—GAL. v. 17.

1 What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin  
 Attend our mortal state !  
 I hate the thoughts that work within,  
 And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
 While sin and Satan reign :  
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
 For grace prevails again.

3 Thus will the flesh and Spirit strive,  
 And vex and break my peace ;  
 But I shall quit this mortal life,  
 And sin for ever cease.

4 O Lord, assist me thro' the fight,  
 My drooping spirit raise ;  
 Make me triumphant in thy might,  
 And thine shall be the praise.

331. *Conflict.* L.M.

Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.—**MARK**  
 ix. 24.

1 JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,  
 In thee believing we rejoice ;  
 Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,  
 While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,  
 And keep our fainting hopes alive ;  
 But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,  
 And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,  
 While Saints lie mourning in the dust ;  
 Nor see that faith to ruin brought,  
 Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;  
 Reveal the glories of thy name :

O put all anxious doubts to flight,  
And lead us on t' eternal light.

332. *Conflict. 7s.*

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden ;  
and I will give you rest.—MAT. xi. 28.

1 Does the gospel-word proclaim  
Rest for those who weary be ?  
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,  
Sure that promise speaks to thee.  
Boast I good in thought or deed ?  
Sin pollutes my very best ;  
Yet I weary am, I plead,  
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burden'd with a load of sin,  
Harass'd with tormenting doubt ;  
Hourly conflicts from within,  
Hourly crosses from without :  
All my little strength is gone,  
Sink I must, without supply ;  
Sure upon the earth is none  
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark, the weary dove  
Found a welcome resting-place ;  
Thus my spirit longs to prove  
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace.  
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,  
And the flood increases fast ;  
Open, Lord, and take me in,  
Till the storm be overpast. •

4 Safely lodg'd within thy breast,  
 What a wondrous change I find !  
 Now I know thy promis'd rest  
 Can compose a troubled mind.  
 You that weary are like me,  
 Hearken to the gospel call ;  
 To the ark for refuge flee,  
 Jesus will receive you all !

333. *Conflict.* 112th.

The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.—*GAL.* v. 17.

1 STRANGE and mysterious is my life,  
 What opposites I feel within !  
 A stable peace, a constant strife ;  
 The rule of grace, the pow'r of sin ;  
 Too often I am captive led,  
 Yet daily triumph in my head.

2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,  
 But oh ! what backwardness to pray !  
 Though on the Lord I cast my care,  
 I feel its burden ev'ry day ;  
 I seek his will in all I do,  
 Yet find my own is working too.

3 I love the holy day of rest,  
 When Jesus meets his gather'd saints ;

Sweet day, of all the week the best !

For its return my spirit pants :  
Yet often through my unbelief,  
Is proves a day of guilt and grief.

4 While on my Saviour I rely,  
I know my foes shall lose their aim ;  
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,  
Assur'd of conquest thro' his name.  
But soon my confidence is slain,  
And all my fears return again.

5 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive,  
And grace and sin by turns prevail ;  
I grieve, rejoice—decline, revive,  
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale :  
But Jesus has his promise past,  
That grace shall overcome at last.

334. *Conflict.* 7—6—8.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation : and uphold  
me with thy free spirit.—Ps. li. 12.

1 JESUS, friend of sinners, hear  
A feeble creature pray,  
From my debt of sin set clear,  
For I have nought to pay.  
Speak, O speak my kind release ;  
A poor backsliding soul restore ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

2 Though my sins as mountains rise,  
 And swell, and reach to heav'n,  
 Mercy is above the skies,  
 And I shall stand forgiv'n.  
 Mighty is my guilt's increase,  
 But greater is thy mercy's store ;  
 Love me freely, &c.

3 From th' oppressive sense of sin  
 My struggling spirit free ;  
 Blood and righteousness divine  
 Can rescue even me ;  
 Holy Spirit, shed thy grace,  
 And let me feel the soft'ning show'r ;  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

335. *Conflict.* L.M.

Cast down, but not destroyed.—2 COR. iv. 9.

1 THOUGH sore beset with guilt and fear,  
 I cannot, dare not, quite despair ;  
 If I must perish, would the Lord  
 Have taught my heart to love his word ?

2 Would he have giv'n me eyes to see  
 My danger and my remedy ;—  
 Reveal'd his name, and bid me pray,  
 Had he resolv'd to say me nay ?

8 Jesus again my peace restor'd  
 And freed from doubts my breast ;  
 Henceforth I'd simply trust his word,  
 And leave to him the rest.

337. *Conflict.* 8s.

Hide not thy face from thy servant; for I am in trouble: hear me speedily. Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it.—PSALM lxix. 17, 18.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
 Just ready all hope to resign ;  
 I long for the sight of thy face,  
 And fear it will never be mine :  
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy feet with my load,  
 Thus mournfully pour out my song.  
 And lift up my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;  
 The blood of atonement apply :  
 Oh ! lead me to Jesus for peace,  
 The Rock that is higher than I.  
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice :  
 Thy presence is fair to behold :  
 I thirst for thy Spirit, with cries  
 And groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
 My hold of thy promise to keep,  
 The billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the deep !

While harass'd and cast from thy sight,  
 The Tempter suggestions will pour,  
*The Lord hath forsaken thee quite :*  
*Thy God will be gracious no more.*

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love has design'd  
 No covenant blessing for me,  
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find  
 Some sweetness in waiting for thee ?  
 Almighty to rescue thou art,  
 Thy strength do I trust in alone ;  
 O save now, and comfort my heart,  
 And keep it for ever thine own !

338. *The Backslider's Prayer.* 8—8—6.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father,  
 Jesus Christ the righteous : and he is the propitiation  
 for our sins.—1 JOHN ii, 1, 2.

1 Thou sinner's advocate with God,  
 My only trust is in thy blood,  
 Thou all-atoning Lamb ;  
 The virtue of thy death impart,  
 Speak comfort to my drooping heart,  
 And tell me all thy name.

2 Give me thy pard'ning love to feel,  
 And freely my backsliding heal,  
 Repair my faith's decay ;  
 Restore the sweetness of thy grace,  
 Reveal the glories of thy face,  
 And take my sins away.

4 Speak, Lord, and let me find thee near,  
 O come and dissipate my fear,  
 Declare my sins forgiven :  
 Return, thou Prince of Peace, return,  
 Thou comforter of all that mourn,  
 And guide me safe to heaven.

339. *Doubting.* 8—8—6.

Search me, O God, and know my heart.—PSALM  
 cxxxix. 23.

1 THOU gracious God, whose love unknown,  
 Hath thus far gently led me on,  
 E'en from my infant days ;  
 Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
 And tell me if I ever knew  
 Thy justifying grace.

2 If now thy Spirit were in me,  
 Would he not testify of thee  
 In Jesus reconcil'd ?  
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,  
 And boldly “Abba, Father,” cry,  
 And know myself thy child ?

3 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,  
 Sin or self-righteousness remove,  
 Thy glory to display ;  
 My heart of unbelief convince,  
 And now absolve me from my sins,  
 And take them all away.

4 Father in me reveal thy Son,  
 And in my inmost soul make known  
 How merciful thou art ;  
 The secret of thy love reveal,  
 And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell  
 For ever in my heart.

340. *Doubting.* 8—7.

Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.—MARK  
 x. 47.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,  
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;  
 Let me know thy great salvation,  
 See I languish, faint, and die ;  
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,  
 Prostrate at thy feet relenting,  
 Send, O send me quick relief.

2 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
 But to him who comfort gives ?  
 Whither, from the dread of dying,  
 But to him who ever lives ?  
 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me,  
 My soul cleaveth to the dust ;  
 Send the Comforter to cheer me,  
 Lo ! in Thee I put my trust.

3 On the word thy blood hath sealed,  
 Hangs my everlasting all ;  
 Let thine arm be now revealed,  
 Stay, oh, stay me, lest I fall !

In the world of endless ruin,  
 Let it never, Lord, be said  
 "Here's a soul that perish'd, sueing  
 For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

341. *Doubting.* C.M.

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that  
 is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit  
 of the humble, and to revive the heart of the con-  
 trite ones.—ISA. lvii. 15.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine  
 On contrite hearts bestow;  
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
 A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
 Insensible as steel;  
 If aught is left, 'tis only pain,  
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes feel myself inclin'd  
 To love thee, if I could;  
 But often feel another mind,  
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,  
 I fain would strive for more;  
 But when I cry, "My strength renew  
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
 And love thy house of pray'r;  
 I therefore go where others go,  
 But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,  
 Decide this doubt for me ;  
 And if it be not broken, break,  
 And heal it, if it be.

342. *Doubts Relieved.* L.M.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom ; I have led  
 thee in right paths.—PROV. iv. 11.

1 ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow  
 In faith and love, and ev'ry grace,  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;  
 But it has been in such a way,  
 As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,  
 At once he'd answer my request ;  
 And by his love's constraining pow'r,  
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
 The hidden evils of my heart ;  
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell  
 Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd  
 Intent to aggravate my woe ;  
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
<sup>1</sup>Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

<sup>1</sup> JONAH iv. 8.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,  
 'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'  
 'Tis in this way,' the Lord reply'd,  
 'I answer prayer for grace and faith ;

7 'These inward trials I employ,  
 From self and pride to set thee free ;  
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

343. *Spiritual Decay.* C.M.

Oh that I were as in months past.—JOB xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood  
 Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me Home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;  
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
 His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spreads his wiles,  
 The world no more could charm ;  
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
 And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,  
 And saw his glory shine ;  
 And when I read his holy word,  
 I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke  
     Of what his love had done ;  
     But now my heart is almost broke,  
     For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening shade prevails,  
     My soul in darkness mourns ;  
     And when the morn the light reveals,  
     No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,  
     For Jesus hides his face ;  
     I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
     But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
     And make my soul his pray ;  
     Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail ;—  
     O come without delay.

344. *Walking in Darkness.* C.M.

Who is among you that feareth the **LORD**, that obey-  
     eth the voice of his servant, that walketh in dark-  
     ness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name  
     of the **LORD**, and stay upon his **God**.—ISA. 1. 10.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,  
     To thee I breathe my sighs ;  
     When will the mournful night be gone ?  
     And when my joys arise ?

2 My God,—O could I make the claim—  
     My father and my friend—  
     And call thee mine, by ev'ry name  
     On which thy saints depend !

3 By ev'ry name of power and love,  
 I would thy grace entreat ;  
 Nor should my humble hopes remove,  
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet tho' my soul in darkness mourns,  
 Thy word is all my stay ;  
 Here I would rest till light returns,  
 Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, gracious God, and bid thy peace  
 Relieve my aching heart ;  
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,  
 And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,  
 And bless thy healing rays,  
 And change these deep complaining sighs,  
 For songs of sacred praise.

345. *The Evil Heart.* s.m.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.—JER. xvii. 9.

1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,  
 I turn mine eyes within !  
 My heart with loads of guilt opprest,  
 The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,  
 What vile affections there !  
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,  
 Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of Saints,  
 These tyrant lusts subdue ;  
 Expel the darkness of my mind,  
 And all my powers renew.

4 Then shall my cheerful voice  
 Its loud hosannas raise ;  
 My lips shall glow with gratitude,  
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

*346. Under the hidings of God's Countenance.*

L.M.

Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul.—PSALM lxix. 1.

1 God of my life, to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
 When the great water-floods prevail  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
 Where, but with thee, whose open door,  
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
 Does not the word, still fix'd remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

[4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
 Supports me under every load.]

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me,  
 I have an advocate with thee ;  
 They whom the world caresses most,  
 Have no such advocate to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

*347. Under the hidings of God's Countenance.*

C.M.

Therefore I will look unto the Lord ; I will wait for  
 the God of my Salvation ; my God will hear me.—  
 MIC. vii. 7.

1 SEE, Lord, before thy throne of grace,  
 A wretched wand'rer mourn ;  
 Thyself hast bid me seek thy face,  
 Thyself hast said, Return.

2 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
 To drive me from thy feet ?  
 Thy word of promise cannot fail,  
 My tower of safe retreat.

3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,  
 Without one cheering ray ;  
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
 How desolate my way !

4 O shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine ;  
 And let thy Spirit's voice impart  
 A taste of joys divine

5 When trials vex my doubting mind.

Still to thy cross I'll flee ;  
No shelter can I elsewhere find,  
No refuge, but in thee.

6 Thy presence only can bestow

Delights which never cloy ;  
Be this my comfort here below,  
And my eternal joy.

348. *His Desires after good.* S.M.

The good that I would, I do not.—ROM. vii. 19.

1 I would, but cannot sing,  
Guilt has untun'd my voice ;  
The serpent sin's envenom'd sting  
Has poison'd all my joys.

2 I know the Lord is nigh  
And would, but cannot pray ;  
For Satan meets me when I try,  
And frights my soul away.

3 I would, but can't repent,  
Though I endeavour oft ;  
This stony heart can ne'er relent,  
Till Jesus make it soft.

4 I would, but cannot rest  
In God's most holy will ;  
I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe,  
Then all would easy be ;  
I would, but cannot—Lord, believe ;  
My help must come from thee.

6 But if indeed I *would*,  
Though I can nothing do :  
Yet the desire is something good,  
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,  
Till thine appointed hour,  
I was as destitute of will,  
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou now crown at length  
The work thou hast begun ?  
And with a will afford me strength  
In all thy ways to run.

349. *Mourning.* L.M.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy  
Holy Spirit from me.—Ps. li. 11.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Cast not a sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who'er thy grace receiv'd ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd :

3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honour of my great High Priest ;  
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
 I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—  
 E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;  
 Into thy rest of love receive,  
 And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,  
 And raise me by thy gracious hand ;  
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

350. *Indwelling Sin lamented.* c.m.

I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing ; for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not.—ROMANS vii. 18.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,  
 Here at thy feet, my God,  
 My passion, pride, and discontent,  
 And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure, there wes ne'er a heart so base,  
 So false as mine has been ;  
 So faithful to its promises,  
 So prone to every sin.

3 Full well I know that thy commands  
 Are holy, just, and true ;  
 And whatso'er my God demands  
 Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,  
And all her words approve !  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, my Saviour, shall I feel  
These strugglings in my breast ?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest.

6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,  
And set the captive free :  
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

*351. Indwelling Sin Confessed. L.M.*

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity : and in sin did my mother conceive me.—PSALM li. 5.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
And born unholv and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death :  
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true :  
O make me wise betimes, to spy  
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold I fall before thy face ;  
 My only refuge is thy grace :  
 No outward forms can make me clean ;  
 The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone :  
 Thy blood can make me white as snow :  
 O may I all its virtue know.

6 Let me now hear thy pard'ning voice,  
 And make my troubled soul rejoice !  
 Then all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

352. *Indwelling Sin Lamented.* s.m.

Behold, I am vile.—JOB. xl. 5.

1 O LORD, how vile am I,  
 Unholy and unclean !  
 How can I dare to venture nigh  
 With such a load of sin ?

2 Is this polluted heart  
 A dwelling fit for thee ?  
 Swarming, alas ! in every part,  
 What evils do I see !

[3 If I attempt to pray,  
 And lisp thy holy name,  
 My thoughts are hurried soon away,  
 I know not where I am.

4 If in thy word I look,  
 Such darkness fills my mind ;  
 I only read a sealed book,  
 But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,  
 But hear it still in vain ;  
 I seem to have no love, or fear,  
 And like a stone remain.]

6 Myself can hardly bear  
 This wretched heart of mine ;  
 How hateful, then, must it appear,  
 To those pure hearts of thine.

7 And must I, then, indeed  
 Sink in despair and die ?  
 Fain would I hope that thou did'st bleed  
 For such a wretch as I.

8 That blood, which thou has spilt,  
 That grace, which is thine own,  
 Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,  
 And soften hearts of stone.

9 Low at thy feet, I bow :  
 O pity and forgive :  
 Here will I lie, and wait till thou  
 Shalt bid me—rise and live.

353. *Mourning under the Hiding of God's Countenance.* C.M.

How long, Lord ? Wilt thou hide thyself for ever ?  
 —PSALM lxxxix. 46.

1 REJOICE in God, the word commands,  
 And fain would I obey ;

Yet still my spirit lingering stands,  
While doubts impede my way.

2 How can my soul exult for joy,  
Which feels this load of sin ?  
And how can praise my tongue employ,  
While darkness reigns within ?

3 My soul forgets to use her wings ;  
My harp neglected lies,  
For sin has broken all its strings,  
And guilt shuts out my joys.

4 The power, the sweetness of thy voice,  
Alone my heart can move ;  
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,  
And melt my soul to love.

354. *Pleading.* 8—8—7.

Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity,  
and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of  
his heritage ? he retaineth not his anger for ever,  
because he delighteth in mercy.—MIC. vii. 18.

1 O JESUS, let me bless thy name !  
All sin, alas ! thou know'st I am ;  
But thou all pity art :  
Take, take away this heart of stone ;  
Such power belongs to thee alone :  
O give the contrite heart.

2 A poor, ungrateful wretch, to thee  
For help against myself I flee ;

O let thy grace be giv'n ;  
 Thou only canst my sins remove,  
 Fill me with holiness and love,  
 And fit my soul for heav'n.

3 Then let thy Spirit shed abroad  
 The love, the wondrous love of God,  
 In this cold heart of mine :  
 O may he now descend and rest,  
 And dwell for ever in my breast,  
 And make it wholly thine.

4 What shall I plead my suit to gain ?  
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 I plead what thou hast done :  
 Didst thou not die the death for me ?  
 Jesu, remember Calvary,  
 And take me for thine own.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,  
 My Friend, my Advocate with God,  
 My Ransom and my Peace !  
 Surety, who all my debt hast paid,  
 For all my sins atonement made,  
 The Lord my Righteousness !

*355. Pleading the Atonement. 7s.*

Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of  
 thine anointed.—PSALM lxxxiv. 9.

1 FATHER, God, who seest in me,  
 Only sin and misery,

Turn to thine anointed one,  
 Look on thy beloved Son ;  
 Him for sinners bruised see ;  
 Look through Jesu's wounds on me.

2 Heav'nly Father, Lord of all,  
 Hear, and show thou hear'st my call !  
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Smile on me a sinner now !  
 Now mine inmost soul convert,  
 Turn and break my stubborn heart.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
 Hear my Advocate divine,  
 Lo ! to his my suit I join ;  
 Jesu's pleading cannot fail :  
 Let me now with thee prevail !

4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes  
 To his bloody sacrifice—  
 To the full atonement made,  
 To the utmost ransom paid :  
 And, if mine, thro' him thou art,  
 Speak thy mercy to my heart.

5 Jesus, answer from above,  
 Is not all thy nature love ?  
 Pity from thine eye let fall ;  
 Bless me while on thee I call ;  
 Take the purchase of thy blood,  
 Reign within me, Son of God.

356. *Longing for the Heavenly Jerusalem.* M.C.

He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from GOD, &c.—REV. xxi. 10, &c.

1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home ;  
 Name ever dear to me !  
 When shall my labours have an end  
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls  
 And gates of pearl behold :  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of purest gold ?

3 O when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend ;  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 Nor sabbaths ever end ?

[4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
 Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes  
 I onward press to you.]

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
 Or feel, at death, dismay ?  
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
 And realms of endless day.]

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
 Around my Saviour stand ;  
 And all I love in Christ below  
 Shall join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem ! my happy home,  
 My soul still pants for thee ;  
 Then shall my labours have an end  
 When I thy joys shall see.

*357. Praise for Delivering Grace. L.M.*

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy deseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.—Ps. ciii. 2 to 4.

1 To God my Saviour and my King,  
 Fain would my soul her tribute bring :  
 Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,  
 Ye who have known his wondrous grace.

2 <sup>1</sup> Helpless, unpitied, once I lay,  
 Breathing my wretched life away ;  
 He saw me welt'ring in my blood,  
 And felt the pity of a God :

3 With speed he flew to my relief,  
 Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my  
 grief ;  
 Pour'd joys divine into my heart,  
 And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 Deep in my inmost soul, O Lord,  
 Let me these proofs of love record :  
 To thee O may I freely give,  
 The life, which I from thee receive.

<sup>1</sup> EZEK. xvi. 4 to 9.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,  
 Thro' the remainder of my days,  
 And, when I join the choirs above,  
 My soul shall better sing thy love.

358. *Rejoicing in Christ as the Head of the Church.* c.m.

But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him  
 in all things, which is the head, even Christ, &c.—  
 EPH. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace  
 That calls a worm thine own ;  
 Gives me among thy saints a place  
 To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital head,  
 We live, and grow, and thrive ;  
 From thee divided each is dead,  
 When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
 Here join in sweet accord :  
 One body all in mutual love,  
 And thou our common Lord.

4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive  
 Thy Spirit with delight ;  
 While death and hell in vain shall strive  
 The bond to disunite.

5 <sup>1</sup>Thou the whole body wilt present  
 Before thy Father's face ;  
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

358.<sup>2</sup> *Rejoicing in Hope.* 8—7—4.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.—Ps. iv. 7.

1 FAR from us be grief and sadness :  
 Further still unhallow'd mirth ;  
 Zion's sons may sing with gladness,  
 Theirs are joys of heav'nly birth :  
 Jesus owns them :  
 He is Lord of heav'n and earth.

2 All the worldling's mirth is madness,  
 All his labour fruitless toil :  
 Saints alone taste real gladness,  
 Tho' the world their choice revile ;  
 Sweet their portion ;  
 Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,  
 Balanc'd with a Saviour's love ;  
 Since the Lord in mercy drew us,  
 Drew our souls to things above,  
 Earthly objects  
 Can no longer greatly move.

4 Once the world was all our treasure :  
 And its toys our hearts possess'd :  
 Now we taste sublimer pleasure,  
 Since the Lord has made us blest ;  
 We can witness,  
 Jesus gives his people rest.

359. *Recalling to Mind the Lord's Dealings.* L.M.

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart.

- 1 **THUS** far my God hath led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known ;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my blissful home ;  
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,  
And guard me in the dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy :  
And sins and snares my peace destroy :  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,  
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, O Lord, that thorny road  
Which leads us to the mount of God ?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in the wilderness below ?
- 6 'Tis even so thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be All in All.

360. *Repenting.* 7—6—8.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.—ISAIAH lv. 1.

1 God of my salvation hear,  
 And give me to believe !  
 Simply would I now draw near,  
 Thy blessings to receive ;  
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am,  
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me !

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
 But trust thy grace alone ;  
 Empty send me not away,  
 Thus helpless and undone ;  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin and misery :  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Without money, without price,  
 I come to buy thy grace :  
 On thy cross my soul relies,  
 Thy promise I embrace :  
 In myself all guilt and shame,  
 Desiring to be cloth'd with thee ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me !

4 See, my Lord, I come at last,  
 By dying love subdu'd ;  
 Me, with all my sins, I cast  
 On my atoning God !  
 Other titles I disclaim ;  
 This, only this, is all my plea—  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
 But Jesus died for me !

361. *Repenting at the Cross.* 8—7.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied : by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many ; for he shall bear their iniquities.  
 —ISAIAH liii. 11.

1 GREAT High Priest, we see thee stooping,  
 With our names upon thy breast ;  
 In the garden groaning, drooping,  
 To the ground with horrors prest !  
 Wond'ring angels stood confounded  
 To behold their Maker thus ;  
 And can we remain unwounded,  
 When we know it was for us ?

2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,  
 Can relieve us from our smart ;  
 Nothing else from guilt release us,  
 Nothing else can melt the heart :  
 Law and terrors do but harden  
 All the while they work alone ;  
 But the sense of blood-bought pardon  
 Can dissolve a heart of stone.

## 3 Jesus, all our consolations

Flow from thee, the sov'reign good ;  
 Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
 All are purchas'd by thy blood ;  
 From thy fulness we receive them,  
 We have nothing of our own ;  
 Freely thou delight'st to give them  
 To the needy who have none.

361. *Renouncing Self for Christ.* L.M.

And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for  
 grace.—JOHN i. 16.

- 1 A GUILTY soul by sin opprest,  
 Weary of wand'ring after rest,  
 Wretched, and naked, poor, and blind,  
 I now my want of all things find.
- 2 All things I want ; but one is nigh  
 My want of all things to supply :  
 Pardon, and peace, and liberty,  
 Jesus, I all things have in thee.

362. *Support in God's Covenant under  
 Trouble.* C.M.

Although my house be not so with God ; yet he hath  
 made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in  
 all things, and sure : for this is all my salvation,  
 and all my desire.—2 SAM. xxiii. 5.

- 1 My God, the cov'nant of thy love  
 Abides for ever sure ;  
 And in its matchless grace I feel  
 My happiness secure. -

2 What though my house be not with thee,  
 As thy commands require ;  
 That covenant is all my hope,  
 Salvation, and desire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
 My Father art become ;  
 Jesus, my guardian and my friend,  
 And heaven my final home.

4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,  
 For all that will is love ;  
 And when I know not what thou dost,  
 I wait the light above.

5 Yea, comfort in the darkest gloom  
 Thy cov'nant shall impart ;  
 And, when mine eyelids close in death,  
 Shall still sustain my heart.

363. *Seeking Relief.* C.M.

I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain.  
 ISAIAH xlvi. 19.

1 JESUS, we come before thy throne,  
 To open all our grief :  
 Now send thy promis'd mercy down,  
 And grant us quick relief.

2 Ne'er didst thou say to Jacob's seed,  
 " Seek ye my face," in vain ;  
 And canst thou now deny thine aid,  
 When burden'd souls complain ?

3 The same thy power, thy love the same,  
 Unmov'd the promise shines ;  
 Eternal truth surrounds thy name,  
 And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,  
 And unbelief arise,  
 We'll wait around his footstool still,  
 For Jesus hears our cries.

363.<sup>a</sup> *Relief Sought and Found.* L.M.

Is there no balm in Gilead ? is there no Physician  
 there ?—JEREMIAH viii. 21.

1 Why droops my soul, with guilt opprest,  
 Why do these fears disturb my breast ?  
 Is there no balm to heal my wound ?  
 No kind Physician to be found ?

2 Yes, in the Gospel's faithful lines,  
 Jehovah's grace and mercy shines ;  
 There, dress'd in love, the Saviour stands,  
 With pitying eye, and outstretch'd hands.

3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes,  
 Behold ! the Prince of glory dies !  
 He dies extended on the tree,  
 And sheds a sov'reign balm for me.

4 Millions, who now his throne surround,  
 Here sought relief, here mercy found ;  
 His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,  
 Heal'd all their wounds, and dried their  
 tears.

... my house be not with thee,  
 ... demands require;  
 ... is my hope,  
 ... with ~~thee~~.

... to ~~thee~~ God,  
 ... ~~thee~~ .  
 ... ~~thee~~ my friend,  
 ... ~~thee~~ name.

... ~~thee~~ we  
 ... ~~thee~~ .  
 ... ~~thee~~ thou dost,  
 ... ~~thee~~ .

... ~~thee~~ ~~thee~~  
 ... ~~thee~~ .  
 ... ~~thee~~ as death,  
 ... ~~thee~~ .

... ~~thee~~ .  
 ... ~~thee~~ in vain.

2  
 ... ~~thee~~ ~~thee~~,  
 ... ~~thee~~ ~~thee~~,  
 ... ~~thee~~ .

... ~~thee~~ ~~thee~~,  
 ... ~~thee~~ .  
 ... ~~thee~~ ~~thee~~,  
 ... ~~thee~~ .

3 The same thy power, thy love the same,  
 Unmov'd the promise shines ;  
 Eternal truth surrounds thy name,  
 And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,  
 And unbelief arise,  
 We'll wait around his footstool still,  
 For Jesus hears our cries.

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 There, dress'd in love, the Saviour stands,  
 With pitying eye, and outstretch'd hands.

3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes,  
 Behold ! the Prince of glory dies !  
 He dies extended on the tree,  
 And sheds a sov'reign balm for me.

4 Millions, who now his throne surround,  
 Here sought relief, here mercy found ;  
 His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,  
 Heal'd all their wounds, and dried their  
 tears.

5 And shall my trembling soul complain,  
 "I sought relief, but sought in vain ?  
 That Jesus, who for sinners died ;  
 Heard all my groans, and still denied ?"

6 Lord, prostrate at thy feet I lie,  
 There to receive a cure or die ;  
 Oh may thy love remove my pain,  
 And healing grace triumphant reign.

364. *Troubled, but making the Lord his Refuge.* C.M.

I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him.—ISA. viii. 17.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,  
 On thee, when sorrows rise,  
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
 My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
 For thou alone canst heal ;  
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
 For every pain I feel.

[3 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
 I fear to call thee mine ;  
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
 And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious Lord, where shall I flee ?  
 Thou art my only trust,  
 And still my soul would cleave to thee  
 'Tho' prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
 And shall I seek in vain ?  
 And can the ear of Sov'reign Grace,  
 Be deaf when I complain ?

6 No ; still the ear of Sov'reign Grace  
 Attends the mourner's prayer :  
 O may I ever find access  
 To breath my sorrows there !

7 The mercy-seat is open still :  
 Here let my soul retreat ;  
 With humble hope attend thy will,  
 And wait beneath thy feet.

365. *Cast down, yet Trusting in the Lord.*  
 8—7—4.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope in God ; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.—PSALM xlivi. 5.

1 O my soul, what means this sadness ?  
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,  
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;  
 Look to Jesus,  
 Thou by faith with him art one.

2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations  
 Harass thee from day to day,

And thy sinful inclinations  
 Often fill thee with dismay ;  
 Thou shalt conquer,  
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee  
 From without and from within ;  
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from hell and sin ;  
 He is faithful  
 To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;  
 His right hand shall still defend thee,  
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;  
 Therefore praise him,  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,  
 Like the heav'nly host above,  
 Who for ever bow before him,  
 And unceasing sing his love !  
 Happy songsters !  
 When shall I your chorus join ?

*366. Rejoicing in the Lord under Privations. 8s.*

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, &c.—yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.—HAB. iii. 17, 18.

1 Ah ! why this disconsolate frame ?  
 Though earthly enjoyments decay,

Yet Jesus is ever the same,  
 A sun in the gloomiest day :  
 Though awhile I am cast in the fire,  
 'Tis only the gold to refine ;  
 And be it my simple desire,  
 Though suffering, not to repine.

2 What can be the pleasures to me,  
 Which earth in its fulness can boast ?  
 Delusive its vanities flee,  
 Enjoy'd for a moment at most :  
 And, if the Redeemer could part,  
 For me, with his throne in the skies,  
 Ah ! why is so dear to my heart  
 What he in his wisdom denies ?

3 Though riches to others be given,  
 Their corn and their vintage abound ;  
 Yet, if I have treasure in heaven,  
 Where should my affections be found ?  
 Why stoop for the glittering sands  
 Which they are so eager to share,  
 Forgetting those wealthier lands  
 That form my inheritance there ?

4 Do thou, Lord, my spirit refine,  
 My wand'ring affections recal ;  
 Then—be there no fruit in the vine,  
 Deserted and empty the stall ;  
 The long-labour'd olive may die,  
 The field may no harvest afford ;  
 Yet under the gloomiest sky,  
 My soul shall rejoice in her Lord.

5 Yea, let the rude tempest assail,  
 The blast of adversity blow ;  
 The haven, though distant, I hail,  
 Beyond this rough ocean of woe.  
 When safe on the heavenly strand,  
 I'll smile at the billows that foam ;  
 Kind angels will hail me to land,  
 And Jesus will welcome me home.

367. *Trusting in the Lord.* L.M.

My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.—2 COR. xii. 9.

- 1 THY promise, Lord, just suits my case ;  
 I sought assurance from thy mouth ;  
 That one like me, so poor and base,  
 Would persevere to keep thy truth.
- 2 When to my heart I turn my eyes,  
 I see but motives to despair ;  
 Whatever charm the world supplies,  
 It finds a kindred temper there.
- 3 Sufficient ground thy promise yields,  
 On which a worm may rest his hope ;  
 And he who on thy promise builds,  
 May give his confidence full scope.
- 4 Thy strength in weakness is display'd :  
 My soul this truth can relish now :  
 A worm upon thy pow'r is stay'd ;  
 The weaker he, the greater thou.

5 If of myself I henceforth speak,  
 'Tis of infirmity alone ;  
 I know that I am strong, tho' weak ;  
 My strength is Christ, the Mighty One.

6 On everlasting arms I lean ;  
 These only can sustain my hope ;  
 These have till now my refuge been,  
 And these thro' life still hold me up.

[ 7 I can look forward now with joy,  
 Though in myself a feeble worm ;  
 For Jesus will his pow'r employ,  
 And save my soul in ev'ry storm. ]

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## SECTION VI.

### THE GOSPEL.

#### 368. *Adoption.* S.M.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God : and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure.—1 JOHN iii. 2, 3.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace  
 The Father has bestow'd  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them Sons of God !

And thy sinful inclinations  
 Often fill thee with dismay ;  
 Thou shalt conquer,  
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee  
 From without and from within ;  
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from hell and sin :  
 He is faithful  
 To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;  
 His right hand shall still defend thee,  
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;  
 Therefore praise him,  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,  
 Like the heav'nly host above,  
 Who for ever bow before him,  
 And unceasing sing his love !  
 Happy songsters !  
 When shall I your chorus join ?

**366. *Rejoicing in the Lord under Privations.* 8s.**

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, &c.—yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.—HAB. iii. 17, 18.

1 **Ah !** why this disconsolate frame ?  
 Though earthly enjoyments decay,

3 Into the captive heart he pours  
 His spirit from on high :  
 We lose the terrors of the slave,  
 And Abba, Father, cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace,  
 The sinner's friend proclaim ;  
 And call on all around to seek,  
 True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain  
 Your Father's house above ;  
 There shall you wear immortal crowns,  
 And sing redeeming love.

**370. *The Covenant of Grace unchangeable.* L.M.**

Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise, the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath ; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us ; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast.—HEB. vi. 17—19.

1 How oft have sin and Satan strove  
 To rend my soul from thee, my God ;  
 But everlasting is thy love,  
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;  
 Eternal pow'r performs the word.  
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long  
 My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up :  
 A faithful and unchanging God  
 Lays the foundation for my hope,  
 In oaths and promises and blood.

371. *Grace Reigning.* C.M.

But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound : that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.—ROMANS v. 20, 21.

1 Now may the Lord reveal his face,  
 And teach our stamm'ring tongues  
 To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,  
 The subject of our songs !

2 No sweeter subject can invite  
 A sinner's heart to sing ;  
 Or more display the glorious right  
 Of our exalted King.

3 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,  
 To melt the hardest hearts ;  
 And from the work it once begins,  
 It never more departs.

4 The world and Satan strive in vain  
 Against the chosen few ;  
 Secur'd by grace's conq'ring reign,  
 They all shall conquer too.

5 Lord, when this changing life is past,  
 If we may see thy face ;  
 How shall we praise and love at last,  
 And sing the reign of grace.

372. *Grace Restoring and Preserving.* L.M.

Thy right hand shall save me. The LORD will perfect  
 that which concerneth me : thy mercy, O LORD, en-  
 dureth for ever. —Ps. cxxxviii. 7, 8.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,  
 I'll praise my Maker in my song :  
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;  
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
 Not all thy works and names below,  
 So much thy pow'r and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose,  
 He heard me and subdu'd my foes ;  
 He did my rising fears controul,  
 And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
 To save from sorrows, or from sins ;  
 The work that wisdom undertakes,  
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

373. *Pardon and Sanctification through Grace.*  
 C.M.

But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ.—EPHES. ii. 13.

1 How sad our state by nature is !  
 Our sin how deep it stains ;  
 And Satan binds our captive minds  
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of Sov'reign Grace,  
 Sounds from the sacred word :—  
*Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
 And trust upon the Lord.*

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,  
 And run to this relief !  
 We would belief thy promise, Lord,  
 Oh help our unbelief !

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
 Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;  
 There may we wash our spotted souls  
 From sins of deepest die.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
Our reigning sins subdue :

Beat Satan down beneath our feet,  
And form our souls anew.

6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,  
On thy kind arm we fall ;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness,  
Our Jesus, and our all !

*374. Perseverance. 148th.*

Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.—PHIL. i. 6.

1 O my distrustful heart,  
How small thy faith appears,  
But greater, Lord, thou art,  
Than all my doubts and fears :  
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,  
Though dark may be my frame ;  
His love to me is still  
Eternally the same :  
My soul through many changes goes,—  
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,  
And perfectly perform,  
The work thou hast begun  
In me a sinful worm :  
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,  
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace,  
 To me did freely move ;  
 I still shall see thy face,  
 And prove that God is love :  
 Helpless on thee myself I cast,  
 Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

375. *Perseverance.* S.M.

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling,  
 and to present you faultless before the presence of  
 his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God  
 our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and  
 power, both now and ever.—**JUDE 24, 25.**

- 1 To God the only wise,  
 Our Saviour, and our King,  
 Let all the saints below the skies  
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
 His counsel and his care,  
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
 Unblemish'd and complete,  
 Before the glory of his face,  
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
 Shall meet around the throne,  
 Shall bless the guidance of his grace,  
 And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God  
 Wisdom and power belong ;  
 To him shall saints and angels raise  
 An everlasting song.

376. *Perseverance.* C.M.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.—COL. iii. 3, 4.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
 Who makes your cause his own ;  
 The hope that's built upon his word,  
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beset your road,  
 And feeble is your arm,  
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
 Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
 Or fainting, shall not die :  
 Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,  
 Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,  
 Faith sees him alway near ;  
 A guide, a glory, a defence ;—  
 Then what have you to fear ?

5 As surely as he overcame,  
 And triumph'd once for you :—  
 So surely you that love his name,  
 Shall triumph in him too.

377. *Perseverance.* L.M.

The **LORD** shall preserve thee from all evil ; he shall preserve thy soul. The **LORD** shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.—Ps. cxxi. 7, 8.

- 1 How blest are they, whose feet have found,  
The way into Immanuel's ground ;  
And steadfastly do walk therein,  
Far from the crooked paths of sin !
- 2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest  
Contentedly on Jesu's breast ;  
They so much of his mercy prove,  
As that they cannot help but love.
- 3 His Spirit shows their sins forgiv'n,  
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n :  
And gives them patience here to wait,  
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.
- 4 He arms them for the evil day,  
And while in heart on him they stay,  
He guides them with his mighty pow'r,  
And brings them thro' the trying hour.
- 5 Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,  
E'en Jesus Christ, the living Word :  
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,  
Till it break out in endless day.

378. *Perseverance.* C.M.

Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed :  
 for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I  
 will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right  
 hand of my righteousness.—Is. xli. 10.

- 1 THE sinner, who through precious faith  
   Has had his sins forgiv'n,  
   Is then securely past from death,  
   And seal'd an heir of heav'n.
- 2 Tho' thousand snares enclose his feet,  
   Not one shall hold him fast !  
   Whatever dangers he may meet,  
   He shall get safe at last.
- 3 Not as the world the Saviour gives,  
   He is no changing friend ;  
   Whom once he loves he never leaves,  
   But loves him to the end.
- 4 Unnumber'd savage beasts of prey  
   Around the fold may roam ;  
   But Israel's Shepherd guards the way,  
   And guides his children home.
- 5 Thy faithful Spirit, ever near,  
   My sure defence will be ,  
   And I, O Lord, shall persevere,  
   Because preserv'd by thee.

379. *Perseverance.* 8s.

I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—  
ROMANS viii. 38, 39.

- 1 **A DEBTOR** to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing,  
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,  
My person and off'rings to bring.  
The terrors of law and of God,  
With me can have nothing to do ;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,  
The arm of his strength will complete,  
His promise is yea and amen,  
And never was forfeited yet :  
Things future, nor things that are now,  
Nor all things below or above,  
Can make him his purpose forego,  
Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity will not erase ;  
Engraven for ever it stands  
In marks of indelible grace :  
Yea, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given ;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heav'n !

380. *Perseverance.* L.M.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.—ROM. viii. 35, 37.

- 1 **IMMOVABLE** our hope remains,  
Within the veil our anchor lies :  
Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,  
Shall bear us safely to the skies.
- 2 Strong in his strength, we boldly say,  
For us Immanuel shed his blood ;  
Who then shall tear our shield away,  
Or part us from the love of God ?
- 3 Shall tribulation or distress,  
Or pain, or persecution's sword ?  
Shall Satan rob us of our peace,  
Or prove too mighty for the Lord ?
- 4 No, never ! saints are kept secure  
By Jesu's everlasting love ;  
Thro' him their victory is sure,  
Which leads to certain joys above.

381. *Redemption Finished.* L.M.

When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished : and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.—JOHN xix. 30.

- 1 **HARK !** the voice of love and mercy,  
Sounds aloud from Calvary !

See ! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !  
 " It is finish'd,"

Hear the dying Saviour cry !

2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure  
 Do these joyful words afford !

Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finish'd !

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law ;

Finish'd, all that God had promis'd ;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe :

It is finish'd !

Saints, from hence your comfort draw,

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme :

All on earth, and all in heav'n,

Join to praise Immanuel's name !

Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

### 382. *Redemption by Christ alone.* L.M.

Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers ; but with the precious blood of CHRIST, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.—1 PETER i. 18, 19.

1 ENSLAVED by sin and bound in chains  
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,

And doom'd to everlasting pains,  
We wretched guilty captives lay.

- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace ;  
Nor the whole world's collected store  
Suffice to purchase our release !  
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- [3 The Lord himself, the mighty God,  
An all-sufficient ransom paid :  
Jesus his own most precious blood  
For vile rebellious traitors shed.]
- 4 The spotless, sin-atoning Lamb  
Beneath avenging justice fell :  
A sacrifice for sin became,  
To rescue guilty souls from hell.
- 5 Amazing goodness ! love divine !  
O may our grateful hearts adore  
The matchless grace ; nor yield to sin,  
Nor wear its cruel fitters more !
- 6 Jesus, O may thy love pursue  
The glorious work it has begun :  
Each secret lurking foe subdue,  
And let our hearts be thine alone.

*383. Redemption. c.m.*

But GOD commendeth his love toward us, in that,  
while we were yet sinners, CHRIST died for us.—  
ROM. v. 8.

- 1 AND did the Holy and the Just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty worms might rise ?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
 His radiant throne on high,  
 (Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)  
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

[3 He took the dying sinner's place,  
 And suffer'd in his stead ;  
 For man (O miracle of grace !)  
 For man the Saviour bled !]

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
 In thine atoning blood !  
 By this are sinners sav'd from hell,  
 And rebels brought to God !

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends  
 To love, so full, so free :  
 And may I hope that love extends  
 It's saving power to me ?

6 What glad returns then can I make  
 For favours so divine ?  
 My heart, O Lord, tho' worthless, take  
 And seal it wholly thine.

*384. Salvation by Grace. C.M.*

Fear the Lord and his goodness.—Hos. iii. 5.

1 COMPASS'D with mercies night and day,  
 Our joyful songs we raise ;  
 But who can thy rich grace display,  
 Or show forth all thy praise ?

2 Objects of everlasting love  
 Before the days of yore ;  
 Design'd thine endless grace to prove,  
 When time shall be no more.

3 Thy mercy's streams for ever flow,  
 The wilderness along ;  
 From strength to strength thy people go,  
 And thou their joy and song.

4 Beneath them everlasting arms !  
 By thee, securely led,  
 In peace they rest from all alarms,  
 Nor death nor torment dread.

5 Kept by thy power through faith we see,  
 The great salvation near ;  
 Nor can we, Lord, ungrateful be,  
 Since we thy goodness fear.

385. *Salvation by Grace.* C.M.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.—TIT. iii. 5 to 7.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults ;  
 How great our guilt has been ;  
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
 And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
 For ever love his name,  
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,  
 Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,  
 Which our own hands have done ;  
 But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,  
 Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
 That all our hopes begin ;  
 'Tis by the water and the blood  
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.

[5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,  
 Who hung upon the tree,  
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
 On such dry bones as we.]

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew :  
 And justify'd by grace,  
 We shall appear in glory too,  
 And see our Father's face.

386. *Salvation by Grace.* C.M.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God ; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.—ISAIAH lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart—arise, my tongue,  
 Prepare a tuneful voice :  
 In God, the life of all my joys,  
 Aloud will I rejoice,

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,  
 And made salvation mine ;  
 And in a poor polluted worm  
 He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot  
 Should on my soul be found,  
 He took the robe my Saviour wrought  
 And cast it all around.

4 The Spirit's fruit is faith, and love,  
 And hope, and every grace ;  
 But Christ by his obedience wrought  
 The robe of righteousness.

5 How well, my soul, art thou array'd  
 By the most Holy Three !  
 In sweetest harmony of praise  
 Let all thy powers agree.

387. *Salvation by Grace.* s.m.

By grace ye are saved.—EPHESIANS ii. 5.

1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to our ear ;  
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
 To save rebellious man,  
 And all the steps that grace display,  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught our wand'ring feet  
 To tread the heav'nly road,  
 And new supplies each hour we meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown  
 Thro' everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

388. *Grace the source of every thing good in the Believer.* C.M.

Thou hast wrought all our works in us.—ISAIAH xxvi. 12.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,  
 On thee my hope depends,  
 Convinc'd that every perfect gift  
 From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
 And power, and wisdom too ;  
 Without the Spirit of thy Son  
 We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one gracious word,  
 One holy thought conceive,  
 Unless in answer to our Lord,  
 Thyself the blessing give.

4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;  
 Our good is all divine ;  
 The praise of every holy thought  
 And righteous word is thine.

5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
 The power on thee to call ;  
 In thee our God we move and live :  
 Thou art our all in all.

389. *Salvation by Grace.* C.M.

By grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves : it is the gift of God.—EPH. ii. 8.

1 ALAS by nature how deprav'd  
 How prone to ev'ry ill !  
 Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,  
 How obstinate our will !

2 And can such sinners be restor'd  
 Such rebels reconcil'd ?  
 Can grace itself the means afford  
 To make a foe a child ?

[3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means  
 Which will effectual prove ;  
 To cleanse us from our countless sins,  
 And teach our hearts to love.]

4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,  
 And died that we may live ;  
 His blood a full atonement makes,  
 And cries aloud, “ Forgive.”

5 But God the Spirit must reveal  
 The Saviour's work and worth ;  
 Then the hard heart begins to feel  
 A new and heav'nly birth.

6 Thus bought with blood and born again,  
 Redeem'd and sav'd by grace ;  
 Rebels in God's own house obtain  
 A son's and daughter's place.

*390. Man Honoured above Angels. L.M.*

The angels which kept not their first estate, but left  
 their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting  
 chains under darkness unto the judgment of the  
 great day.—JUDE 6.

1 Now let us join with heart and tongues,  
 And emulate the angels' songs ;  
 Yea, sinners may address their king  
 In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was  
 slain ;  
 But we can add a higher strain ;  
 Not only say, “ He suffer'd thus,  
 But that he suffer'd all for us.”

3 When angels by transgression fell,  
 Justice consign'd them all to hell ;  
 But mercy form'd a wondrous plan,  
 To save and honour fallen man.

4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,  
 Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;  
 And still he makes it his abode ;  
 As man he fills the throne of God.

5 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !  
 Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
 That we, who share his richest love,  
 So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

6 O glorious hour, it comes with speed !  
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
 Shall see the God who died for man,  
 And praise him more than angels can.

391. *Salvation by Grace.* c.m.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.—1 TIM. i. 15.

1 THE Gospel comes with welcome news  
 To sinners lost like me :  
 Their various schemes let others choose,  
 Saviour, I come to thee

2 Of merit now let others speak,  
 But merit I have none ;  
 I'm justify'd for Jesu's sake,  
 I'm sav'd by grace alone.

3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won ;  
 'Tis grace that holds me fast ;  
 Grace will complete the work begun,  
 And save me to the last.

4 Then shall my soul, with rapture trace  
 What God hath done for me :

And celebrate redeeming grace,  
Throughout eternity.

**392. *Salvation entirely of Grace.* C.M.**

That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards us through Christ Jesus.—EPH. ii. 7.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)  
That sav'd a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd ;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
When first my soul believ'd !
- 3 Through many a danger, toil, and snare,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
 The sun forbear to shine ;  
 But God, who call'd me here below,  
 Will be for ever mine.

393. *Repentance at the Cross.* C.M.

They shall look upon me whom they have pierced,  
 and they shall mourn for him.—ZECH. xii. 10.

1 Oh ! if my soul was form'd for woe,  
 How would I vent my sighs !  
 Repentance should like rivers flow  
 From both my streaming eyes,

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
 Hung on the cursed tree,  
 And groan'd away a dying life  
 For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh ! how I hate those lusts of mine,  
 That crucify'd my God ;  
 Those sins that pierc'd his sacred flesh  
 And shed his precious blood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
 My heart has so decreed ;  
 Nor will I spare the guilty things  
 That made my Saviour bleed.

THE

## EXCELLENCY OF THE GOSPEL.

394. *The Blessedness of the Gospel.* s.m.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him  
that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ;  
that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth  
salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth !

—ISAIAH iii. 7.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet  
Who stands on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found.
- [4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light !  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.]
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
 Thro' all the earth abroad :  
 Let ev'ry nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

*395. The Excellency of the Gospel. S.M.*

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul :  
 the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.—**PSALM xix. 7.**

1 BEHOLD the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way ;  
 His beams o'er all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,  
 It spreads diviner light ;  
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,  
 And all thy judgments just :  
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
 And men securely trust.

4 I hear thy word with love,  
 And I would fain obey ;  
 O send thy Spirit from above,  
 To guide me, lest I stray.

5 Warn me of every sin,  
 Forgive my secret faults ;  
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

6 While with my heart and tongue  
 I spread thy praise abroad,  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God.

396. *The Glory of Christ displayed in the powerful effects produced by the Gospel.*

L.M.

My heart is inditing a good matter, &c.—Ps. xlv. 1.

- 1 Now be my heart inspir'd to sing  
 The glories of my Saviour-King,  
 Jesus the Lord ; how heav'nly fair  
 His form ! how bright his beauties are.
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race  
 He shines with a superior grace ;  
 Love from his lips divinely flows,  
 And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms most mighty Lord,  
 Gird on the terror of thy sword,  
 In majesty and glory ride,  
 With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger like a pointed dart,  
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;  
 Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,  
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;

Thy laws and works are just and right,  
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 Therefore thy God has richly shed  
The oil of gladness on thy head ;  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
His first-born Son above the rest.

*397. The Blessedness of a Saving Knowledge  
of the Gospel. C.M.*

Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound :  
they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy counte-  
nance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day :  
and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted, &c.  
—Ps. lxxxix. 15, 16, &c.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives !  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives !

*398. The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation.*  
C.M.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. i. 15.

- 1 Jesus, th' eternal Son of God,  
Whom Seraphim obey,  
The bosom of the Father leaves,  
And enters human clay.
- 2 Into our sinful world he comes,  
The messenger of grace,  
And on the bloody tree expires,  
A victim in our place.
- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain  
In him salvation find :  
His blood removes the foulest guilt,  
His Spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Jesus redeems from sin and hell,  
His words are true and sure,  
And on this rock our faith may rest  
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd  
With universal joy ;  
And let the high angelic praise  
Our tuneful powers employ !
- 6 “ Glory to God, who gave his Son  
To bear our shame and pain !  
Hence peace on earth, and grace to men  
In endless blessings reign.”

THE  
INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

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399. *The Free Invitations of the Gospel.*  
8—8—6.

The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—REV. xxii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E careless, dying sinners, come !  
Jesus, the Lord, invites you home ;  
    O whither can you go ?  
What, are your crimes of crimson hue ?  
His promise is for ever true,  
    He'll wash you white as snow.
- 2 Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,  
Whose weeping nights and wretched days  
    In bitterness are spent,  
Return to Jesus, he'll reveal  
His face again, and sweetly heal  
    What you so much lament.
- [3 Tried souls, look up, he says—Tis I—  
He loves you still, but means to try  
    If faith will bear the test ;  
The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,  
He shed for you his precious blood—  
    O trust him for the rest.]

4 Rejoicing souls, draw hither too,  
 Ye grateful, highly-favour'd few,  
 Who feel the debt you owe ;—  
 Press on, the Lord hath more to give ;  
 By faith upon him daily live,  
 His fulness you shall know.

400. *The Invitation of the Gospel.* L.M.

I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich ; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear ; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see.—REV. iii. 18.

1 JESUS, and are thy blessings free ?  
 Then I may dare to come to thee ;  
 Tho' naked, wretched, blind, and poor,  
 I'll buy from thy unbounded store.

2 I come for grace, like gold refin'd,  
 T' enrich and beautify my mind ;  
 Grace that will trials well endure,  
 And in the furnace grow more pure.

3 Naked, I come for that bright dress,  
 Thy perfect spotless righteousness ;  
 That glorious robe, so richly dyed  
 In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

4 Like Bartimeus, now to thee  
 I come, and pray that I may see :  
 E'en clay is eye-salve in thy hand,  
 If thou the blessing but command.

5 Poor, wretched, naked, blind, I came ;  
 O let me not return the same :  
 But let me, gracious Saviour, be  
 Enlighten'd, cloth'd, enrich'd by thee.

**401. *The Lord's Call to his Children.. c.m.***

Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.—2 COR. vi. 17. 18.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks  
 To draw our hearts above :  
 Attend ! 'tis God the Saviour speaks,  
 And every word is love.

2 Tho' fill'd with awe before his throne  
 Each angel veils his face ;—  
 He claims a people for his own  
 Amongst our sinful race.]

3 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue  
 The paths that lead to death ;  
 Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,  
 Look, and be sav'd by faith.

4 My sons and daughters you shall be,  
 Through the atoning blood ;  
 And you shall claim and find in me  
 A Father and a God."

5 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart  
 By thine all-powerful voice !  
 Oh may we now from sin depart,  
 And make thy love our choice !

6 If now we learn to seek thy face  
 By Christ, the living way,  
 We'll praise thee for this hour of grace,  
 Through an eternal day.

402. *To Come to Christ.* 8—7.

Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I  
 have mingled ; forsake the foolish, and live.—PRO.  
 ix. 5, 6.

1 YE that thirst for solid pleasure,  
 Seek it in the Saviour's love ;  
 There's in Christ a boundless treasure,  
 Raise your hearts to things above.  
 On the cross he bore our sorrows ;  
 There he put our sins away,  
 Conquer'd death with all its horrors,  
 And redeem'd us from its sway.

2 Come to him, your sins confessing,  
 Grace and glory he can give ;  
 Pardon, peace, with every blessing—  
 All are your's, if you believe.  
 Friends may fail, but he will take you,  
 And supply your utmost need ;  
 Nor will Jesus e'er forsake you,  
 But in paths of safety lead.

3 Where are they who count it folly,  
 To obey the heavenly King ?  
 They who think us melancholy—  
 Let them hear his people sing.

Raise your joyful voices higher—  
 Raise the heart, where Jesus is ;  
 Rise and catch the sacred fire,  
 Foretaste sweet of future bliss.

*403. To Eternal Life. S.M.*

Enter ye in at the strait gate ; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat ; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—MATTHEW vii. 13, 14.

- 1 DESTRUCTION's dangerous road  
 What multitudes pursue !  
 While that which leads the soul to God,  
 Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in  
 By Christ the living gate ;  
 But they who will not leave their sin,  
 Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,  
 And sin forsaken quite,  
 They rather choose the way that's wide,  
 And strive to think it right.
- 4 Obey the gospel call,  
 And enter while you may ;  
 The flock of Christ is always small,  
 And none are safe but they.
- 5 Lord, open sinner's eyes,  
 Their awful state to see :  
 And make them, ere the storm arise,  
 To thee for safety flee.

404. *To admit Christ into our Heart.* C.M.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.—REV. iii. 20.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend  
To visit sinful worms?

Thus at the door shall mercy stand  
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart  
Unmov'd and cold remain?

Has this hard rock no tender part—  
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,  
His gracious voice unheard?  
And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant pow'r,  
The lodging has possest,  
And clouds of traitors bar the door  
Against the heav'nly guest.

5 Lord, rise in all thy conq'ring grace,  
Thy mighty pow'r display;  
One beam of glory from thy face  
Can drive my foes away.

6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart,  
My Saviour enter in;  
And guard the passage to my heart,  
And keep out ev'ry sin.

405. *To the Living Waters.* C.M.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price, &c.—Isa. lv. 1, &c.

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice,  
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
Like wine and milk salvation flows  
For every willing guest.
- 4 Here, ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
May freely quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 My God ! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins !
- 6 The happy gates of gospel-grace  
Stand open night and day :  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

406. *To the Marriage Supper.* C.M.

Come, for all things are now ready.—LUKE xiv. 17.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores.
- 2 While all our hearts and all our songs  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,  
“Lord, why was I a guest ?”
- 3 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there’s room ;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come ?”
- 4 ‘Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly drew us in.  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perish’d in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God,  
Constrain the earth to come ;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full ;  
That all the chosen race  
May, with one heart, and voice, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.

407. *To the Marriage Supper.* L.M.

All things are ready : come unto the marriage.—  
MAT. xxii. 4.

- 1 SINNER, obey the gospel-word,  
Haste to the supper of your Lord ;  
Be wise to know your gracious day,  
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late returning son ;  
Ready the loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit to impart  
His gracious influence to your heart ;  
T' apply and witness with the blood,  
And seal you of the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate ;  
Tuning their harps they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come, then, O sinner, to your Lord,  
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
And taste the fulness of his grace.

408. *To the Marriage Supper.* C.M.

And yet there is room.—LUKE xiv. 22.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast !  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For ev'ry humble guest.

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2 See Jesus stands with open arms ;  
    He calls, he bids you come ;  
    Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
    But see, there yet is room ;

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;  
    There love and pity meet ;  
    Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
    That trembles at his feet.

[4 In him the Father reconcil'd  
    Invites your souls to come ;  
    The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
    And kindly welcom'd home.]

5 O come, and with his children taste  
    The blessings of his love ;  
    While hope attends the sweet repast  
    Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,  
    Before th' eternal throne,  
    Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
    In blessedness unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,  
    Are welcome still to come :  
    Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
    Approach, there yet is room.

### 409. *The Marriage Supper.* L.M.

Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city,  
    and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and  
    the halt, and the blind.—LUKE xiv. 21.

1 COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast ;  
    Let every soul be Jesu's guest,

Sent by their Lord, his servants call ;  
The invitation is to all.

- 2 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest ;  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 3 Come and partake the Gospel feast ;  
Be sav'd from sin, in Jesus rest ;  
The message as from God receive ;  
Freely to Jesus come and live.
- 4 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice :  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And taste his free, redeeming grace.
- 5 This is the time, no more delay,  
Behold the acceptable day ;  
O then come in at Jesu's call,  
And live thro' him who died for all.

**410. *To the Marriage Supper.* 148th.**

Yet there is room.—LUKE xiv. 22.

- 1 Ye dying sons of men,  
Immers'd in sin and woe,  
The Gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you :  
Ye perishing and guilty come,  
At Jesu's feast there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,  
 Nor vain excuses frame :  
 He bids you come to-day,  
 'Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :  
 All things are ready, sinner, come ;  
 For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heav'nly word  
 His messengers proclaim ;  
 He is a gracious Lord,  
 And faithful is his name :  
 Backsliding souls, return and come,  
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near ;  
 Christ calls you from above,  
 His gracious accents hear !  
 Let whosoever will, now come :  
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

411. *The Jubilee. 148th.*

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound, &c.—LEV. xxv. 9. See also Ps. lxxxix. 15.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow ;  
 The gladly solemn sound  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,  
 The sin-atoning Lamb ;  
 Redemption thro' his blood  
 To all the world proclaim.  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought  
 Your heritage above ;  
 Come take it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesu's love.  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
 Has full atonement made :  
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
 Ye mourning souls, be glad :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

412. *To come to Christ.* L.M.

For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, &c. ; but ye are come unto mount Sion, &c. ; see that ye refuse not him that speaketh.—HEB. xii. 18 to 25.

1 THE God who once to Israel spoke  
 From Sinai's top in fire and smoke,  
 In gentler strains of gospel grace  
 Invites us now to seek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow,  
 He speaks in love from Zion now ;  
 It is the voice of Jesu's blood,  
 Calling poor wand'lers home to God.

3 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds ;  
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;  
 "Pardon and grace, I freely give,  
 Poor sinner, look to me, and live."

4 What other arguments can move  
 The heart that slight a Saviour's love.  
 Yet, till Almighty pow'r constrain,  
 This matchless love is preach'd in vain.

5 O Saviour, let that power be felt,  
 And cause each stony heart to melt !  
 Drawn by thy grace may all begin  
 To live to thee and die to sin.

413. *The General Invitation of the Gospel.*  
 C.M.

Preaching peace by JESUS CHRIST ; he is LORD of all.—ACTS x. 36.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 YE chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Transgressors, who your misery feel,  
 Attend your Saviour's call ;  
 Return, he'll your backslidings heal ;  
 Oh, crown him Lord of all !

4 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,  
 Yet low before him fall ;  
 For you his precious blood was spilt,  
 Oh, crown him Lord of all.

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall !  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

**414. *The General Invitation of the Gospel.***  
 C.M.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—REV. xxii. 17.

1 OH what amazing words of grace  
 Are in the gospel found !  
 Suited to ev'ry sinner's case  
 Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
 Are freely welcome here ;  
 Salvation like a river rolls,  
 Abundant, free, and clear.

[3 Come then, with all your wants and  
wounds,

Your ev'ry burden bring !  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds ;  
A deep celestial spring !]

4 This spring with living water flows,

And living joy imparts :

Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,  
And drink with thankful hearts !

5 Thousands of sinners, vile as you,

Have here found life and peace :

Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true ;  
And drink, adore, and bless !

6 To him, who gives our souls to know

The drawings of his love,

Be praise while here we dwell below,  
And nobler songs above.

#### 415. *The General Invitation of the Gospel.*

L.M.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price, &c.—ISAIAH lv. 1, &c.

1 Ho ! every one, that thirsts, draw nigh, ('Tis God invites the fallen race ;)

Mercy and free salvation buy ;

Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come, to the living waters come ;  
 Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;  
 Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
 And in redeeming love rejoice !

3 See, from the rock a fountain rise !  
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;  
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
 Leave all you have, and are, behind ;  
 Freely the gift of God receive,  
 Pardon and peace, in Jesus find.

[5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?  
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed :  
 Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 Harken to me with earnest care,  
 And freely eat substantial food ;  
 The sweetness of my mercy share,  
 And taste, that I alone am good.]

7 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
 My words believably receive ;  
 Thus shall your soul thro' faith divine,  
 Here and in endless ages live.

**416. *The General Invitation of the Gospel.***  
 8—7—4.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, &c.—ISAIAH xli. 17, &c.

1 SINNERS, come, tho' poor and needy,  
 Jesus will relieve the poor :  
 He declares " all things are ready,"  
 And what Jesus says is sure :  
 O believe him !  
 Take of mercy's boundless store.

2 Hear how God himself beseeches :  
 " Sinners be ye reconcil'd."  
 Jesus in the gospel teaches  
 How a foe becomes a child :  
 When he suffer'd,  
 Love prevail'd and justice smil'd.

3 See his sacred body broken !  
 Broken on the accursed tree :  
 Hear the words the Lord has spoken,  
 " Sinners live beholding me ;"  
 Hopeless sinner,  
 Thus the Saviour speaks to thee.

4 Should you slight his great salvation :  
 Can you stand when he appears ?  
 When the Judge shall take his station,  
 What will then avail your tears ?  
 Seek, O seek him !  
 While the Lord in mercy hears.

417. *The General Invitation of the Gospel.*

8—7—4.

Doth not wisdom cry.—Prov. viii. 1.

1 SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken :  
 'Tis the God that reigns on high :  
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He whose law the world has broken,  
 Sends you tidings of great joy.  
 Here his message ;  
 Here it, sinners, lest ye die.

2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it ;  
 Joyful news from heav'n it brings :  
 Here's a fountain, O draw near it,  
 Open'd by the King of Kings ;  
 Living water  
 Hence in streams eternal springs.

[3 Hear the gospel, slaves of pleasure,  
 Here are joys that never end :  
 Ye whose god is earthly treasure,  
 Why for naught your labour spend ?  
 Boundless riches !  
 See in Christ the sinner's friend.

4 Ye who with the wise are number'd,  
 Here may learn what wisdom is,  
 All by worldly cares encumber'd,  
 Come and find your rest in this :  
 'Tis the gospel  
 Shows the road to heav'nly peace.]

5 Sinners, hear, why will ye perish ?  
 Death to life, O why prefer ?  
 Why your vain delusion cherish ?  
 Why from truth persist to err ?  
 Wisdom calls you ;  
 Happy they who learn of her.

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### 418. *Christ's Invitation to those who feel the burden of sin.* L.M.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,  
and I will give you rest.—MAT. xi. 28.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distrest,  
The Saviour offers heavenly rest ;  
The kind, the gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
O come and spread your woes abroad ;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace :  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hopes thy gracious words impart :  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Jesus, O let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove :  
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

### 419. *Christ's Invitation to receive of him the Living Water.* C.M.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.  
He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said,  
out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.—  
JOHN vii. 37, 38.

1 THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear  
 Attend the heav'nly sound ;  
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow ;  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
 To banish mortal woe.

[3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise  
 To ease your ev'ry pain ;  
 (Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)  
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.]

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,  
 The gracious call obey ;  
 Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—  
 And can you yet delay ?

5 Oh Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
 To thee let sinners fly,  
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
 And drink and never die.

*420. Christ's Invitation to Sinners. 8—7—4.*

Thou knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich ; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, &c.—Rev. iii. 17, 18.

1 COME, ye sinners, lost and wretched,  
 Naked, helpless, blind, and poor,

Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r ;  
 He is able,  
 He is willing ; doubt no more.

2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify ;  
 True belief, and true repentance,  
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

[3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him :  
 This he gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.]

4 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo, your maker prostrate lies !  
 On the bloody tree behold him,  
 Hear him cry before he dies—  
 “ It is finish'd : ”  
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

5 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude ;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels join' in concert  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
 While the blissful seats of heav'n  
 Sweetly echo with his name.  
 Hallelujah !  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

421. *The Invitation of Wisdom or Christ.*  
 C.M.

Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at  
 my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For  
 whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain  
 favour of the LORD.—PROV. viii. 34, 35.

1 ENSNAR'D too long my heart has been  
 In folly's hurtful ways ;  
 Oh may I now at length begin  
 To hear what Wisdom says !

2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,  
 Invites me to his rest ;  
 He calls poor sinners to his feet,  
 To make them truly blest.

3 Approach my soul to Wisdom's gates  
 While it is call'd to-day ;  
 No one who watches there and waits,  
 Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me seek in vain ;  
 For all who trust his word,  
 Shall everlasting life obtain,  
 And favour from the Lord.

5 May I then break my league with death,  
 And live to thee alone ;  
 O may thy Spirit fix my faith,  
 And seal me for thine own !

**422. Sinners Invited to Zion. C.M.**

They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thither-  
 ward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves to the  
 LORD, in a perpetual covenant that shall not be for-  
 gotten.—JER. I. 5.

1 ZION, the city of our God,  
 How glorious is the place ;  
 The Saviour there has his abode,  
 And sinners see his face !

2 Firm against ev'ry adverse shock,  
 Its mighty bulwarks prove ;  
 'Tis built upon the living rock,  
 And wall'd around with love.

3 There all the fruits of glory grow,  
 And joys that never die,  
 And streams of grace and knowledge flow,  
 'The soul to satisfy.

4 Come, set your faces Zion-ward,  
 The sacred road inquire ;  
 And let an union to the Lord  
 Be henceforth your desire !

5 The gospel shines to give you light,  
 No longer then delay ;  
 The Spirit waits to guide you right,  
 And Jesus is the way.

6 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,  
 Thy promise now fulfil ;  
 And young and old by grace prepare,  
 To dwell on Zion's hill.

*423. To take the Yoke of Christ. 8—7—4.*

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—MAT. xi. 29.

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
 Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;  
 By the broken law convicted,  
 By the tempter's snares undone,  
 Look to Jesus—  
 Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it ;  
 Love will make obedience sweet ;  
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
 While his wisdom guides your feet  
 Safe to glory—  
 Where his ransom'd captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
 Light to newly-opened eyes,  
 Flowing streams in deserts dreary,—  
 Is the rest the cross supplies :  
 All who taste it—  
 Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 But to sing the Rest of glory,  
 Mortal tongues far short must fall ;

Saints in heav'n, who taste its fulness,  
 Not e'en they can utter all.  
 Faith believes it—Hope expects it—  
 Love desires it—  
 But it far exceeds them all.

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## SECTION VII.

## ORDINANCES.

424. *Delight in the Lord's Day.* S.M.

Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.—EXODUS  
 xx. 8.

- 1    WELCOME, sweet day of rest !  
     That saw the Lord arise ;  
     Welcome to this reviving breast,  
     And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2    The king himself comes near,  
     And feasts his saints to-day ;  
     Here may we meet, and see him here,  
     And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place  
Where Jesu's love we taste.  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
In sinful pleasure past.

4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Waiting the still more perfect day  
Of everlasting bliss !

425. *Delight in the Lord's Day.* s.m.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.—PHIL. iv. 4.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God ;  
But children of the heav'nly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God whom we adore,  
Whose goodness here we prove ;  
Will keep and bring us by his power  
To dwell with him above.

5 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

[6 The men of grace have found  
Glory began below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.]

8 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry :  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

*426. Delight in the Lord's Day. 148th.*

This is the day which the **LORD** hath made : we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 THE Lord is ris'n indeed,  
And bids his members rise ;  
Ye saints by Jesus freed,  
Pursue him to the skies :  
This is the day the Lord hath made,  
Rejoice and be for ever glad.

2 On this triumphant day,  
 Peculiarly his own,  
 He calls his church to pray  
 And sing around his throne :  
 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
 Rejoice and be for ever glad.

3 Jesus, to us impart  
 Thy resurrection's power,  
 And teach our quicken'd heart  
 Its living Lord t' adore :  
 To vie with the redeem'd above,  
 Rejoicing in thy pard'ning love.

4 Us graciously assure  
 Thou dost our sins forgive,  
 And then our spirits pure  
 Unto thyself receive,  
 To keep the day of rest above,  
 Rejoicing in thy heav'nly love.

*427. The Lord's Day the Emblem of a better  
 Rest above. 8—8—6.*

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.  
 HEB. iv. 9.

1 SWEET day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,  
 Emblem and earnest of a state  
 Where saints are fully blest ;  
 For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh ;  
 I'd count the days till thou art nigh,  
 Sweet day of sacred rest !

2 But oft, with sorrow I confess,  
 My privilege my burden is,  
 No, joy, alas ! have I ;  
 When I would take my harp and sing,  
 I find it oft without a string,  
 And lay it coldly by.

3 But while I thus confess my shame,  
 'Tis right that I should praise his name,  
 Who makes me sometimes sing ;  
 Yes, Lord (I speak it to thy praise),  
 My cheerful song I sometimes raise,  
 And triumph in my King.

4 Oh that it might be always so,  
 My song no interruption know,  
 Till death shall seal my tongue ;  
 In heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise,  
 And cease from ev'ry thing but praise,  
 My heav'n an endless song !

428. *Delight in the Lord's day desired.* L.M.

And call the Sabbath a delight ; the holy of the Lord,  
 honourable.—Isa. lviii. 13.

1 I FAIN would love the day of rest,  
 Would still esteem this day the best :  
 But oft alas ! I've need to say,  
 " How barren is my soul to-day ? "

2 True—I frequent the house of pray'r,  
 I go and sit with others there ;  
 I hear and sing, and seem to pray,  
 But oft my mind is call'd away.

3 I fain would see the Saviour near,  
 Of him would think, and speak, and hear,  
 But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,  
 And draw my soul from what is good.

4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesu's blood,  
 I fain would give the day to God :  
 But seldom to my purpose true,  
 'Tis mine to plan but not to do.

5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief,  
 O bring thy worthless worm relief !  
 Revive thy work within my soul,  
 And all my thoughts and pow'r's control.

*429. The Lord's Day an Emblem of an Eternal Rest. C.M.*

Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest.—HEB.  
 iv. 11.

For we which have believed do enter into rest.—Ver. 3.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains  
 To all thy people known ;  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
 And thou art lov'd alone.

2 Oh then, my Saviour, make me know,  
 That I shall enter in ;  
 Thou canst alone the power bestow,  
 And wash me from my sin.

3 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
 This unbelief remove ;  
 To me the rest of faith impart,  
 The sabbath of thy love.

4 O come, and drive each fear away,  
 Into my soul descend ;  
 No longer from thy creature stay,  
 My author and my end.

430. *The Lord's Day Morning.* L.M.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the **LORD**, and  
 to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High ; to  
 show forth thy loving kindness in the morning.—  
**PSALM xcii. 1, 2.**

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast.

2 My heart small triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine,  
 How deep thy counsels, how divine !

3 Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
 In gardens planted by thine hand ;  
 Let me within thy courts be seen,  
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.

4 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
 Blest with thine influence from above ;  
 Time that doth all things else impair,  
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair

5 The plants of grace shall ever live,  
 Nature decays but grace must thrive ;  
 Laden with fruits of age they show  
 The Lord is holy, just, and true.

431. *The Lord's Day Morning.* C.M.

1 To-DAY God bids the faithful rest,  
 To-day he showers his grace :  
 " Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said ;  
 Lord, we will seek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,  
 With God's assembly join :  
 Jesus descends his saints to meet,  
 And give them joys divine !

3 Freely invited, lo ! we come,  
 Lord of our life and soul ;  
 We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,  
 Be pleased to make us whole.

4 We thirst, and fly to thee, O Lord,  
 Thou fountain-head of good ;  
 Sinful we come, and all unclean,  
 O cleanse us in thy blood,

5 Amidst th' assembly of thy saints  
 May we be faithful found :  
 With them in humble pray'r unite,  
 And in thy praise abound.

6 Let thy good Spirit help our souls  
 With faith thy word to hear ;  
 Be with us in thy temple, Lord,  
 And let us find thee near.

432. *The Lord's Day Evening.* C.M.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant : for unto thee, O Lord,  
do I lift up my soul.—PSALM lxxxvi. 4.

1 WHEN, O my Saviour, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene,  
Bless'd in perpetual sabbath-day,  
Without a veil between ?

2 Assist me while I wander here  
Amidst a world of cares ;  
Incline mine heart to pray with love,  
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,  
No more hell's captive led ;  
And pardon a repenting child,  
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God ! O spare the soul  
That gives itself to thee !  
Take all that I possess below,  
And give thyself to me,

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father ! give,  
To be my guide and friend ;  
To light my way to ceaseless joys,  
Where sabbaths never end.

433. *Lord's Day Evening.* L.M.

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the  
saints.—PSALM lxxxix. 7.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee !  
At once they sing, at once they pray !  
They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,  
 'Tis like a little heaven below :  
 May nothing draw my heart away,  
 Or tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
 The texts and doctrines of thy word :  
 That I may break thy laws no more,  
 But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
 That hoping pardon through his blood,  
 I may lie down and wake with God.

434. *The Eternal Sabbath.* L.M.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.  
 —HEB. iv. 9.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray  
 In this thine house, on this thy day ;  
 And own as grateful sacrifice,  
 The songs which from thy people rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :  
 But there's a nobler rest above ;  
 To that our longing hearts aspire  
 With lively faith and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;  
 No groans shall mingle with the songs  
 Which issue from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
 No cares to break the long repose :  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin,  
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
 Fain would we leave the weary road,  
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

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## P R A Y E R.

435. *Before Prayer.* L.M.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.—EPH. vi. 18.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
 And fit me to approach my God ;  
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
 And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
 A living spark of heavenly fire ?  
 O kindle now the sacred flame,  
 With ardent zeal my soul inspire !

3 O make my wand'ring heart to feel  
 The love that Christ to sinners bore ;  
 Then mourn the wounds my sins produc'd,  
 And my redeeming God adore.

435.<sup>2</sup> *A Blessing sought on Prayer.* 7s.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—GEN.  
xxxii. 26.

- 1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- [2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?  
Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name ;  
Yet the question gives a plea,  
To support my suit with thee.]
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy—  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once, a sinner near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard, and set him free ;  
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- [5 Many days have pass'd since then,  
Many changes I have seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now,  
Who could hold me up but thou ?]
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need ;  
This emboldens me to plead :—  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

440. *At the Opening of Public Worship.* L.M.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name,  
there am I in the midst of them.—MAT. xviii. 20.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of our Lord !  
Jesus, upon thy people smile,  
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee ;  
O Lord, behold us at thy feet !  
Let this the “gate of heav’n” be.
- 3 “Chief of ten thousand,” now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face !  
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill this place !
- [4 Lord, thou hast cast a pleasant lot  
For those whom thou hast call’d thine own,  
’Tis true the world esteems them not,  
But thou wilt place them on thy throne.
- 5 Then let the worldling boast his joys !  
We’ve meat to eat he knows not of ;  
We count his treasures worthless toys,  
While we possess a Saviour’s love.]
- 6 Lord, let thy people’s views be clear,  
And let their hearts be fill’d with love ;  
O may their light to all appear,  
And prove their doctrine from above.

**440.<sup>2</sup> For the Coming of the Kingdom of Christ in its fulness. S.M.**

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us ; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations, &c.  
—PSALM lxvii. 1, 2.

- 1 To bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine :
- 2 That so thy wondrous ways  
May through the world be known ;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
Dissolv'd in holy mirth,  
For thou the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

**441. Before Public Worship.**

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go ; I will guide thee with mine eye.—  
PSALM xxxii. 8.

GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence  
While we worship at thy throne ;  
Teach our souls important lessons,  
Lessons learn'd from thee alone—

While we pray, and sing, and bear,  
 In the midst do thou appear :  
     Sin reproving,  
     Fear removing ;  
 Light to all our minds impart,  
 Love convey to every heart.

**442. *The Blessedness of Public Worship.* s.m.**

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised in the city of our GOD, &c.—Ps. xlviii. 1, &c.

- 1    **GREAT** is the Lord our God,  
     And let his praise be great ;  
   **He makes his churches his abode,**  
     His most delightful seat.
- 2    **These temples of his grace,**  
     How beautiful they stand !  
   The honours of our native place,  
     And bulwarks of our land.
- 3    **In Zion God is known**  
     A refuge in distress ;  
   **How bright has his salvation shone**  
     Thro' all her palaces !
- [4    **Oft have our fathers told,**  
     Our eyes have often seen,  
   **How well our God secures the fold,**  
     Where his own sheep have been.]
- 5    **In ev'ry new distress**  
     We'll to his house repair ;  
   **We'll think upon his wondrous grace,**  
     And seek deliv'rance there.

6 The God we worship now,  
 Will guide us till we die ;  
 Will be our God while here below,  
 And ours above the sky.

*443. The Excellency of Public Worship.* 7s.

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen  
 thee in the sanctuary.—**PSALM lxiii. 2.**

- 1 LORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,  
 E'en on earth thy temples are !  
 Here thy waiting people see  
 Much of heav'n, and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flow  
 Peace and joy to heal our woe ;  
 While thy Spirit's holy fire  
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,  
 Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;  
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
 Taste thy love and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with songs of sacred joy,  
 We our happy lives employ ;  
 Love, and long to love thee more,  
 Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

*444. Excellency of Prayer.* L.M.

Ye have not, because ye ask not.—**JAM. iv. 2.**

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet  
 In coming to a mercy-seat !  
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,  
 But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;  
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heav'n in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
" Hear what the Lord has done for me."

**445. *Supplies in the Wilderness.* C.M.**

He made his own people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock.—PSALM. lxxviii. 52.

- 1 WHEN Israel, by divine command,  
The pathless desert trod,  
They found, though 'twas a barren land,  
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,  
And screen'd them from the heat ;  
From the hard rocks the water flow'd  
And manna was their meat.

3 Like them, we have a rest in view,  
 Secure from adverse pow'rs ;  
 Like them, we pass a desert too,  
 But Israel's God is ours.

[4 Yes, in this barren wilderness  
 He is to us the same  
 By his appointed means of grace,  
 As once he was to them.]

5 His word a light before us spreads,  
 By which our way we see ;  
 His love, a banner o'er our heads,  
 From harm preserves us free.

6 Jesus himself becomes our food,  
 Our living wine and bread ;  
 And, blest with every needful good,  
 His joy anoints our head.

7 Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,  
 These blessings are divine ;  
 I envy not the worldling's store,  
 If Christ and heav'n are mine.

*446. Longing for the House of God.*  
 148th.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of Hosts !  
 PSALM lxxxiv. 1, &c.

1 LORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thine earthly temples are !

To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there :  
They praise thee still ; and happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill !

3 They go from strength to strength,  
Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
Till each o'ercomes at length,  
Till each in heav'n appears :  
O glorious seat, where God our King  
Soon too shall bring our willing feet !

4 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence ;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
We draw our blessings thence ;  
Thrice happy be, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

**447. Prayer and Praise. L.M.**

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion, &c.—PSALM  
lxv. 1, &c.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,  
My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;  
There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies  
 To save when humble sinners pray ;  
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
 And islands of the utmost sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,  
 But grace shall purge away their stain ;  
 The blood of Christ will never fail  
 To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,  
 And give him kind access to thee,  
 Give him a place within thy house,  
 To taste thy love divinely free.

*448. Longing for the House of God. L.M.*

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of Hosts,  
 &c.—PSALM lxxxiv.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !  
 With long desire my spirit faints  
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;  
 My panting heart cries out for God ;  
 My God ! my King ! why should I be  
 Afar from all my joys and thee ?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
 Around thy throne of majesty ;  
 Thy brightest glories shine above,  
 And all their work is praise and love.

[4 Blest are the souls that find a place  
 Within the temples of thy grace ;  
 There they behold thy gentler rays,  
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.]

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
 God is their strength ; and all the road  
 'They lean upon their helper God.

6 Cheerful they walk in growing strength,  
 Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;  
 Till all before thy throne appear,  
 And join in nobler worship there !

448.2 *The Pleasantness of Praising God.* c.m.

Praise ye the LORD : for it is good to sing praises unto our God ; for it is pleasant ; and praise is comely.—PSALM cxlvii. 1.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
 And joy to make it known ;  
 The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,  
 And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd  
 With glories all divine ;  
 And tell the wond'ring nations round  
 How bright those glories shine.

[3 Infinite power and boundless grace  
 In him unite their rays ;  
 You that have e'er beheld his face,  
 Can you forbear his praise ?

4 When in his earthly courts we view  
 The glories of our King,  
 We long to love as angels do,  
 And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?  
 Lord, teach our songs to rise !  
 Thy love can animate the strain,  
 And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period ! glorious day !  
 When heav'n and earth shall raise  
 With all their pow'rs the raptur'd lay,  
 To celebrate thy praise !

449. *The Presence of God implored.* c.m.

O GOD, thou art my God ; early will I seek thee :  
 my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for  
 thee, &c., to see thy power and thy glory.—PSALM  
 lxiii. 1, 2.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
 Thy presence now display,  
 As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,  
 So give us hearts to pray,

2 Show us some token of thy love,  
 Our fainting hope to raise ;  
 And pour thy blessings from above,  
 That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
 And love, and concord dwell ;  
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
 The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,  
 In faith present our prayers ;  
 And in the presence of our Lord,  
 Unburden all our cares.

5 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
 Awaken many sinners round,  
 To come and fill the place.

**450. *The presence of the Lord implored.* C.M.**

We will go into his tabernacles ; we will worship at his footstool. Arise, O LORD, into thy rest ; thou, and the ark of thy strength.—PSALM cxxxii. 7. 8.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,  
 And enter to thy rest,  
 Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes ;  
 Now be it own'd and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
 Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
 All that the ark did once contain  
 Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
 Here let thy praise be spread ;  
 Bless the provisions of thy house,  
 And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign  
 Let God's anointed shine ;  
 Justice and truth his court maintain,  
 With love and pow'r divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne :  
 And, as his kingdom grows,  
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
 And shame confound his foes.

*451. The privilege of Public Worship. c.m.*

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will  
 be still praising thee.—PSALM lxxxiv. 4.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,  
 With whom he deigns to dwell !  
 He feeds and cheers them by his word,  
 His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,  
 His throne of grace is near ;  
 And when they plead his love and pow'r,  
 He stands engag'd to hear.

[3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,  
 Who trusted in his name ;  
 And we can witness to his praise,  
 His love is still the same.

4 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,  
 And bid us seek his face ;  
 Gave us to hear the gospel sound,  
 And taste the gospel-grace.]

5 Oft in his house his glory shines,  
 Before our wond'ring eyes ;  
 We wish not then for golden mines,  
 Or aught beneath the skies.

6 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
 And makes our burdens light ;  
 A word from him dispels our fears,  
 And gilds the gloom of night.

7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,  
 Nor would we dare repine ;  
 But give us still to find thee near,  
 And own us still for thine.

8 May we enjoy, and highly prize  
 These tokens of thy love :  
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,  
 To worship thee above.

452. *Unfruitfulness under the Means of Grace lamented.* C.M.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound  
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
 But still how weak my faith is found,  
 And knowledge of thy word !

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
 And hear almost in vain :  
 How small a portion of thy grace  
 Does my false heart retain !

3 How cold and feeble is my love !  
 How negligent my fear !  
 How low my hopes of joys above !  
 How few affections there !

4 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,  
 To give thy word success;  
 Write thy salvation on my heart,  
 And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way  
 That leads to joys on high;  
 There knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die.

**453. *Before Sermon. C.M.***

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.—JOHN vi. 35.

1 GLORY to God, who gave the word,  
 And bid the preachers cry;  
 Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,  
 And brought salvation nigh.

2 Lord ever give us of that bread,  
 And grant us ears to hear,  
 Hearts to receive the heav'nly seed  
 And bring forth fruit with fear

3 O may thy word direct our path,  
 And guide our fault'ring feet,  
 Direct us in the living way,  
 And to thy mercy seat!

4 Fountain of everlasting life,  
 Of bliss, and truth, and good,  
 Give us (that we may never thirst)  
 To drink of Jesu's blood!

[5 Fill every hungry soul with grace,  
 From thine exhaustless store ;  
 And let no one go empty hence,  
 But taste and pray for more.]

6 O let thy children all be fed  
 With the eternal word ;  
 Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,  
 Increasing in the Lord !

454. *Before Sermon.* 7s.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—GENESIS  
 xxxii 26.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
 O ! do not our suit disdain ;  
 Shall we seek thy face in vain ?
- 2 In thine own appointed way,  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
 And from hence we would not go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford ;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek, and find  
 Thee a God supremely kind ;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free,  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

455. *Before Sermon. 7s.*

Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord.—PSALM cxxxv. 2, 3.

- 1 YE that in his courts are found,  
List'ning to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,  
Glorify the King of Kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice !  
See, in him, your sins forgiv'n,  
Pardon, holiness, and heay'n :  
Glorify the King of Kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

456. *Before Sermon. L.M.*

I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go, &c.—PSALM xxxii. 8.

- 1 WE come to seek thy counsel, Lord ;  
We know not what we ought to do :  
O cast a light upon thy word,  
And bring its meaning to our view.
- 2 In all things we desire to be,  
Obedient to our Saviour's voice :  
To have no other guide but thee,  
But thee, the master of our choice.

[3 This is a privilege indeed,  
 That thou our gracious Lord wilt grant  
 In ev'ry time of doubt or need,  
 The help that we thy people want.]

4 Though blind to see the perfect way,  
 And slow to choose it when discern'd  
 Thou wilt not let thy people stray ;  
 This from thy precious word we've learn'd.

5 With confidence we seek thy face :  
 Thy gracious promise, Lord, fulfil ;  
 And grant us light, and grant us grace,  
 To know and do thy perfect will.

*457. Before Sermon. 8—7—4.*

For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but  
 also in power.—1 THES. i. 5.

1 MAY the pow'r that brings salvation,  
 Still exerted in the word,  
 By its quick'ning operation  
 Life impart, and joy afford !  
 Life to sinners,  
 Joy to those who know the Lord !

2 Hark, the voice of love proclaiming  
 Mercy through a Saviour's blood !  
 Vain the schemes of human framing ;  
 This alone is own'd of God.  
 'Tis the Gospel  
 Points to heav'n and shows the road.

458. *Before Sermon. 8—7—4.*

All things are ready: come unto the marriage.—MATT. xxii. 4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, come to Jesus,  
    Think upon your gracious Lord ;  
He has pity'd your condition,  
    He has sent his gospel-word.  
    Mercy calls you,  
    Mercy flows in Jesu's blood.
- 2 Gracious Saviour ! help thy servant  
    To proclaim thy wond'rous love ;  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
    That thy truth they may approve.  
    Bless, O bless them,  
    From thy shining courts above.
- 3 Now thy word of grace invites them  
    To partake the gospel-feast,  
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;  
    Ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest.  
    O receive us,  
    Let us find thy promis'd rest.

459. *Before Sermon. 8—7—4.*

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts.—ZECH. iv. 6.

- 1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
    Bless the sower and the seed :  
Let each heart thy grace inherit ;  
    Raise the weak, the hungry feed :  
    From the gospel  
    Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,  
 Which thy word's design'd to give !  
 Let us all, thy love possessing,  
 Joyfully the truth receive :  
 And for ever  
 To thy praise and glory live.

460. *Before Sermon.* 7s.

LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.—PSALM iv. 6.

1 SUN of Righteousness arise !  
 Let us feel thy presence near ;  
 Let thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in thy house appear :  
 Now afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

2 May the gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints :  
 Such may all our sabbaths prove,  
 Till we join thy church above.

461. *Before Sermon.* L.M.

Praying — for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel.—EPH. vi. 18, 19.

1 FATHER of Mercies, bow thine ear,  
 Attentive to our earnest prayer !  
 We plead for those who plead for thee,  
 Successful pleaders may they be !

[2 How great their work, how vast their charge  
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge !  
 Their best acquirements are our gain,  
 We share the blessings they obtain.]

3 O let the word they preach be thine,  
 And cloth'd with energy divine :  
 To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
 Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around  
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
 In humble strains thy grace implore,  
 And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chain,s  
 Distressed souls forget their pains ;  
 Let light through distant realms be spread,  
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

462. *Before Sermon.* L.M.

The entrance of thy words giveth light.—Ps. cxix. 130.

1 Now may the gospel's conqu'ring pow'r  
 Be felt by all assembl'd here !  
 So shall this prove a joyful hour,  
 And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard,  
 Speak in the word, and speak with pow'r;

So shall thy glorious name be fear'd,  
By those who never fear'd before.

3 O pity those who live in sin,  
Preserve them from the sinner's doom :  
Open the ark and take them in,  
And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be,  
The angels too will louder sing,  
And both ascribe the praise to thee ;  
To thee the everlasting King.

463. *After Sermon.*

Show me a token for good.—PSALM lxxxvi. 17.

1 Of thy love some gracious token,  
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;  
Bless the word which has been spoken,  
Life and peace on all bestow ;  
When we join the world again,  
Let our hearts with thee remain !

O direct us,  
And protect us,  
Till we gain the heav'nly shore,  
Where thy people want no more.

464. *After Sermon. 4—7—5.*

SOME sweet savour of thy favour  
Shed abroad in ev'ry heart :  
Heaven-ward as to thee we go  
Leaving guilt and fear below ;  
Blessing, praising without ceasing,  
Bid us, Lord, depart.

465. *After Sermon. 8—7—4.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace !  
 O refresh us,  
 Trav'lling through this wilderness !

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound !  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found !

3 So whene'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,  
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
 May we, ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day !

466. *After Sermon. 7—6.*

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee  
 rest.—EXODUS xxxiii. 14.

1 O LORD, be ever near us,  
 Fix in our hearts thy home :  
 By thine appearing cheer us,  
 And let thy kingdom come.  
 Fulfil our expectation,  
 And give our souls to prove  
 Thine uttermost salvation,  
 Thine everlasting love !

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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467. *The Dying Love of Christ.* c.m.

- 1 How condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son !  
Our misery reach'd his heav'nly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,  
'That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great :  
Well he remembers Calvary—  
Nor let his saints forget.
- 4 Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesu's dying love ;  
Hard is the heart that never feels  
One soft affection move.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record ;  
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

468. *Communion with Christ desired.*  
7—6—8.

Go in peace.—LUKE vii. 50.

1    LAMB of God, whose bleeding love  
     We now recall to mind,  
     Send the answer from above,  
     And let us mercy find,  
     Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
 From all iniquity release ;  
     O remember Calvary,  
     And bid us “go in peace !”

2.   Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
     The sinner's pardon seal,  
     Speak us freely justified,  
     And all our sickness heal :  
     By thy passion on the tree  
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;  
     O remember Calvary,  
     And bid us “go in peace !”

3   Lord, we would not hence depart,  
     Till thou our wants relieve ;  
     Write forgiveness in our heart,  
     And more thine image give :  
 May our souls still cry to thee,  
     Till perfected in holiness ;  
     O remember Calvary,  
     And bid us “go in peace !”

469. *Christ our great High-Priest. 148th.*

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.—HEB. vii. 25.

- 1 OUR great High-Priest we sing,  
His dying love adore ;  
We hail our rising King,  
Who lives for evermore :  
He only can our wants relieve,  
And sinners to the utmost save.
- 2 Why then indulge despair,  
Tho' sunk in deepest guilt ?  
We hear his voice declare,  
For such his blood was spilt :  
In Jesu's hands my soul I leave,  
For he can to the utmost save.
- 3 Believing souls, rejoice !  
And on his grace depend ;  
The objects of his choice,  
He'll love you to the end :  
With holy boldness dare believe,  
Your Lord will to the utmost save.

470. *Invitation to the Lord's Supper. C.M.*

This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.—MATT. xxvi. 28.

- 1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,  
And God invites to sup ;  
The juices of the living vine  
Were press'd, to fill the cup.

2 Oh bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
 With royal dainties fed ;  
 Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,  
 For Jesus is the bread !

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
 Ye trembling souls, appear !  
 The righteous in their own esteem,  
 Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
 The banquet spread for you ;  
 This, gracious Lord, is welcome news,  
 And I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
 And may obtain a place,  
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
 And I shall see his face.

*471. Before the Lord's Supper. L.M.*

He was known of them in breaking of bread.—LUKE  
 xxiv. 35.

1 To Jesus our exalted Lord,  
 That name by heav'n and earth ador'd,  
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know  
 Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
 Far, far above our humble songs,  
 The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet round his table while we meet,  
 And humbly worship at his feet,  
 O may our warm affections move  
 In glad returns of grateful love !

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
 Here may we see his love display'd ;  
 The broken body, precious blood,  
 And sufferings of our Saviour God.

5 To each the contrite heart bestow,  
 Give us thy pard'ning grace to know ;  
 And may thy peace, O Lord, impart  
 Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

*472. Before the Lord's Supper.*

The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which  
 was lost.—LUKE xix. 20.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold  
 The wonders of thy grace ;  
 But most of all admire that I  
 Should find a welcome place.

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,  
 A rebel to my God ;  
 I that have crucified his Son,  
 And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,  
 That one so lost has room !  
 Jesus my weary soul invites,  
 And freely bids me come. .

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,  
 Join all your praising powers ;  
 No theme is like redeeming love,  
 No Saviour is like ours.

[5 Had I ten thousand hearts, O Lord,  
 I'd give them all to thee :  
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
 Should join the harmony.]

*473. Before the Lord's Supper. 7s.*

I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.  
 JOHN xiv. 18.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord,  
 Lowly, meek, incarnate word ;  
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;  
 Come, and visit sinful men.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim,  
 We are met in thy great name ;  
 In the midst do thou appear,  
 Manifest thy presence here.

[3 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,  
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;  
 Mutual love, the token be,  
 Lord, that we belong to thee.

4 Plant in us thy humble mind,  
 Patient, pitiful, and kind ;  
 Meek and gracious may we be,  
 Full of goodness, full of thee !]

5 Make us all in thee complete,  
 Make us all for glory meet ;  
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
 Partners with thy saints in light.

6 Call, O call us each by name  
 To the marriage of the Lamb ;  
 Give our souls to taste thy bliss,  
 Clothe us in thy righteousness.

474. *Before Receiving.* 7s.

When the disciples came together to break bread.—  
 ACTS xx. 7.

1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,  
 Breaking bread by his command,  
 To the world we thus proclaim  
 On what ground we hope to stand,  
 When the Lord shall come with clouds,  
 Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.

2 From the cross our hope we draw,  
 'Tis the sinner's blest resource ;  
 Jesus magnified the law,  
 Jesus bore its awful curse :  
 What a glorious truth is this,  
 O how full of joy and peace.

3 Jesus died, and then arose ;  
 Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns ;  
 Jesus vanquish'd all his foes,  
 Jesus led them all in chains ;  
 His the triumph, his the crown,  
 His the glory and renown.

4 Sing we then of him who died—  
 Sing of him who rose again :  
 By his blood we're justified,  
 And with him we hope to reign :  
 Soon we hope to see our Lord,  
 And to share his bright reward.

475. *Before Receiving.* 8—7—7.

He hath filled the hungry with good things.—LUKE i. 53.

1 BRETHREN come, 'tis Jesus bids us,  
 Bids us to a feast of love ;  
 Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us  
 With provision from above :  
 Ye for whom his life was giv'n,  
 Come and eat the bread of heav'n.

2 Let us think of him who bought us,  
 'Tis the Saviour's own command :  
 When we wander'd Jesus sought us,  
 Now he leads us by the hand ;  
 Now he gives us hope, and says  
 We shall sing his endless praise.

3 O how much his people owe him,  
 O what grace our Lord has shown !  
 Well may we surrender to him  
 All that once we call'd our own ;  
 Lord, we give ourselves to thee ;  
 Thou our guide, our master be.

476. *After Receiving.*

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—  
JOHN vi. 35.

1 LET the world their joys partaking,  
    Boast how excellent they prove !  
In the bread we've now been breaking  
    We have meat they know not of ;  
Jesus is the living bread ;  
'Tis by this his friends are fed.  
    Saints adore him,  
    Bow before him,  
Join the kindred hosts on high ;  
Let his praise fill earth and sky.

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## SECTION VIII.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

477. *Desiring the presence of God in Affliction.*

C.M.

How long wilt thou forget me, O LORD ? for ever ?  
how long wilt thou hide thy face from me ?—PSALM  
xiii. 1.

1 THY gracious presence, O my God,  
    My every wish contains ;  
With this beneath affliction's load,  
    My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,  
 Gild each dark scene with light ;  
 This is the sunshine of the soul,  
 Without it all is night.

3 O happy scenes of pure delight !  
 Where thy full beams impart  
 Unclouded beauty to the sight,  
 And rapture to the heart.

4 Her part in those fair realms of bliss  
 My spirit longs to know ;  
 My wishes terminate in this,  
 Nor can they rest below.

5 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart  
 Aspire in vain to thee ?  
 Confirm my hope, that were thou art,  
 I shall for ever be.

6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing  
 The darksome hours away,  
 And rise on faith's expanded wing  
 To everlasting day.

478. *The benefits of Affliction.* 8—7—4.

I know, O LORD, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—PSALM cxix. 75.

1 In the floods of tribulation,  
 While the billows o'er me roll,  
 Jesus whispers consolation,  
 And supports my fainting soul :  
 Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

477.

How  
how  
xiii.

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479. *Christian Meeting.* L.M.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name,  
there am I in the midst of them.—MAT. xviii. 20.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A welcome in his name receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which he alone can give.

[2 To you and me by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious name ;  
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.]

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians meet together thus ;  
We'd only wish to speak of him,  
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

[5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.]

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore :  
And hasten to the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

480. *Christian Meeting.* 7s.

Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—COL. iii. 16.

- 1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,  
When the saints together meet ;  
When the Saviour is the theme,  
When they joy to sing of him !
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move ;  
He beheld the world undone,  
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love ;  
With our wretched hearts he strove,  
Brought salvation to our view,  
And our souls to Jesus drew.
- 5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,  
Where the saints in glory meet ;  
Where the Saviour's still the theme,  
Where they see and sing of him !

481. *Christian Meeting.* L.M.

Then they that feared the LORD spake often one to another.—MAL. iii 16.

- 1 Why should believers when they meet,  
Not speak of Christ, the King they own,  
Who gives them hope that they shall sit  
With him for ever on his throne ?

2 Is any other name so great  
 As his who bore the sinner's load ?  
 Is any subject half so sweet,  
 So various as the love of God ?

[3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,  
 That makes his opposition cease ;  
 Beholding love's amazing plan,  
 He drops his arms and sues for peace.]

4 'Twas so with us, we once were foes,  
 Were foes to him who gave us breath ;  
 But he whose mercy freely flows,  
 Has sav'd us from eternal death.

5 We look with hope to that great day,  
 When Jesus will with clouds appear ;  
 A sight of him will well repay  
 Our labours and our sorrows here.

6 Of him then let us speak and sing,  
 Whose glory we expect to share :  
 In heav'n we shall behold our King,  
 And yield a nobler tribute there.

482. *Christian Meeting.* L.M.

Exhorting one another ; and so much the more, as ye  
 see the day approaching.—HEB. x. 25.

1 While in the world we still remain,  
 We meet,—yet soon must part again ;  
 But when we reach that heav'nly shore,  
 We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day  
 Should chase our present griefs away ;  
 A few short years of conflict past,  
 We meet around the throne at last.

3 Then let us here improve our hours,  
 Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;  
 To him with zeal devote our pow'rs,  
 And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

[4 Let all our meetings now be made  
 Subservient to each other's good ;  
 For worldly joys must quickly fade,  
 Nor can they yield substantial food.]

5 Whene'er requir'd to part from those  
 With whom the truth unites us here,  
 We'll call to mind the joyful close,  
 When Christ, the Saviour, will appear.

6 Then shall his saints all meet again,  
 For so his word of promise says ;  
 With him for-ever to remain,  
 And sing his everlasting praise.

*483. Christian Communion. L.M.*

Nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient.—EPH. v. 4.

1 ENAMOUR'D of their golden dreams,  
 Let worldlings talk on worldly themes :  
 This should not be when Christians meet :  
 The world should lie beneath their feet.

2 And do they want a nobler theme,  
Whom Jesus suffer'd to redeem?  
The love that bore the cross should throw  
A shade on ev'ry thing below.

3 The cross—its burden, O ! how great :  
No strength but his could bear its weight :  
No love but his would undertake  
To bear it for the sinner's sake,

[4 His saints can never want a theme :  
How can they, when they think of him ?  
For love like his, so rich, so strong,  
Is theme enough for endless song.]

5 Come then, and let us talk of him,  
Who died, the sinner to redeem :  
The joyful theme we'll still pursue,  
'Tis sweet, 'tis, rich, 'tis ever new.

6 Let idle jests be far from us,  
It suits us not to trifle thus :  
We'll leave it to the sons of earth,  
And meet for profit not for mirth.

484. *Christian Parting.* 7s.

And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.—ACTS xx. 32.

1 For a season call'd to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer !  
 Tender shepherd of thy sheep !  
 Let thy mercy and thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong ;  
 Sweeten every cross and pain :  
 Give us, if we live, ere long  
 In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,  
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;  
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
 Who our poor petitions heard.

485. *Christian Union.* C.M.

Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another ; love as brethren.—1 PETER iii. 8.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,  
 That will not let us part ;  
 Our bodies may far off remove,  
 We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one Spirit to our head,  
 Where he appoints we go ;  
 And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
 And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him !  
 And nothing know beside :  
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
 But Jesus crucified !

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
     The same in mind, in heart;  
     Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
     Nor life, nor death can part.

5 But let us hasten to the day,  
     Which shall our flesh restore;  
     When death shall all be done away,  
     And Christians part no more!

486. *Love to Christ shown by kindness and love to his people.* c.m.

Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—MATT. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!  
     Thy bounties how complete!  
     How shall I count the matchless sum?  
     How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of glorious light  
     Dost thou exalted shine;  
     What can my poverty bestow,  
     When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
     The partners of thy grace,  
     And wilt confess their humble names  
     Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
     And visited and cheer'd;  
     And in their accents of distress  
     My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love  
 I in thy poor would see :  
 O let me rather beg my bread,  
 Than keep it back from thee.

487. *The Excellency of Religion.* 7s.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths  
 are peace.—PROV. iii. 17.

- 1 'Tis religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comforts when we die.
- 2 After death, its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity !  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

488. *The Shortness of Time.* 7s.

Redeeming the time.—EPH. v. 16.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here !
- 2 Fix'd in their eternal state,  
 They have done with all below :  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little none can know !

3 Happy souls, who fear the Lord !  
 Time is not too short for you :  
 When your Saviour gives the word,  
 Glad you'll bid the world adieu !

4 Then he'll wipe away your tears,  
 Near himself appoint your place :  
 Swiftly fly, ye rolling years,  
 Lord, we long to see thy face !

5 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view.

6 Bless thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

489. *The Vanity of the World.* 8—8—6.

For the fashion of this world passeth away.—1 CORIN.  
 vii. 31.

1 THOUGH things of earth substantial seem :  
 The world itself is but a dream,  
 And soon must pass away :  
 The things that variously employ,  
 That yield us either grief or joy,  
 Must see their final day.

2 How sweet to have our portion there,  
 Where sorrow never comes, nor care ;  
 And nothing will remove !

We then may hear without a sigh,  
 The world's destruction to be nigh—  
 Our treasure is above.

3 How sweet to know the Saviour's name,  
 The Saviour who in mercy came,  
 And vanquish'd all our foes :  
 On him as on a solid rock,  
 Our hope is built, and stands the shock  
 Of ev'ry storm that blows.

4 Then let a world of shadows go,  
 It matters not, his people know  
 Their treasure still is sure ;  
 'Tis laid up there where nothing fades,  
 No rust consumes, no thief invades ;  
 And there it is secure.

490. *The Vanity of the Pursuits of the Natural Man.* L.M.

Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.—ECCLES.  
 i. 14.

1 MAN hath a soul with vast desires,  
 He burns within with restless fires ;  
 Tost to and fro, his passions fly  
 From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
 Some solid good to fill the mind ;  
 We try new pleasures, but we feel  
 The inward thirst and torment still.

3 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,  
 This love to vanity and dust ;  
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

*491. The Vanity of the World. c.m.*

There be many that say, who will show us any good ?  
 LORD, lift up the light of thy countenance upon  
 us.—PSALM iv. 6.

1 In vain the giddy world inquires,  
 Forgetful of their God,  
 Who will supply our vast desires,  
 Or show us any good ?

2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth  
 Their eager wishes rove,  
 In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,  
 The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude  
 Their most intense pursuit ;  
 Or, if they seize the fancied good,  
 There's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love,  
 Set my affections right ;  
 Bid me aspire to joys above,  
 And walk no more by sight.

5 O let the glories of thy face  
 Upon my bosom shine ;  
 Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,  
 My joys will be divine.

492. *A Birth-day Hymn.* 7s.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—ACTS xxvi. 22.

- 1 I my Ebenezer raise  
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;  
With a grateful heart I own,  
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,  
Well I know concerns me not ;  
This should set my heart at rest,  
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign ;  
Father, let thy will be mine ;  
May but all thy dealings prove  
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r ;  
Guard me in the trying hour ;  
Let thine unremitted care  
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days  
Be directed in thy praise ;  
So the last, the closing scene  
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,  
Grant me but this one request ;  
Both in life and death to prove  
Tokens of thy special love.

493. *For the New Year.* L.M.

And about the time of forty years suffered he their  
manners in the wilderness.—ACTS xiii. 18.

- 1 LORD, we desire to praise thy name,  
That spar'd, another year we see.  
To us belongeth only shame ;  
But love and faithfulness to thee.
- 2 When we reflect what we've deserv'd,  
It moves our wonder and our praise,  
That such poor worms should be preserv'd,  
And still be walking in thy ways.
- 3 How oft, like Israel of old,  
Have our vile hearts turn'd back from thee !  
To idols base, to calves of gold,  
How oft, alas ! we've bow'd the knee !
- [ 4 We've sinn'd against the clearest light ;  
We've sinn'd against the greatest love ;  
We stand convicted in thy sight :  
Shouldst thou condemn, we must approve.]
- 5 Nor can we use the suppliant's plea,  
“ Henceforth thy pleasure we'll fulfil ; ”  
It suits us not to vow, but pray  
“ Lord, teach us to perform thy will.”

494. *For the New Year.* 7s.

- 1 Now may fervent pray'r arise,  
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies ;  
Fervent pray'r shall bring us down  
Gracious answers from the throne.

[2 Bless, O Lord, the op'ning year  
 To each soul assembled here ;  
 Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,  
 Make us willing to be thine.]

3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,  
 Teach the stony heart to weep ;  
 Let the blind have eyes to see,  
 See their sins and look on thee !

4 Let the minds of all our youth  
 Feel the force of sacred truth :  
 While the gospel-call they hear,  
 May they learn to love and fear.

5 Where thou hast thy work begun,  
 Give new strength the race to run ;  
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,  
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.

6 Bless us all, both old and young,  
 Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;  
 Let the whole assembly prove  
 All thy power, and all thy love !

*495. For the Opening of the Year. s.m.*

Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the **Lord** helped us.—**I SAM.** vii. 12.

1 LET hearts and tongues unite,  
 And loud thanksgiving raise ;  
 'Tis duty mingled with delight,  
 The Saviour's name to praise.

2 To him we owe our breath,  
He took us from the womb,  
Which else had shut us up in death,  
And prov'd an early tomb.

3 In childhood and in youth  
His eye was on us still ;  
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,  
And prone to cross his will.

4 Now, thro' another year,  
Supported by his care,  
We raise our Ebenezer here,  
"The Lord has help'd thus far."

5 Our lot in future years  
Unable to foresee ;  
Yet would we, Lord, dismiss our fears,  
And leave it all to thee.

6 Wholly we wish to cast  
Our cares upon thy breast !  
Help us to praise thee for the past,  
And trust thee for the rest.

**496. *For the Opening of the New Year.* c.m.**

1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
And make thy glory known ;  
Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone !

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,  
And plead a Saviour's name ;  
For all that we can call our own  
Is vanity and shame.

[3 From all the guilt of former sin  
 May mercy set us free :  
 And let the year we now begin,  
 Begin and end with thee.]

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
 That saints may love thee more ;  
 And sinners now may learn to love,  
 Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,  
 In our eternal home,  
 May growing numbers worship here  
 And praise thee in our room.

497. *Morning.* 7s.

Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning ;  
 for in thee do I trust.—Ps. cxlii. 8.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
 Christ, the true, the only light,  
 Sun of righteousness, arise,  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;  
 Day-spring from on high, be near,  
 Day-star, in my heart appear !

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
 Unaccompany'd by thee ;  
 Joyless is the day's return,  
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;  
 Till they inward light impart,  
 Glad mine eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
 Fill me, source of light divine;  
 Scatter all my unbelief;  
 More and more thyself display,  
 Shining to the perfect day.

498. *Evening.* L.M.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and  
 the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice  
 —PSALM cxli. 2.

- 1 Great God, to thee my evening song  
 With humble gratitude I raise;  
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
 And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,  
 And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,  
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
 And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless wretched heart,  
 Too oft regardless of thy love,  
 Ungrateful can from thee depart,  
 And fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
 Of Jesus; his dear name alone  
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,  
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
 Safe in thy care may I repose,  
 And wake with praises to thy name.

499. *Evening.* 8—7—7.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—PSAL. iv. 8.

THRO' the day thy love has spar'd us,  
 Now we lay us down to rest :  
 Thro' the silent watches guard us ;  
 Let no foe our peace molest :  
 Jesus, thou our guardian be :  
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes ;  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers ;  
 In thine arms may we repose :  
 And when life's sad day is past,  
 Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

500. *Morning Hymn.* L.M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run :  
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who day and night unwearied sing  
 High glory to th' Eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
 Grant, Lord, from death when I awake,  
 I may of endless life partake,

4 Since thine all-seeing eye surveys  
 My secret thoughts, my words, and ways :  
 O guard my thoughts, and guide my will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, controul, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my powers, employ'd aright.  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

501. *Evening Hymn.* L.M.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light ;  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ills that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on thee repose,  
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
 Sleep that may me more active make  
 To serve my God when I awake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 With joy behold the judgment day.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
 My soul with heav'ly thoughts supply ;  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

502. *Evening. C.M.*

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song  
 Like holy incense rise ;  
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
 To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day  
 Thy hand was still my guard,  
 And every blessing to convey,  
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above  
 Encompass me around ;  
 But O ! how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for him that died  
 To save my wretched soul ?  
 How are my follies multiplied,  
 Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
 To thy dear cross I flee,  
 And to thy grace my soul resign  
 To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
 And with thy presence blest,  
 I yield myself to thee, my God,  
 And lay me down to rest.

503. *Evening.*

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—  
 PSALM xci. 10.

1 GOD of Israel, we adore thee !  
 Thou hast kept us through the day :  
 Thus preserv'd we come before thee,  
 Ours the new and living way !  
 Safely keep us through the night ;  
 Guard us till the morning light :  
 Nor forsake us,  
 Till thou take us,  
 Far from earth to dwell with thee,  
 Through a bright eternity.

504. *For Saturday Evening. 7s.*

1 SAFELY through another week,  
 God has brought us on our way ;  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 On th' approaching sabbath day :  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest !

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,  
 Through the week our praise demand !  
 Guarded by Almighty pow'r,  
 Fed and guided by his hand ;  
 Though ungrateful we have been,  
 Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,  
 In the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Show thy reconciled face,  
 Shine away our sin and shame !  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this night in thee !

[4 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
 Let us feel thy presence near ;  
 May thy glory meet our eyes,  
 When we in thy house appear !  
 There afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.]

5 May thy gospel's joyful sound,  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints !  
 Thus may all our sabbaths prove,  
 Till we join the church above.

*505. The Opening of the New Year. L.M.*

Ebenezer ; or God's helping hand reviewed and acknowledged.—*1 SAM. vii. 12.*

- 1 My helper God ! I bless his name :  
 The same is pow'r, his grace the same ;  
 The tokens of his friendly care  
 Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,  
 Supported by his guardian hand ;  
 And see, when I survey my ways,  
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on,  
 Thus far I make his mercy known ;  
 And while I tread this desert land,  
 New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,  
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more :  
 Then bear, in his bright courts above,  
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

506. *Winter.* L.M.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand  
 Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the  
 ground !  
 But spring shall soon his rage withstand,  
 And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns ;  
 Barren and fruitless I remain ;  
 When will the gentle spring return,  
 And bid my graces grow again ?

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise ;  
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move ;  
 O ! hush these storms, and clear my eyes,  
 And let me fully know thy love.

4 O Lord, regard my feeble cry,  
 I faint and droop till thou appear ;  
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?  
 Must it be winter all the year ?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,  
 With humble prayer and patient faith ;  
 Till he reveal his gracious power,  
 Repose on what his promise saith,

6 He, by whose all-commanding word  
 Seasons their changing course maintain,  
 In every change a pledge affords,  
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

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## LIFE AND DEATH.

507. *The Vanity of Life.* 8—7—7.

What is your life ? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.—JAM. iv. 14.

1 WHAT is life ? 'Tis but a vapour ;  
 Soon it vanishes away :  
 Life is like a dying taper :  
 O my soul, why wish to stay ?  
 Why not spread thy wings and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

2 See that glory how resplendant !  
 Brighter far than fancy paints ;  
 There in majesty transcendent,  
 Jesus reigns the King of saints.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 [Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,  
 Sing with rapture of his love :  
 Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,  
 Filling all the courts above.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.]

4 Go and share his people's glory,  
 Midst the ransom'd crowd appear :  
 Thine a joyful, wondrous story :  
 One that angels love to hear.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

508. *The Uncertainty of Life.* s.m.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—JAM. iv. 14.

1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
 Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;  
 And if its sun arise and shine,  
 It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,  
 And bears our life away :  
 O make thy servants truly wise,  
 That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour  
 Eternity is hung,  
 Waken, by thine Almighty power,  
 The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands their care,  
 Be that one thing pursu'd ;  
 Lest, slighted now, the season fair  
 Should never be renew'd.

5 O let the word of truth  
 Spread an alarm abroad,  
 And cry in every careless ear,  
 " Prepare to meet thy God."

509. *Preparation for Death.* s.m.

Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing  
 is God.—2 COR. v. 5.

1 PREPARE me, O my God,  
 To stand before thy face :  
 Thy Spirit must the work perform,  
 For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,  
 And wash me in his blood ;  
 So shall I lift my head with joy  
 Among the sons of God.

3 My soul for refuge flies  
 To him that died for men,  
 Who gave himself a sacrifice  
 To take away my sin.

4 Do thou my sins subdue,  
 Thy sov'reign love make known ;  
 The spirit of my mind renew,  
 And save me in thy Son.

5 Let me attest thy pow'r,  
 And all thy goodness prove,  
 Till my full soul can hold no more  
 Of everlasting love.

**510. *Triumph over Death through Christ.***  
 8—7—4.

I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction.—  
 HOSEA xiii. 14.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !  
 Pilgrim through this desert land ;  
 I am weak but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand ;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the living fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through ;  
 Strong deliv'rer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Triumphs give and consolation ;  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

4 Musing on my habitation,  
 Musing on my heav'nly home,  
 Fills my soul with holy longing ;  
 Come, O Jesus, quickly come :  
 Here vanity is all I see,  
 Lord, I long to be with thee.

511. *Victory over Death.* C.M.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 COR. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster death,  
And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quiv'ring lips should sing,  
Where is thy victory, O grave?  
And where, O death, thy sting?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,  
Death has no sting beside;  
The law gives sin its damning power;  
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conq'rors while we die,  
Through Christ our living head.

512. *Encouragement to the Dying Believer.* 8—7.

Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.—1 COR. xiii. 12.

- 1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below;  
Go, by angel-guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go.

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;  
 Shows the purchase of his merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he sets before thee,  
 Bear a momentary pain ;  
 Die, to live the life of glory ;  
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

4 Kept by his divine compassion  
 He receives thee to his breast ;  
 To his uttermost salvation,  
 To his everlasting rest !

5 There with him, who died to save thee,  
 Ever shalt thou reign above ;  
 Praise him for the grace he gave thee ;  
 Praise him for redeeming love !

**513. *At the Death of a Believer, 7s. DOUBLE.***

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through  
 our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 COR. xv. 57.

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,  
 Pray we, gracious God, to thee :  
 Thou, in thine abundant grace,  
 Givest us the victory ;  
 True and faithful to thy word,  
 Thou hast glorified thy son ;  
 Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,  
 He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo ! the pris'ner is releas'd,  
 Lighten'd of his fleshly load ;  
 Where the weary are at rest,  
 He is gather'd in to God !  
 Lo ! the pain of life is past,  
 All his warfare now is o'er  
 Death and hell behind are cast,  
 Grief and suff'ring are no more.

3 Yes the Christian's course is run,  
 Ended is the glorious strife ;  
 Fought the fight, the work is done,  
 Death is swallow'd up of life,  
 Borne by angels far above,  
 Up to God the spirit flies ;  
 Tastes the fulness of his love,  
 Rests with Christ in Paradise.

4 Join we then with one accord,  
 In the new, the joyful song ;  
 Absent from our living Lord  
 We shall not continue long :  
 We shall quit the house of clay,  
 We a better lot shall share,  
 We shall see the realms of day,  
 Meet our happy brother there.

514. *At the Death of a Believer.* 8—7—7.

Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth ; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.—Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HARK, a voice ! It sounds from heaven :  
 “ Blessed are the dead who die  
 In the Lord.” To them 'tis given  
 From a world of woe to fly !  
 They indeed are truly blest,  
 From their labour now they rest.

2 All their toils and conflicts over  
 Lo ! they dwell with Christ above :  
 O what glories they discover  
 In the Saviour whom they love !  
 Now they see him face to face ;  
 Him who sav'd them by his grace.

3 This his people's lot for ever,  
 This their glorious sure reward :  
 They indeed are blest, who never  
 Shall be absent from the Lord.  
 O that we may die like those,  
 Who in Jesus thus repose !

515. *At the Death of a Believer.* L.M.

And the Spirit shall return to God who gave it.—  
 ECCLE. xii. 7.

1 AWAY ! thou dying saint away !  
 Fly to the mansions of the blest :  
 Thy God no more requires thy stay ;  
 He calls thee to eternal rest.

2 Thy toils at length have reach'd a close,  
 No more remains for thee to do :  
 Away, away to thy repose,  
 Beyond the reach of sin and woe.

3 Away to yonder realms of light,  
 Where multitudes, redeem'd with blood,  
 Enjoy the beatific sight,  
 And dwell for ever with their God.

4 Go, mix with them, and share their joy ;  
 In heav'n behold the sinner's friend :  
 In pleasures share that never cloy,  
 In pleasures that will never end.

5 And may our happy portion be,  
 To join thee in the realms above :  
 The glory of our Lord to see,  
 And sing his everlasting love.

*516. Resignation at the Death of a Child. 7s.*

But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast ? Can I  
 bring him back again ? I shall go to him, but he  
 shall not return to me.—2 SAM. xii. 23.

1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan,  
 Now the darling child is dead ?  
 He to early rest is gone,  
 He to paradise is fled ;  
 I shall go to him, but he  
 Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay  
 God recals his precious loan ;  
 God hath taken him away  
 From my bosom to his own ;  
 Surely what he wills is best,  
 Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, "it is the Lord,  
 "Let him do as seems him good :"  
 Be thy holy name ador'd,  
 Take the gift awhile bestow'd,  
 Take the child no longer mine,  
 Thine he is for ever thine.

17. *At the Death of a Faithful Minister.* C.M.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—  
 PSALM xxiii. 1.

1 Now let our drooping hearts revive,  
 And all our tears be dry!  
 Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief,  
 Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the arm of conq'ring death  
 Does God's own house invade;  
 What tho' the prophet and the priest  
 Be number'd with the dead!

3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
 The aged and the young;  
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
 And mute th' instructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
 New comfort to impart;  
 His eye still guides us, and his voice  
 Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you; saith the Lord,"  
 "My church shall safe abide;  
 "For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
 "Whose souls in me confide."

6 Thro' every scene of life and death,  
 This promise is our trust ;  
 And this shall be our children's song,  
 When we are cold in dust.

*518. Death the Entrance into Glory to the Believer. C.M.*

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.  
 2 COR. v. 1.—See also verses 5—8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,  
 Eternal and on high ;  
 And here my spirit waiting stands,  
 'Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
 Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his Almighty grace,  
 That forms thee fit for heav'n ;  
 And, as an earnest of the place,  
 Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
 Faith lives upon his word ;  
 But while the body is our home,  
 We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace.  
 But we had rather see ;  
 We would be absent from the flesh,  
 And present, Lord, with thee.

519. *Tolling Bell.* L.M.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply  
our hearts unto wisdom.—PSALM xc. 12.

- 1 Oft as the bell with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, “ Am I  
Prepar’d, should I be call’d to die ? ”
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
Soon as it fails, at once I’m gone,  
And plung’d into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I lov’d below,  
To God’s tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- [4 But could I bear to hear him say,  
“ Depart, accursed, far away !  
“ With Satan, in the lowest hell,  
“ Thou art for ever doom’d to dwell.” ]
- 5 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee ;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sins, and in me live.
- 6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav’d from guilt, I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

520. *At the Funeral of a Young Person.* C.M.

Behold thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth;  
and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily  
every man at his best state is altogether vanity.—  
PSALM XXXIX. 5.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
Oh, may this truth, imprest  
With awful power, "I too must die!"  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more,  
Behold the gaping tomb!  
It bids us seize the present hour:  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.]
- 5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

521. *At the Funeral of a Believer.* C.M.

These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.—  
REV. xiv. 4.

- 1 How happy are the souls above,  
From sin and sorrow free!  
With Jesus they are now at rest,  
And all his glory see.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,  
That brought us here to God;  
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout  
The merit of his blood.
- 3 With wond'ring joy they recollect  
Their fears and dangers past;  
And bless the wisdom, pow'r and love,  
Which brought them safe at last.
4. They follow the exalted Lamb,  
Where'er they see him go;  
And at the footstool of his grace  
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.
- 5 Lord, let the merits of thy death  
To me be likewise giv'n;  
And I with them shall shout thy praise  
Through all the courts of heav'n.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

522. *The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man.* L.M.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am, &c.—PSALM xxxix. 4, &c.

- 1 ALMIGHTY maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days!  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;  
A little point my life appears;  
How frail, at best, is dying man!  
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!  
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine,  
My God! I bow before thy throne;  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hope on thee alone.

523. *The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope.* L.M.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.—PSALM xvii. 15.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show,  
 But the bright world to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
 When shall I wake and find me there.

3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
 I shall be near and like my God !  
 And flesh and sin no more controul  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

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JUDGMENT.

524. *The Day of Judgment.* 8—7—7.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.—2 TIM. iv. 8.

1 WELCOME sight ! the Lord descending :  
 Jesus in the clouds appears :  
 Lo ! the Saviour comes intending  
 Now to dry his people's tears.  
 Lo ! the Saviour comes to reign ;  
 Welcome to his waiting train.

**2** Long they mourn'd their absent Master;  
 Long they felt like men forlorn :

Bid the seasons fly still faster,  
 While they sigh'd for his return :  
 Lo ! the period comes at last :  
 All their sorrows now are past.

**3** Now from home no longer banish'd,  
 They are going to his rest :

Though the heav'ns and earth have vanish'd,  
 With their Lord they shall be blest :  
 Blest with him his saints shall be :  
 Blest throughout eternity !

**4** Happy people ! grace unbounded,  
 Grace alone exalts you thus :

Be ashamed and be confounded :  
 Sing for ever—" Not to us,  
 " Not to us be glory giv'n :  
 " Glory to the God of Heav'n ! "

**525. *The Day of Judgment. 8—7—4.***

Behold, he cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him : and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.—Rev. i. 7.

Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !

Thousand thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train :  
 Hallelujah !

Jesus now shall ever reign !

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,  
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty :  
 Those who set at nought and sold him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see !

[3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away :  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :  
 Come to judgment !  
 Come to judgment, come away !]

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear :  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air :  
 Hallelujah !  
 See the day of God appear !

5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine exalted throne !  
 Saviour ! take the pow'r and glory !  
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own !  
 O come quickly !  
 Hallelujah ! come Lord, come !

**526. *The Day of Judgment.* 8—7—4.**

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.—1 COR. xv. 52.

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders !  
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round !  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
 Cloth'd in majesty divine ;  
 You who long for his appearing,  
 Then shall say, " This God is mine ! "  
 Gracious Saviour !  
 Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
 All the powers of nature, shaken  
 By his looks prepare to flee :  
 Careless sinner !  
 What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confessed,  
 Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,  
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed !  
 " See the kingdom I bestow :  
 " You for ever  
 " Shall my love and glory know."

527. *The Believer desiring to have a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge. 8—8—6.*

When the Son of man shall come in his glory .... he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand.—MAT. xxv. 31 to 33.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous judge, shalt come  
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
 Shall I among them stand ?  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Though vilest of them all :  
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call ?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;  
 Jesus, be thou my hiding-place,  
 In this th' accepted day :  
 To thy redeeming love I flee,  
 O may I stand complete in thee,  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found  
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face :  
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

528. *The Blessedness of the Day of Judgment to Believers.* 8s.

But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed.—*ISAI.* lxvi. 5.

1 FROM far I see the glorious day,  
 When he who bore our sins away,  
 Will all his majesty display.

2 "A man of sorrows" one he was;  
 No friend was found to plead his cause,  
 For all preferr'd the world's applause.

3 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load :  
 For in the sinner's place he stood,  
 And died to bring him back to God.

4 But now he reigns with glory crown'd ;  
 While angel hosts his throne surround ;  
 And still his lofty praises sound.

5 To few on earth his praise is dear :  
 And they who in his cause appear,  
 The world's reproach and scorn must bear.

6 But yet there is a day to come,  
 When he will seal the sinner's doom,  
 And take his mourning people home.

7 Jesus, thy name is all my boast ;  
 And tho' by waves of trouble tost,  
 Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.

8 Come then, come quickly from above ;  
 My soul impatient, longs to prove  
 The depths of everlasting love.

*529. The Day of Judgment. 8—7—4.*

For he cometh to judge the earth.—PSALM xcvi. 9.

1 Jesus comes by crowds attended,  
 Heav'n the dazzling train supplies,  
 Call the dead : the night is ended ;  
 Bid the sleeping dust arise :  
 Let the ransom'd  
 Join the Saviour in the skies.

2 This the day so long expected ;  
 Shout, ye saints, and triumph now :  
 See your Lord, by man rejected :  
 Many crowns adorn his brow ;  
 'Tis his triumph :  
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

[3 While dismay on others seizes,  
 Go, and share your Master's joy :  
 Sound the sacred name of Jesus ;  
 Let his praise your tongues employ :  
 Praise him, praise him !  
 Pleasures yours that never cloy.]

4 Yonder mansion fill'd with glory,  
 Is the place where Jesus reigns,  
 Go, repeat the joyful story  
 Of his love, in rapt'rous strains ;  
 For his people  
 Everlasting joy remains.

5 There around his throne assembling,  
 All his people see his face :  
 Here their joy was mix'd with trembling,  
 But in heav'n no fear has place,  
 Happy people !  
 Happy made by Sov'reign grace.

*630. The Blessedness of the Day of Judgment to those who are in Christ. 7s.*

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.—1 THES. iv. 16.

- 1 HARK that shout of rapt'rous joy,  
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;  
Jesus comes, and thro' the sky,  
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Now the world's duration ends :  
Now the Lord will meet his foes :  
These shall perish, but his friends  
Shall in heav'n obtain repose.
- 3 Hark, the trumpet's awful voice,  
Sounds abroad thro' sea and land ;  
Let his people now rejoice ;  
Their redemption is at hand.
- 4 See the Lord appears in view :  
Heav'n and earth before him fly :  
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you ;  
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 5 Go, and dwell with him above,  
Where no foe can e'er molest :  
Happy in the Saviour's love !  
Blessing, and for ever blest.

## H E A V E N .

531. *The Assurance of Heaven the Believer's Consolation in Death.* C.M.

The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.—2 TIM. iv. 6, 8.

- 1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home;  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought,  
And conquer'd in the Lord;  
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 There is laid up in heav'n for me,  
A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge at that great day,  
Will place it on my head.
- 4 Nor does the King of grace decree  
This prize for me alone;  
But all who love and long to see  
Th' appearing of his Son.
- 5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe  
From every ill design;  
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep  
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,  
 And hell shall rage in vain :  
 To him be highest glory paid,  
 And endless praise.—Amen.

*532. The Believer Journeying to Heaven.*

For they that say such things declare plainly that  
 they seek a country.—HES. xi. 14.

1 From Egypt lately come,  
 Where death and darkness reign,  
 We seek our new, our better home,  
 Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God,

2 To Canaan's sacred bound  
 We haste with songs of joy ;  
 Where peace and liberty are found,  
 And sweets that never cloy.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,  
 And ev'ry conflict's o'er;  
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
 And never hunger more.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 There, in celestial strains,  
 Enraptur'd myriads sing ;  
 There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,  
 For God himself is King.

Hallelujah, &c.

5 We soon shall join the throng,  
 Their pleasures we shall share ;  
 And sing the everlasting song,  
 With all the ransom'd there.

Hallelujah, &c.

[6] How sweet the prospect is !  
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast :  
 We're journeying thro' the wilderness,  
 But soon shall gain our rest.

Hallelujah, &c.

533. *The Believer longing for Heaven.* C.M.

I pray thee let me go over, and see the good land that  
 is beyond Jordan.—DEUT. iii. 25.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

2 All o'er those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day ;  
 The Sun of Righteousness there reigns,  
 And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,  
 Can reach that blissful shore :  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and fear'd no more.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be for ever blest ?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest ?

5 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
 Would here no longer stay ;  
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

534. *The Rest of Heaven.* 8—7—7.

For the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall  
 see them again no more for ever.—EXOD. xiv. 13.

1 WHEN we pass thro' yonder river :  
 When we reach the further shore :  
 There's an end of war for ever,  
 We shall see our foes no more.  
 All our conflicts then shall cease,  
 Follow'd by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant,—  
 O how sweet the prospect is :  
 Though we toil and strive at present,  
 Let us not repine at this :  
 Toil, and pain, and conflict past,  
 All endear repose at last.

[3 When we enter yonder regions,  
 When we touch the sacred shore,—  
 Blessed thought ! no hostile legions  
 Can alarm or trouble more :  
 Far beyond the reach of foes,  
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.]

4 O that hope ! how bright, how glorious,  
 'Tis his people's blest reward ;  
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
 They at length behold their Lord ;  
 In his kingdom they shall rest,  
 In his love be freely blest.

[5 When the sight of war alarms us,  
 Let us call to mind our friend ;  
 He who for the conflict arms us,  
 Will be with us to the end :  
 'Tis enough, the war is his,  
 God our king and leader is.

535. *The Redeemed in Glory.* 8—7—7.

These are they which came out of great tribulation,  
 and have washed their robes, and made them white  
 in the blood of the lamb, &c.—REV. vii. 14.

1 SEE how many thousands yonder,  
 On the Saviour's glory gaze :  
 Fill'd with love, and joy, and wonder  
 While they celebrate his praise.  
 Jesus is their glorious theme :  
 Ev'ry eye is fix'd on him.

2 These are they whose foul offences  
 Have been wash'd away with blood :  
 Blood that by its virtue cleanses,  
 Flowing from the Lamb of God :  
 Therefore do they now appear,  
 Praising and rejoicing there.

3 They were brought through tribulation,  
 In their way to yonder place :  
 Now with joy and exultation,  
 They behold the Saviour's face :  
 They are sav'd from foes and fears ;  
 Jesus wipes away their tears.

4 'Tis the Lamb himself that feeds them,  
 Theirs is heaven's eternal store :  
 He to living fountains leads them :  
 They shall thirst again no more :  
 Dwelling in the Saviour's light,  
 They shall serve him day and night.

[5 Where they dwell, with full enjoyment,  
 There we hope ere long to be :  
 Praise his people's sweet employment  
 Through a bright eternity :  
 While we still remain on earth,  
 Let us praise our heav'nly birth.]

536. *Saints come out of Tribulation.* 7s.

REV. vii. 14, &c.

1 Who are those array'd in white,  
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
 Foremost of the sons of light,  
 Nearest the eternal throne ?  
 These are they that bore the cross,  
 Nobly for their master stood,  
 Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
 Followers of their dying God !

2 Out of great distress they came,  
 Wash'd their robes by faith below,  
 In the blood of yonder lamb ;  
 Blood that washes white as snow.  
 Therefore are they next the throne,  
 Serve their master day and night :  
 God resides among his own :  
 God doth in his saints delight.

[3] More than conquerors at last,  
 Now they find their trials o'er ;  
 They have all their sufferings past,  
 Hunger now, and thirst, no more :  
 No distressing heat they feel  
 Now from persecution's ray ;  
 In a heavenly clime they dwell,  
 Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,  
 Them the Lamb shall always feed ;  
 With the tree of life sustain,  
 To the living fountains lead :  
 He shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove,  
 Wipe the tears from every face,  
 Filling every soul with love !

537. *Saints in Glory.* L.M.

Rev. vii. 14, &c.

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,  
 Nearer the throne, than cherubs stand ;  
 With glory crown'd in white array,  
 My wond'ring soul says, who are they ?

2 These are the saints belov'd of God,  
 Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood ;  
 More spotless than the purest white,  
 They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo, they shine !  
 Their glories great and all divine ;  
 Tell me their origin, and say  
 Their order what, and whence came they ?

4 Thro' tribulation great they came,  
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame;  
Within the living temple blest,  
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

5 And does the cross thus prove their gain ?  
And shall they thus for ever reign,  
Seated on heavenly thrones, to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace ?

6 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,  
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;  
To wells of living water led,  
By God the Lamb for ever fed.

7 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing  
The secret glories of their King :  
Tell me the subject of their lays,  
And whence their loud exalted praise ?

8 Jesus the Saviour is their theme ;  
They sing the wonders of his name,  
To him ascribing pow'r and grace,  
Dominion, and eternal praise.

538. *The Glory of Christ displayed in Heaven.*  
C.M.

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of  
things in heaven, and things in earth, and things  
under the earth.—PHIL. ii. 10.

1 O THE delight, the heavenly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace !

[2 Sweet majesty, and awful love  
 Sit smiling on his brow ;  
 And all the glorious ranks above  
 At humble 'distance bow.]

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise  
 While round his throne they meet ;  
 And lay their highest honours down  
 Submissive at his feet.

4 O glorious sight ! those blessed feet,  
 That once rude iron tore,  
 High on a throne of light they stand ;  
 And all the saints adore.

5 That sacred, that majestic head,  
 That cruel thorns did wound,  
 See, what immortal glories shine,  
 And circle it around !

6 This is “the Man of Sorrows” once,  
 Whom we, unseen, adore ;  
 But, when our eyes behold his face,  
 Our hearts shall love him more.

539. *The Believer desiring to be in Glory.* 8s.

And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, &c.  
 PSALM lv. 6.

1 O HAD I the wings of a dove,  
 I'd make my escape and begone :  
 I'd mix with the spirits above,  
 Who compass yon heavenly throne.

I'd fly from all labour and toil,  
 'To the place where the weary have rest;  
 I'd haste from contention and broil,  
 'To the peaceful abode of the blest,

[2 How happy are they who no more,  
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe !  
 Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,  
 They have left all their conflicts below,  
 They are far from all dangers and fear,  
 While remembrance increases their joys,  
 As the storm when escap'd will endear  
 The retreat that the haven supplies.]

3 Around that magnificent throne,  
 Where the Lamb all his glory displays,  
 United for ever in one,  
 His people are singing his praise.  
 How holy, how happy are they !  
 No tongue can express their delight :  
 My soul, now unwilling to stay,  
 Prepares for her heavenly flight.

4 But why do I wish to be gone ?  
 Do I want from the danger to flee ?  
 And shall I do nothing for one,  
 Who was once such a suff'rer for me ?  
 Ah Lord ! let me think of the day,  
 When thou wast " rejected of men ;"  
 And put the base wish far away,  
 And never be fearful again.

5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,  
 That when ease and prosperity comie,

Thy servant is willing to live ;  
 And his exile prefers to his home.  
 Ah Lord, what a creature am I,  
 Sure nothing can heighten my guilt ;  
 Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,  
 And make me whatever thou wilt.

**540. *The Believer Supported by the Prospect of the Glory of Heaven.*—8—8—6.**

For they looked for a city which hath foundations,  
 whose builder and maker is God.—HEB. xi. 10.

- 1 BEYOND the world a city stands,  
 A city this not made with hands,  
 Where God the Saviour reigns ;  
 'Tis built for sinners bought with blood,  
 Redeem'd and sanctified to God,  
 And cleansed from all their stains.
- 2 The cities of the world must fall,  
 However solid, they must all  
 The common ruin share ;  
 But yonder city still appears,  
 Unchangeable through endless years,  
 For God himself is there.
- 3 Happy the people who abide  
 Within those walls, and there reside  
 For ever with their King !  
 Our lot we hope will be to share  
 Their joys, and join the thousands there,  
 'The Saviour's praise to sing !

4 With such a prospect should we grieve  
 When call'd our earthly home to leave,  
 And part with all below ?  
 A nobler house is ours above,  
 From which we never shall remove :  
 Our God ordains it so.

541. *The Hope of Heaven the Support of the Believer under Trials on Earth.* C.M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
 And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Tho' earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurl'd ;  
 Yet I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall,  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 With Jesus there my weary soul  
 Shall find eternal rest ;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

542. *The Prospect of Heaven the Support of the Believer in Conflict.* C.M.

There the wicked cease from troubling ; and there  
 the weary be at rest.—JOB iii. 17.

- 1 COURAGE, my soul ! behold the prize  
Thy Saviour's love provides ;  
Eternal life beyond the skies  
For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there,  
The weary are at rest ;  
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,  
No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,  
With Satan now are join'd ;  
Each acts a too successful part  
In harrassing my mind.
- 4 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,  
Though mighty are my foes,  
I shall a conq'ror be at length  
O'er all that can oppose.
- 5 Then why, my soul, complain or fear ?  
The crown of glory see !  
The more I toil and suffer here,  
The sweeter rest will be.

543. *The Joys of Heaven.* C.M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heav'n impart  
Their influence to our song !
- [2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,  
And discord there shall cease ;  
And perfect joy and love sincere  
Shall bless the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more :  
 But cloth'd in spotless purity,  
 Redeeming love adore.]

4 There on a throne, in glory bright,  
 The exalted Saviour shines ;  
 And beams unspeakable delight  
 On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
 Join in immortal songs ;  
 And endless honours to his name  
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 How will the wonders of his grace  
 In their full brightness shine !  
 His wisdom, power, and faithfulness,  
 All glorious, all divine !

7 But O their transports, O their songs,  
 What mortal thought can paint ?  
 Transcendent glory awes our tongues,  
 And all our notes are faint !

8 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
 Our feeble notes inspire ;  
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
 We join th' angelic choir !

*544. Christ in Glory. 8s.*

1 I LONG to behold him array'd  
 In the fulness of glory above ;  
 The King in his beauty display'd  
 His beauty of holiest love.

I trust through his grace to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode :  
 O when shall we meet in the air,  
 And fly to the mountain of God !

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,  
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word),  
 The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of my Lord ;  
 And there with thy ransomed join'd  
 Thy face I for ever shall see ;  
 My fulness of bliss I shall find,  
 My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell  
 At rest in the city above !  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sorrow or sighing they prove.  
 O Jesu, Redeemer, to me  
 A part in thy righteousness give ;  
 So shalt thou, when death sets me free,  
 My soul to the city receive.

*545. The Death of an Infant. 8—7.*

Let me go, for the day breaketh.—GEN. xxxii. 26.

1 “CEASE here longer to detain me,  
 Fondest mother drown'd in woe ;  
 Now thy kind caresses pain me,  
 Morn advances—let me go.

2 " See yon orient streak appearing,  
    Harbinger of endless day ;  
Hark ! a voice the darkness cheering,  
    Calls my new-born soul away !

3 " Lately launch'd a trembling stranger,  
    On the world's wild boist'rous flood :  
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,  
    Gladly I return to God.

4 " Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,  
    Now my trembling heart find rest ;  
Kinder arms than thine receive me,  
    Softer pillow than thy breast !

5 " Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,  
    Upward turning to their home ;  
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,  
    While they wait to see thee come.

6 " There, my mother, pleasures centre ;  
    Weeping, parting, care, or woe,  
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter :  
    Morn advances—let me go.

7 " Yet to leave thee sorrowing, rends me  
    Though again his voice I hear :  
Rise ! may ev'ry grace attend thee !  
    Rise, and seek to meet me there."



547. *Christ the Door.* C.M.

Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep; .... by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.—JOHN x. 9. And I will give the valley of Achor for a door of hope.—HOSEA. ii. 15.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,  
Whose mercies never fail;  
Who opens wide a-door of hope  
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd ;  
The buildings strong and fair :  
Within are pastures fresh and green,  
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,  
For Jesus is the door :  
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,  
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 Oh, may thy grace the nations lead,  
And Jews and Gentiles come,  
All trav'ling thro' one beauteous gate,  
To one eternal home !

548. *The Believer encouraged by the prospect of the near approach of the completion of his salvation.* C.M.

And that knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—ROM. xiii. 11.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—  
And raise your voices high;  
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,  
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;—  
Then welcome each declining day,  
And each revolving year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,  
Ye mortal pow'rs decay!  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

*549. The Everlasting Song. C.M.*

And they fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps.....and I heard the voice of many angels saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.—REV. v. 8, 11, 12.

- 1 EARTH has engross'd my heart too long,  
"Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits ;  
The God, how bright he shines!  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.



3 Seraphs with elevated strains  
 Circle the throne around ;  
 Their harps thro' all the heavenly plains  
 Eternally resound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their praise employs,  
 Jesus, the Lamb, they sing ;  
 Jesus the life of both our joys,  
 Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,  
 And be an angel too :  
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
 Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,  
 And so my soul should rise ;  
 O for some heavenly notes to bear  
 My spirit to the skies.

7 There, ye that love my Saviour, sit !  
 There I would fain have place,  
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
 So I might see his face.

550. *Communion Desired.* L.M.

In thy presence is fullness of joy ; at thy right hand  
 are pleasures for evermore.—PSALM xvi. 11.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world begone,  
 Let my religious hours alone ;  
 Fain would my soul her Saviour see,  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Oh, let thy presence fill the place ;  
 Come spread the tables of thy grace,  
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

3 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
 While I pass through this barren land ;  
 And let me in thy temple see  
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
 Never did angels taste above,  
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

*551. The promised Land. c.m.*

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty ; they  
 shall behold the land that is very far off.—ISAI.  
 xxxiii. 17.

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night  
 Unbounded glories rise ;  
 And realms of infinite delight,  
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes  
 But half its joys explore,  
 How would our spirits long to rise,  
 And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
 For ever bright and fair ;  
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
 Can never enter there.

4 The King of Glory there displays  
 His brightest beams of grace ;  
 While countless myriads sing his praise,  
 And bow before his face.

5 O may the heavenly prospect fire  
 Our hearts with ardent love ;  
 Till wings of faith and strong desire  
 Bear every thought above.

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine  
 For thy bright courts on high ;  
 Then bid our spirits rise and join  
 The chorus of the sky.

552. *The good Samaritan, or a spirit of compassion and sympathy for those in distress.* C.M.

Go and do thou likewise.—LUXE x. 37.

1 FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,  
 All-powerful from above,  
 To form, in our obedient souls,  
 The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathising breasts  
 That generous pleasure know  
 Kindly to share in others joy,  
 And weep for others woe !

3 When the most helpless sons of grief  
 In low distress are laid ;  
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
 And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,  
 When thron'd above the skies ;  
 And, 'midst the glorious realms of light,  
 He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew  
 To raise us from the ground ;  
 And shed the richest of his blood,  
 A balm for every wound.

553. *Saints in glory.* C.M.

I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—REV. vii. 9. 10.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,  
 And wet their couch with tears ;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came ;  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
 (His zeal inspired their breast),  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
 Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For his own pattern given ;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Show the same path to heaven.

*554. The Believer's triumph over Death. c.m.*

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.—*JOB. xix. 25, 26.*

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
 And nature must decay :  
 I yield my body to the dust,  
 To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
 And trample on the tombs ;  
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
 My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conq'ror shall appear  
 High on a royal seat ;  
 And death, the last of all his foes,  
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
 And gnaw my wasting flesh ;  
 Yet God will build my bones again,  
 And clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see him face to face  
 Exalted on his throne;  
 Shall prove the fulness of his grace,  
 And know, as I am known.

*555. The Believer's union with a risen and ascended Saviour. C.M.*

Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God and your God.—JOHN xx. 17.

- 1 IN raptures let our hearts ascend  
 Our heav'ly seats to view;  
 And grateful trace that shining path  
 Our rising Saviour drew.
- 2 “Up to my Father, and my God,  
 “I go;” the conq’ror cries;  
 “Up to your Father, and your God,  
 My brethren, lift your eyes.”
- 3 And doth the Lord of glory call  
 Such worms his brethren dear?  
 And doth he point to heaven’s high throne,  
 And show our Father there?
- 4 And doth he teach my sinful lips  
 That tuneful sound, my God?  
 And breathe his Spirit on my heart  
 To shed his grace abroad?
- 5 O world, produce a good like this,  
 And thou shalt have my love;  
 Till then, my Father claims it all,  
 And Christ who dwells above.

6 Dear Saviour, call this willing soul,  
 That struggles with its clay ;  
 And fain would leave this weary load  
 To wing its heav'nly way.

556. *The superiority of Christ's Priesthood  
 over the Levitical.* C.M.

They were many Priests because they were not an-  
 fered to continue by reason of death; but Jesus  
 because he continueth ever hath an unchangeable  
 Priesthood. .... Wherefore he is able to save  
 them to the uttermost that come unto God by him,  
 seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for  
 them.—HEB. vii. 27.

1 Jesus, in thee our eyes behold  
 A thousand glories more  
 Than the rich gems and polish'd gold  
 The sons of Aaron wore.

2 Their priesthood ran through several bands,  
 For mortal was their race ;  
 Thy never changing office stands  
 Eternal as thy days.

3 They first their own burnt off'rings brought  
 'To purge themselves from sin :  
 Thy life was pure, without a spot,  
 And all thy nature clean.

4 Fresh blood on each returning day  
 Was on their altar spilt ;  
 But thy one offering takes away  
 For ever all our guilt.

5 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns  
 On Sion's heav'nly hill ;  
 Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
 And wears his priesthood still.

6 He ever lives to intercede  
 Before his Father's face :  
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

*557. Spiritual declension lamented, and a restoration of spiritual comfort implored. C.M.*

He went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I  
 have seen his ways, and will heal him : I will lead  
 him also, and restore comfort unto him and to his  
 mourners.—ISAI. lvii. 17. 18.

1 LORD, when my rising thoughts recall  
 The wonders of thy grace,  
 Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,  
 And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?  
 Ah, vile ungrateful heart !  
 By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,  
 From Jesus to depart :

3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
 True pleasure, peace, and rest :  
 While absent from the Lord, I live  
 Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But He, for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wand'ring soul restores ;  
 He bids my mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.

5 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
 The penitential sigh,  
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,  
 And bring thy comforts nigh.

6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,  
 Rejoice to seek thy face ;  
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
 Thy condescending grace.

558. *The presence of the Lord the source of all true joy both here and hereafter.* C.M.

In thy presence is fulness of joy : at thy right hand  
 are pleasures for evermore.—**PSALM xvi. 11.**

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights ;  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights ;

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun :  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,  
 With beams of sacred bliss ;  
 While Jesus shows his love is mine,  
 And tells me I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word ;  
 Run up with joy the shining way.  
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I break through every foe :  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Shall bear me conqueror through.

559. *The prospect of Heaven the Believer's support.* C.M.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, &c.—2 COR. iv. 17, 18.

- 1 My thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
 And look within the veil ;  
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
 The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold with sweet delight  
 The blessed Three in One ;  
 And strong affections fix my sight  
 On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,  
 His grace shall ne'er depart ;  
 He binds my name upon his arm,  
 And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;  
 How short our sorrows are,  
 When with eternal future things,  
 The present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a stranger still  
 To that celestial place,  
 Where I for ever hope to dwell  
 Near my Redeemer's face.

560. *Christ's Intercession for his people, typified by Aaron's bearing the names of the children of Israel on his breast plate.* C.M.

And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breast plate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto his holy place, for a memorial before the **LORD** continually —Exod. xxviii. 29.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High Priest above ;  
And celebrate his constant care  
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Tho' raised to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around ;  
And high o'er all the shining train,  
With matchless honours crown'd ;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears  
Deep graven on his heart ;  
Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns  
Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
May thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

561. *Christ ascending and reigning.* C.M.

God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises. For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding. God reigneth over the heathen.—PSALM xlvii. 5. 8.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'reign King !  
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high !  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky  
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains :  
Let all the earth his honour sing ;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;  
Let knowledge lead the song ;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;  
He lov'd that chosen race ;  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And Heathens taste his grace.

562. *Desiring Holiness.* C.M.

PSALM cxix. 29, 36, 133, 176, 35.

1 O that the Lord would guide my ways  
 To keep his statutes still ;  
 O that my God would grant me grace  
 To know and do his will !

2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
 Thy law upon my heart !  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
 Let no corrupt design,  
 Nor covetous desires arise,  
 Within this soul of mine

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere ;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray ;  
 My feet too often slip ;  
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,  
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
 'Tis a delightful road :  
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
 Offend against my God.

**563. *The Spiritual fellowship of the people of God.* S.M.**

Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ.—1 JOH. i. 3.

- 1   OUR heav'ly Father calls,  
    And Christ invites us near :  
With both our fellowship is sweet,  
    And our communion dear.
- 2   God pities all our griefs ;  
    He pardons every day ;  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
    And wise to guide our way.
- 3   How large his bounties are !  
    What various stores of good,  
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,  
    And purchas'd with his blood.
- 4   Jesus, our living head,  
    We bless thy faithful care :  
Our advocate before the throne.  
    And our forerunner there.
- 5   Here fix, my roving heart !  
    Here wait, my warmest love !  
'Till the communion be complete  
    In nobler scenes above.

564. *The High Way to Zion.* C.M.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it—the way-faring man, though fools, shall not err therein, &c.—The redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—**ISAI. xxxv. 8, 10.**

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing :  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,  
How holy and how plain !  
Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err,  
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,  
Nor lurking serpent wound ;  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road ;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your Saviour God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,  
 Pursue his footsteps still ;  
 And let the prospect cheer your eyes,  
 While lab'ring up the hill.

565. *Praise for recovery from Sickness.* C.M.

The LORD hath chastened me sore ; but he hath not given me over unto death. .... Open to me the gates of righteousness : I will go into them, and will praise the LORD.—PSALM cxviii. 18, 19.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand  
 In every chast'ning stroke ;  
 And, while I smart beneath thy rod,  
 Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,  
 And thou hast bow'd thine ear ;  
 Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,  
 And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,  
 That with the pious throng  
 I may record my solemn vows,  
 And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand  
 Renews our lab'ring breath :  
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints  
 Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour,  
 Those heav'nly gates display,  
 Where pain and sin, and fear and death,  
 For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bless'd  
 With raptures bow around,  
 My anthems to deliv'ring grace  
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

566. *The Believer encouraged in his conflict  
 with sin and Satan.* L.M.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.  
 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be  
 able to stand against the wiles of the devil.—Eph.  
 vi. 10, 11.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
 And gird the gospel-armour on ;  
 March to the gates of endless joy,  
 Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;  
 Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
 And shew'd his triumph when he rose.
- 3 What tho' the prince of darkness rage,  
 And waste the fury of his spite ;  
 Eternal chains confine him down  
 To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- 4 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel,  
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;  
 The weapons of victorious grace  
 Shall slay thy sins, and end thy strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
 There peace and joy eternal reign,  
 And glitt'ring robes for conq'rs ~~men~~

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in Almighty grace ;  
 While all the armies of the skies  
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise !

567. *Death welcome in the prospect of Heaven.* C.M.

And there shall be no night there.—REV. xxii. 5.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight  
 Where saints immortal reign ;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never with'ring flowers ;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dress'd in living green ;  
 So Canaan once to Israel stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross the narrow sea ;  
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove  
 (Those gloomy doubts that rise),  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unclouded eyes :

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

568. *Communion Desired.* L.M.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions.—SONG OF SOL. i. 7.

- 1 THOU whom my soul admires above  
 All earthly joy, and earthly love,  
 Say, my beloved, let me know  
 Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
 That from the sun defends thy flock ?  
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
 That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
 My constant feet would never rove,  
 Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see,  
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be :  
 A wondrous feast thy love prepares,  
 Bought with thy wounds, and groans,  
 and tears.
- 5 His flesh he makes my heav'nly food,  
 And bids me drink his richest blood ;  
 Here to these hills my soul would come,  
 Till my Beloved leads me home.

569. *The Believer's portion and joy.* C.M.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever, &c.—Ps. lxxiii. 24, 28.

- 1 THY counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness ;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 2 Were I in heaven without my God,  
Twould be no joy to me ;  
And while this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.
- 3 To thee, O Lord, mine eyes will look,  
When flesh and heart shall faint ;  
Thou art my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.
- 4 Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die ;  
Not all the idol-gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
- 5 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ :  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad  
And tell the world my joy.

*570. The Believer's views and knowledge imperfect in this life. C.M.*

Now we see through a glass darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

- 1 THY way O God, is in the sea,  
Thy paths I cannot trace ;  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
My captive soul surround,  
Mysterious deeps of providence  
My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thine awful hand  
My earthly hopes destroy ;—  
In deep astonishment I stand,  
And ask the reason, why ?
- 4 As through a glass, I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love ;  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above !
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;  
I bless thee for the sight :—  
When will thy love the rest reveal  
In glory's clearer light ?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace ;  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.

571. *The Excellency of Christ.* C.M.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee ;  
and my soul which thou hast redeemed... Ps. lxxi. 23.

- 1 To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue  
    Its noblest tribute bring ;  
When he's the subject of the song,  
    Who can refuse to sing ?
- 2 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,  
    He flew to my relief ;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
    And carried all my grief.
- 3 His hand a thousand blessings pours  
    Upon my guilty head ;  
His presence gilds my darkest hours,  
    And guards my sleeping bed.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,  
    And all the joys I have ;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
    And ransoms from the grave.
- 5 To heav'n, the place of his abode,  
    He brings my weary feet ;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
    And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive  
    Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
    Lord, they should all be thine.

*572. The Believer supported in the strength of the Lord. C.M.*

He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles.—ISAIAH. xl. 28, 31.

- 1 **WHENCE** do our mournful thoughts arise ?  
And where's our courage fled ?  
Have restless sin and raging hell  
Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 **Have** we forgot th' Almighty name,  
That form'd the earth and sea ?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay ?
- 3 **Treasures** of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell :  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 **Mere** mortal power shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But we, that wait upon the Lord,  
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 **The** saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promis'd bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

*573. The Believer longing for Gospel ordinances here, and the full enjoyment of Christ's presence hereafter. C.M.*

Why dost thou cast me off ? why go I mourning ? O send out thy light and thy truth, &c.—Ps. xliii. 2,4.

- 1 WHILE I am banish'd from thy house,  
I mourn in secret Lord :  
“ When shall I come and pay my vows,  
And hear thy holy word ?”
- 2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay,  
Methinks my soul shall groan,  
“ When shall I wing my heav'nly way,  
And stand before thy throne ?”
- 3 I love to see my Lord below,  
His church displays his grace ;  
But upper worlds his glories know,  
And view him face to face.
- 4 I love to worship at his feet,  
Tho' sin attack me there ;  
But saints, exalted near his seat,  
Have no assaults to fear.
- 5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court,  
And taste his heavenly love ;  
But still I think his visits short,  
Or I too soon remove.
- 6 He shines, and I am all delight,  
He hides, and all is pain ;  
When will he fix me in his sight,  
And ne'er depart again ?

574. *The Believer longing to be with Christ.*

L.M.

Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which  
is far better.—PHIL. i. 23.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,  
And view the scene on either hand,  
My spirit struggles with my clay,  
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,  
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see ;  
Earth, twine no more about my heart,  
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys ! come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;  
Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,  
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet,  
To fall transported at his feet !  
Or, rais'd on high, to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing,  
To fly as on a cherub's wing !  
Performing with unweary'd hands,  
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,  
I'd wait thy signal for the flight ;  
And, while thy service I pursue,  
Would find a heaven in all I do.

*575. Sorrow at the death of a Believer mitigated by the assurance of his sleeping in Jesus, and rising again. C.M.*

Why make ye this ado, and weep ? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.—MARK v. 39.

- 1 WHY flow these torrents of distress ?  
Whence are these mournful cries ?  
Why are the sleeping saints surveyed  
With unbelieving eyes ?
- 2 O'er Jesu's members, death shall boast  
His victory in vain ;  
Nor o'er the meaner part in dust  
A lasting power retain.
- 3 Jesus on wings of love shall come  
Their sleeping dust to wake ;  
His voice shall reach the deepest tomb,  
And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 Touch'd by his hand, at once they rise,  
They rise, to sleep no more ;  
But rob'd with light and crown'd with joy,  
To endless day they soar.
- 5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word,  
And, tho' fond nature weep,  
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,  
And emulate their sleep.
- 6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,  
With them to rest and praise ;  
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer  
These separating days.

*576. Death a blessing to those who are united to Jesus.* C.M.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.—*1 Thes.* iv. 13, 14.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To bear them to his arms.
- 2 **A**RE we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move ?  
And can we wish the hours more slow,  
That lead to joys above ?
- 3 **W**HY should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 **T**HE graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And hallow'd every bed ;  
Where should the dying members rest.  
But with the dying Head ?
- 5 **T**HENCE he arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way :  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.
- 6 **T**HEN let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise !  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies !

**577. *The indwelling of the Spirit of Christ, an assurance of the Resurrection of his People.* C.M.**

If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.—ROM. viii. 11.

- 1 Why should our mourning thoughts delight  
To grovel in the dust ?  
Or why should streams of tears unite  
Around the expiring just ?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,  
And triumph o'er the grave ?  
Did not our Lord ascend on high,  
And prove his power to save ?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,  
And dwell in all the saints ?  
And should the temples of his grace  
Resound with long complaints ?
- 4 Awake my soul, and like the sun,  
Burst thro' each sable cloud ;  
And thou my voice, tho' broke with sighs,  
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,  
When number'd with the dead ;  
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise  
All for whose sins he bled.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,  
Your hymns of vict'ry sing :  
And let his dying servants trust  
Their ever-living king.

578. *The sympathy of Christ with his people an encouragement to them to come to the throne of grace.* C.M.

For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, &c.—Heb iv. 15. 16.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above :  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love,
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure  
The great Redeemer stood ;  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour,

579. *The midnight cry.* 148th.

MAT. xxv. 1, 4, 6, 10.

1 YE virgin souls, arise !  
 With all the dead awake ;  
 Unto salvation wise,  
 Oil in your vessels take ;  
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
 Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call  
 The nations to his bar ;  
 And take to glory all  
 Who meet for glory are.  
 Make ready for your free reward ;  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord—

3 Go, meet him in the sky,  
 Your everlasting friend ;  
 Your head to glorify,  
 With all his saints ascend ;  
 Admitted by his sov'reign grace,  
 To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye—that have here received  
 The unction from above,  
 And in his spirit liv'd,  
 And thirsted for his love ;  
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride,  
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 Of that great day unknown  
 When you shall be caught up  
 To stand before his throne !—

Call'd to partake the marriage feast,  
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive,  
Above those angel powers  
In glorious joy to live ;  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
To see our Lord appear,  
May we be watching found,  
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,  
In which the bride shall ever shine.

580. *Evening Hymn.* L.M.

1 WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep,  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

2 Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if *thou* be near ;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 Abide with me from morn to eve,  
For without thee I cannot live :  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine  
Has spurn'd to day the voice divine,

Now Lord, the gracious work begin,  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store :  
Be every mourner's sleep to night  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*581. Missionary Hymn.*

1 Thou, whose Almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight :

Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the Gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray  
Let there be light !

2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
On thy redeeming wing  
Healing and light :

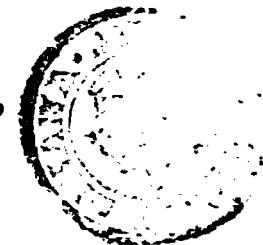
Light to the inly-blind,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
O now to all mankind  
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight :

More o'er the water's face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !

## MISCELLANEOUS.

4 O holy, blessed Three,  
Glorious Trinity !  
    Pow'r, love, and might :  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
O'er the world far and wide,  
    Let there be light !



## DOXOLOGIES.

### I. L.M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

### II. C.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
    And shall be evermore.

### III. 8—7.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
    And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Hely Spirit's favour,  
    Rest upon us from above :  
Thus may we abide in union  
    With each other and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
    Joys which earth cannot afford.

### IV. 8—7—4.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
    Thou the God whom we adore ;  
May we all thy love inherit,  
    To thine image us restore :  
    Vast Eternal !  
Praises to thee evermore !

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OF THE  
SUBJECTS OF THE FOREGOING PSALMS AND HYMNS.

\* \* \* The figures refer to the Hymns.

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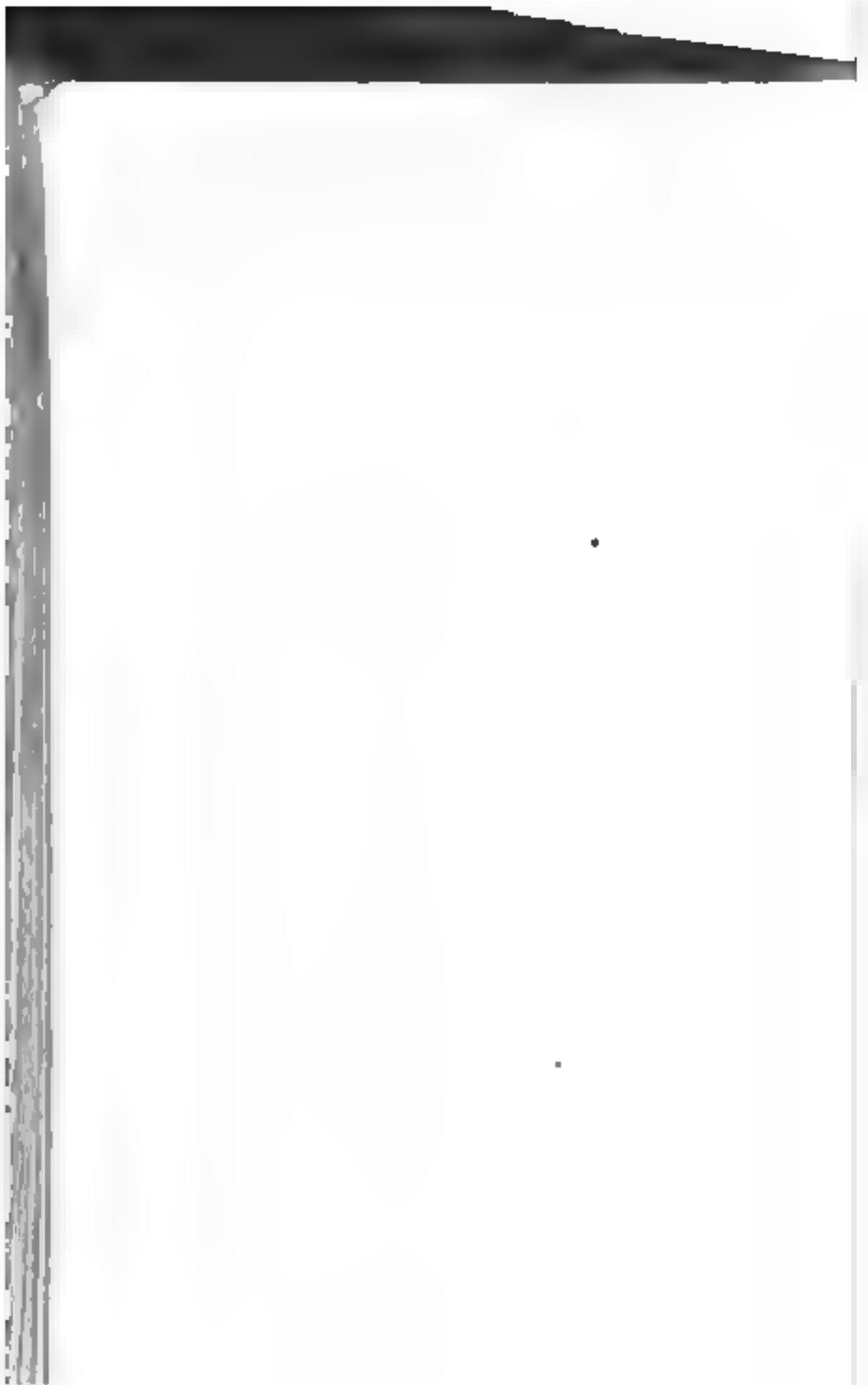
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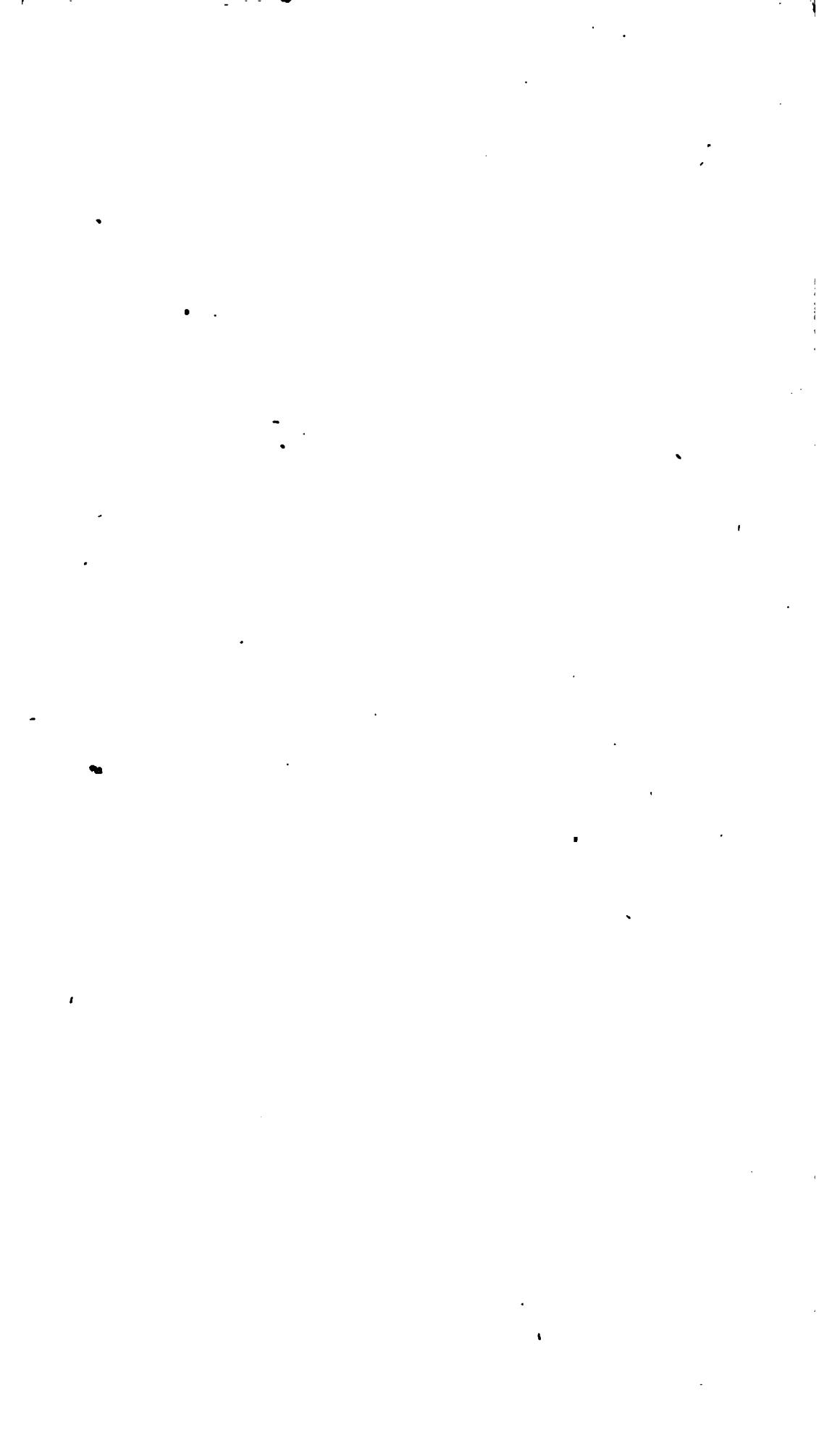






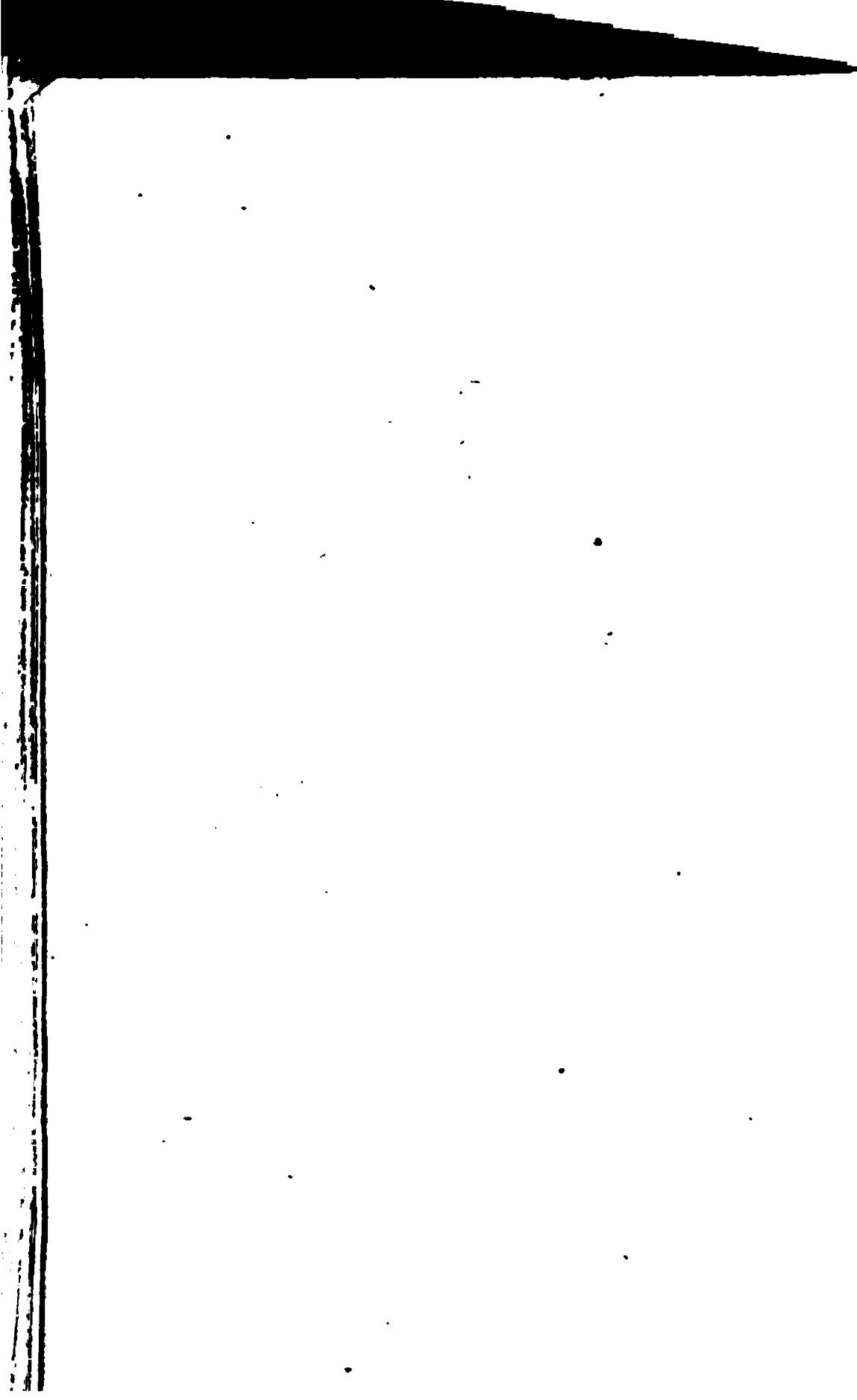




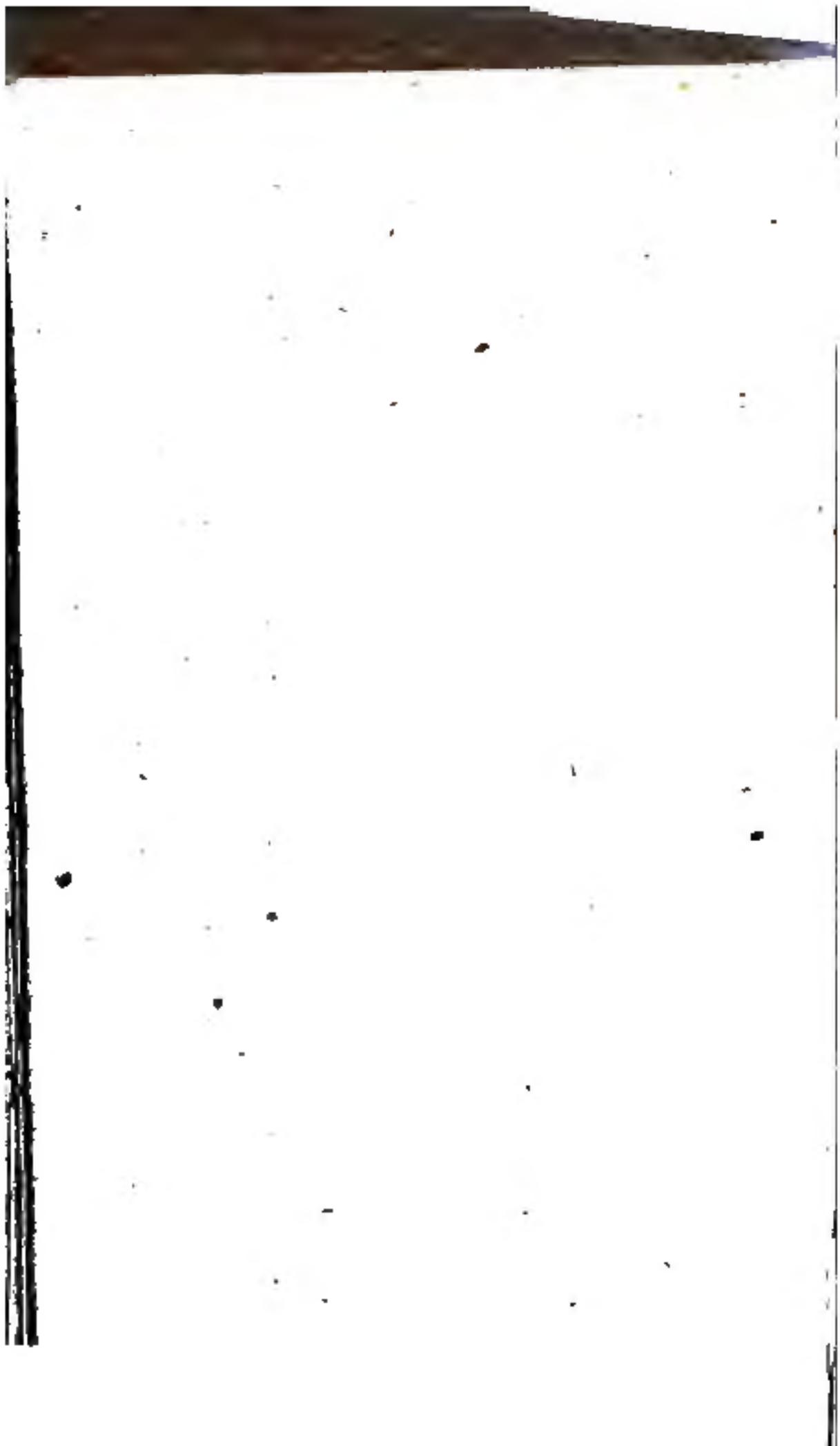












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